The World's Story

IN

FOURTEEN VOLUMES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME VI

First Edition

SKIRMISH BETWEEN COSSACKS AND THE IMPERIAL BODYGUARD

BY JEAN BAPTISTE ÉDOUARD DETAILLE

(*France.* 1848)

The Cossacks are a wild, free people between one and two millions in number, living in southern Russia, and famous for centuries for their courage and superb horsemanship. In the seventeenth century they revolted against the Polish Government and asked to become subjects of Russia. They are a race of warriors and are recognized by the Russians as a military division.

During Napoleon's campaign in Russia there were often desperate skirmishes between his troops and these half-savage fighters. Such a skirmish is here depicted. The Cossacks are rushing down a muddy roadway to escape from Napoleon's soldiers, but have been overtaken. The curved swords of the French flash to the right and to the left. The Cossack leader, mounted on a light-colored horse loaded with plunder, turns in his saddle to shoot at his opponents. It is a furious, desperate scene, so full of action that even as depicted on canvas, one half expects to see the combatants sweep by in a moment.

SKIRMISH BETWEEN COSSACKS AND THE IMPERIAL BODYGUARD

RUSSIA
AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

THE BALKAN STATES AND TURKEY

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME VI

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RUSSIA

I

FOLK-TALES AND EARLY HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

Our first knowledge of Russia comes from vague stories of a time when Finns lived in the north, Slavonians in the interior, and Scythians in the south. The Northmen were more civilized than these people, and, according to tradition, they were asked to come and rule the turbulent folk of Russia. In the year 862, a Northman named Rurik and his two brothers accepted the invitation. At the death of the brothers, Rurik became "Grand Prince." He chose Novgorod for his capital, and before the ninth century it had become a large and flourishing town.

In the tenth century Queen Olga reigned. She was the first Russian sovereign to embrace Christianity. Her grandson, Vladimir the Great (980–1015), followed her example and destroyed the idols.

In the thirteenth century, Jenghiz Khan and his Tartars swept down from the country lying north of the Chinese Empire upon the Polovtsi, who dwelt near the Sea of Azov. The Polovtsi appealed to the Russians, and the Russians came to their aid. Jenghiz Khan sent a messenger to say that he had no quarrel with Russia, but only with the Polovtsi. In the simple and direct fashion of the day, the Russians put the messenger to death. Then followed such warfare as Russia had never known. A vast horde of Tartars under Batui Khan swept over the land, deluging it with blood. The story of the invasions is told in a single sentence by an ancient chronicler — "The Mongols came, destroyed, burnt, slaughtered, plundered, and departed." Neither armies nor walled cities could withstand the torrent. It was the custom of the Tartars to estimate the number of their victims by collecting their right ears, and the sack of Moscow alone is said to have yielded 270,000 ears.

As a result of the Tartar invasion, commerce and government were swept away, and Russian civilization was set back more than two centuries behind that of the rest of Europe.

THE IMP AND THE CRUST

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

A POOR peasant set out one morning to plough, taking with him for his breakfast a crust of bread. He got his plough ready, wrapped the bread in his coat, put it under a bush, and set to work. After a while, when his horse was tired and he was hungry, the peasant fixed the plough, let the horse loose to graze, and went to get his coat and his breakfast.

He lifted the coat, but the bread was gone! He looked and looked, turned the coat over, shook it out — but the bread was gone. The peasant could not make this out at all.

"That's strange," thought he; "I saw no one, but all the same some one has been here and has taken the bread!"

It was an imp who had stolen the bread while the peasant was ploughing, and at that moment he was sitting behind the bush, waiting to hear the peasant swear and call upon the Devil.

The peasant was sorry to lose his breakfast, but, "It can't be helped," said he. "After all, I shan't die of hunger! No doubt whoever took the bread needed it. May it do him good!"

And he went to the well, had a drink of water, and rested a bit. Then he caught his horse, harnessed it, and began ploughing again.

The imp was crestfallen at not having made the peas-

ant sin, and he went to report what had happened to the Devil, his master.

He came to the Devil and told how he had taken the peasant's bread, and how the peasant instead of cursing had said, "May it do him good!"

The Devil was angry and replied: "If the man got the better of you, it was your own fault — you don't understand your business! If the peasants, and their wives after them, take to that sort of thing, it will be all up with us. The matter can't be left like that! Go back at once," said he, "and put things right. If in three years you don't get the better of that peasant, I'll have you ducked in holy water!"

The imp was frightened. He scampered back to earth, thinking how he could redeem his fault. He thought and thought, and at last he hit upon a good plan.

He turned himself into a laboring man, and went and took service with the poor peasant. The first year he advised the peasant to sow corn in a marshy place. The peasant took his advice, and sowed in the marsh. The year turned out a very dry one, and the crops of the other peasants were all scorched by the sun, but the poor peasant's corn grew thick and tall and full-eared. Not only had he grain enough to last him for the whole year, but he had much left over besides.

The next year the imp advised the peasant to sow on the hill; and it turned out a wet summer. Other people's corn was beaten down and rotted and the ears did not fill; but the peasant's crop, up on the hill, was a fine one. He had more grain left over than before, so that he did not know what to do with it all.

Then the imp showed the peasant how he could mash

the grain and distil spirit from it; and the peasant made strong drink, and began to drink it himself and give it to his friends.

So the imp went to the Devil, his master, and boasted that he had made up for his failure. The Devil said that he would come and see for himself how the case stood.

He came to the peasant's house, and saw that the peasant had invited his well-to-do neighbors, and was treating them to drink. His wife was offering the drink to the guests, and as she handed it round she tumbled against the table and spilt a glassful.

The peasant was angry, and scolded his wife: "What do you mean? Do you think it's ditch-water that you must go pouring good stuff like that over the floor?"

The imp nudged the Devil, his master, with his elbow: "See," said he, "that's the man who did not grudge his last crust!"

The peasant, still railing at his wife, began to carry the drink round himself. Just then a poor peasant returning from work came in uninvited. He greeted the company, sat down, and saw that they were drinking. Tired with his day's work, he felt that he too would like a drop. He sat and sat, and his mouth kept watering, but the host instead of offering him any only muttered: "I can't find drink for every one who comes along."

This pleased the Devil: but the imp chuckled and said, "Wait a bit, there's more to come yet!"

The rich peasants drank, and their host drank, too. And they began to make false, oily speeches to one another.

The Devil listened and listened, and praised the imp.

"If," said he, "the drink makes them so foxy that

they begin to cheat each other, they will soon all be in our hands."

"Wait for what's coming," said the imp. "Let them have another glass all round. Now they are like foxes, wagging their tails and trying to get round one another; but presently you will see them like savage wolves."

The peasants had another glass each, and their talk became wilder and rougher. Instead of oily speeches, they began to abuse and snarl at one another. Soon they took to fighting, and punched one another's noses. And the host joined in the fight, and he too got well beaten.

The Devil looked on and was much pleased at all this.

"This is first-rate," said he.

But the imp replied: "Wait a bit — the best is yet to come. Wait till they have had a third glass. Now they are raging like wolves, but let them have one more glass, and they will be like swine."

The peasants had their third glass, and became quite like brutes. They muttered and shouted, not knowing why, and not listening to one another.

Then the party began to break up. Some went alone, some in twos, and some in threes, all staggering down the street. The host went out to speed his guests, but he fell on his nose into a puddle, smeared himself from top to toe, and lay there grunting like a hog.

This pleased the Devil still more.

"Well," said he, "you have hit on a first-rate drink, and have quite made up for your blunder about the bread. But now tell me how this drink is made. You must first have put in fox's blood: that was what made the peasants sly as foxes. Then, I suppose, you added wolf's blood: that is what made them fierce like wolves.

And you must have finished off with swine's blood, to make them behave like swine."

"No," said the imp, "that was not the way I did it. All I did was to see that the peasant had more corn than he needed. The blood of the beasts is always in man; but as long as he has only enough corn for his needs, it is kept in bounds. While that was the case, the peasant did not grudge his last crust. But when he had corn left over, he looked for ways of getting pleasure out of it. And I showed him a pleasure — drinking! And when he began to turn God's good gifts into spirits for his own pleasure, — the fox's, wolf's, and swine's blood in him all came out. If only he goes on drinking, he will always be a beast!"

The Devil praised the imp, forgave him his former blunder, and advanced him to a post of high honor.

THE STORY OF IRON AND THE POISON WATER

FROM THE KALEVALA

[The Kalevala (land of heroes) is the national epic poem of Finland.

The Editor.]

Then the blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Thus addressed the sleeping iron:
"Thou most useful of the metals,
Thou art sleeping in the marshes,
Thou art hid in low conditions,
Where the wolf treads in the swamp-lands,
Where the bear sleeps in the thickets.
Hast thou thought and well considered,
What would be thy future station,
Should I place thee in the furnace,
Thus to make thee free and useful?"

Then was Iron sorely frightened,
Much distressed and full of horror,
When of Fire he heard the mention,
Mention of his fell destroyer.

Then again speaks Ilmarinen,
Thus the smith addresses Iron:
"Be not frightened, useful metal,
Surely Fire will not consume thee,
Will not burn his younger brother,

Will not harm his nearest kindred.
Come thou to my room and furnace,
Where the fire is freely burning,
Thou wilt live and grow and prosper,
Wilt become the swords of heroes,
Buckles for the belts of women."

Ere arose the star of evening,
Iron ore had left the marshes,
From the water-beds had risen,
Had been carried to the furnace,
In the fire the smith had laid it,
Laid it in his smelting furnace.
Ilmarinen starts the bellows,
Gives three motions of the handle,
And the iron flows in streamlets
From the forge of the magician,
Soon becomes like baker's leaven,
Soft as dough for bread of barley.
Then out-screamed the metal, Iron:
"Wondrous blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
Take, O take me from thy furnace,
From this fire and cruel torture."

Ilmarinen thus made answer:
"I will take thee from my furnace,
Thou art but a little frightened,
Thou shalt be a mighty power,
Thou shalt slay the best of heroes,
Thou shalt wound thy dearest brother."

Straightway Iron made this promise,
Vowed and swore in strongest accents,

By the furnace, by the anvil,
By the tongs, and by the hammer,
These the words he vowed and uttered:
"Many trees that I can injure,
Can devour the hearts of mountains,
Shall not slay my nearest kindred,
Shall not kill the best of heroes,
Shall not wound my dearest brother;
Better live in civil freedom,
Happier would be my lifetime,
Should I serve my fellow-beings,
Serve as tools for their convenience,
Than as implements of warfare,
Slay my friends and nearest kindred,
Wound the children of my mother."

Now the master, Ilmarinen,
The renowned and skillful blacksmith,
From the fire removes the iron,
Places it upon the anvil,
Hammers well until it softens,
Hammers many fine utensils,
Hammers spears, and swords, and axes,
Hammers knives, and forks, and hatchets,
Hammers tools of all descriptions.

Many things the blacksmith needed,
Many things he could not fashion,
Could not make the tongue of iron
Could not hammer steel from iron,
Could not make the iron harden.
Well considered Ilmarinen,

Deeply thought and long reflected.
Then he gathered birchen ashes,
Steeped the ashes in the water,
Made a lye to harden iron,
Thus to form the steel most needful.
With his tongue he tests the mixture,
Weighs it long and well considers,
And the blacksmith speaks as follows:
"All this labor is for nothing,
Will not fashion steel from iron,
Will not make the soft ore harden."

Now a bee flies from the meadow,
Blue-wing coming from the flowers,
Flies about, then safely settles
Near the furnace of the smithy.

Thus the smith the bee addresses,
These the words of Ilmarinen:
"Little bee, thou tiny birdling,
Bring me honey on thy winglets,
On thy tongue, I pray thee, bring me
Sweetness from the fragrant meadows,
From the little cups of flowers,
From the tips of seven petals,
That we thus may aid the water
To produce the steel from iron."

Evil Hisi's bird, the hornet,
Heard these words of Ilmarinen,
Looking from the cottage gable,
Flying to the bark of birch trees,

While the iron bars were heating,
While the steel was being tempered;
Swiftly flew the stinging hornet,
Scattered all the Hisi horrors,
Brought the hissing of the serpent,
Brought the venom of the adder,
Brought the poison of the spider,
Brought the stings of all the insects,
Mixed them with the ore and water,
While the steel was being tempered.

Ilmarinen, skillful blacksmith,
First of all the iron-workers,
Thought the bee had surely brought him
Honey from the fragrant meadows,
From the little cups of flowers,
From the tips of seven petals,
And he spake the words that follow:
"Welcome, welcome, is thy coming,
Honeyed sweetness from the flowers
Thou has brought to aid the water,
Thus to form the steel from iron!"

Ilmarinen, ancient blacksmith,
Dipped the iron into water,
Water mixed with many poisons,
Thought it but the wild bee's honey;
Thus he formed the steel from iron.
When he plunged it into water,
Water mixed with many poisons,
When he placed it in the furnace,
Angry grew the hardened iron,

Broke the vow that he had taken,
Ate his words like dogs and devils,
Mercilessly cut his brother,
Madly raged against his kindred,
Caused the blood to flow in streamlets
From the wounds of man and hero.
This, the origin of iron,
And of steel of light blue color.

THE COUNTRY AND CUSTOMS OF THE SCYTHIANS

[Fifth century B.C.]

BY HERODOTUS

CONCERNING the Scythians and other nations that dwell in these parts there are some things worthy to be told.

All this country is in winter cold beyond measure. For eight months, indeed, the frost is such that a man can scarce bear it; and during this time if you pour water on the ground you cannot make mud; but if you light a fire you can make it. The sea is frozen, and the Scythians march across the ice and drive their wagons on it to that part of Asia which lieth over against them. The sea which they cross is the Cimmerian Bosphorus, being at the extremity of the Black Sea eastward. So is it for eight months of the year; and in the four that remain there is ofttimes frost. Nor is the winter such as is wont to be in other countries; for it raineth scarcely ever, but in summer it raineth continually. Also there is never heard thunder at this time, but in summer it is very grievous. The horses endure the cold, but the asses and the mules perish; but elsewhere asses and mules endure it—but horses if they stand still are mortified by frost. Perchance the cold is the cause why the oxen have not horns. To this agreeth what Homer saith in the "Wanderings of Ulysses" —

> "Libya, where quickly grow the lambkin's horns."

For in lands where there is much heat horns ever grow

quickly. As to the mules, in Elis also, though it is not over cold, mules are never born. But the people of Elis say that this is by reason of a curse.

As to the feathers, whereof the Scythians affirm the air in the regions beyond them to be full, so that no man may pass through them, or even see them, the truth seems to be this. In the upper country snow falleth continually, but in summer less than in winter. Now, whosoever hath seen snow close at hand when it is falling quickly knoweth it to be like to feathers. And it is easily to be believed that by reason of the cold the northern part of this land cannot be inhabited.

Of the customs of the Scythians the greater part are not to be praised; but one thing they order in a fashion more admirable than do any other men; and this thing is of all human affairs the most important. If an enemy invade their country he shall never escape from it, nor shall he ever be able to come up with them unless they will. For they have neither cities nor forts, but they carry about their houses with them, and they are all archers, shooting from horseback, and they live not by tillage, but by cattle, and their dwellings are on wagons. Hence it has come to pass that no man can conquer them, or even so much as come near to them. For this manner of life the land wherein they dwell is suitable, and their rivers also are a help; for the land is plain and grassy and well watered, and the rivers that flow through it are well-nigh equal in number to the canals that are in Egypt.

They worship five Gods; first Vesta, honoring her beyond all others, and next Zeus and Earth (and Earth they call the wife of Zeus) and in the third place Apollo,

and the Heavenly Aphrodite, and Heracles, and Ares. These all the Scythians worship, and the Royal Scythians worship Poseidon. Images and altars and temples they make for Ares only.

They have but one manner of sacrificing. The beast is made to stand with its forefeet bound together. Then he that sacrificeth, standing behind the beast, pulleth the end of the rope wherewith it is bound— causing it to fall; and as it falleth, he calleth aloud the name of the god to whom he offereth the beast. Afterward he putteth a noose round its neck, and in the noose a small stick, the which he twisteth, and so strangleth the beast. But he lighteth no fire, nor useth consecration, nor poureth out libation; but so soon as it is strangled busies himself with the boiling of it. Now there is no wood in the land of Scythia, for which cause they use this method for the boiling of the flesh. First they flay the beast, and after strip off the flesh from the bones. This flesh they put into caldrons of the country, if they chance to have such; and these caldrons are like to the mixing bowls of the Arabs, but are larger by much; and under they burn the bones of the beast. But if they have no caldron, they put all the flesh of the best into the paunch, and mixing it with water, burn the bones as before. The bones burn excellently well, and the paunch easily holds all the flesh when it has been stripped off. And when the flesh is boiled, the sacrificer takes of the entrails and of the flesh and casts them on the earth before him; and this is their manner of offering.

But to Ares they offer sacrifice after another manner. In each district of the land, at the chief place of it, there is a temple of Ares; and the temple is of this fashion.

Fagots of brushwood are piled together in a heap, whereof the breadth is three furlongs, and the length three furlongs, but the height not so much. On this there is made a platform that is foursquare, and steep on every side save one only; but by this one a man may climb on the top. And on this they pile year by year one hundred and fifty wagons loads of brushwood, for the rains cause it to sink. In the midst of this platform is a sword of iron, made after an ancient fashion; and this sword is the image of Ares. And year by year they offer to this sword sheep and horses; and of the men whom they take captive in battle they choose one out of every hundred and sacrifice them, but after a different manner to the sacrificing of the beasts. They pour wine on the heads of the men, and slay them over a great vessel, and then taking the blood on to the platform, pour it over the sword that serveth for an image. This they do with the blood, but as to the dead bodies they cut from them the right shoulders down to the hand and throw them into the air. Afterward they slay the other victims, and so depart.

Swine they use never in sacrifice; nay, they will not so much as keep this beast in their country.

Concerning war they have these customs. The first man that a Scythian slays in battle he drinks of his blood; and he takes the heads of all he slays and carries them to the king. If he carry the head, then hath he a share of all the booty whatsoever may be taken, but if he carry it not, he hath no share. He flays the head in this manner. He makes a cut round about it above the ears, and shakes the skull out of the scalp. The scalp he cleanses with the bone of an ox, and when he has softened it with his hand, useth it for a napkin. The Scythians

hang these scalps upon their bridles and make much account of them; for he that hath most napkins of this sort is reckoned to be the bravest of his company. Some sew the scalps together for cloaks, and others make covers of them for their quivers. Now the skin of a man is very white and of a beautiful luster beyond all other skins. With the skulls they deal in this fashion, but not with all, but with the skulls of these only whom being alive they have most abhorred. The upper part, having been cut off above the eyebrows, they cover with a covering of leather, and use it for a drinking cup. And if a man be poor, this sufficeth him; but if he be rich, he addeth within a lining of gold. If a man have a quarrel with a kinsman, and overcome in a trial before the king, he dealeth with his skull in this fashion. And if he entertain strangers that are men of note, he will hand to them these cups, and tell how they were skulls of kinsmen that had a feud with him and were vanquished before the king.

Once in every year the chief man in each district mixeth a great bowl of wine; and all the Scythians that have slain an enemy in battle drink of it; but they who have not done this taste not of the wine, but sit apart as men that are disgraced. Such as have slain very many enemies have two cups instead of one, and drink from both.

Among the Scythians are many soothsayers who use divination by bundles of rods which they loose, putting each wand by itself, and so prophesying. If the King of the Scythians fall sick, he sendeth for three soothsayers that are of the best repute. These use divination after the manner aforesaid; and for the most part they say that such and such a man hath sworn falsely by the

king's hearth, naming this or that citizen. (It is the custom of the Scythians to swear by the king's hearth when they would take a very great oath.) Then certain men lay hold on the man who is accused of having sworn falsely, and the soothsayers affirm that he has sworn falsely, by the king's hearth. But the man is very vehement in denying that he hath done any such thing. Whereupon the king sendeth for other soothsayers, twice as many in number as the former. If these, when they have used divination, find the man guilty of having sworn falsely, then they cut off his head forthwith, and the former soothsayers divide his possessions among themselves; but if the second company of soothsayers acquit him, then the king sendeth for others, and for others again. And if the greater part acquit him, then the former soothsayers must die. They fill a wagon with brushwood, and yoke oxen to it; and they bind the soothsayers hand and foot, and put gags in their mouths, and so cast them into the midst of the brushwood. Then they set fire under the wood, and cause the oxen to run, frightening them. Ofttimes the oxen are consumed with the soothsayers, but sometimes, if the pole chance to be burnt through, they are singed only, and so escape. If the king cause a man to be put to death, he slayeth all his male children also, but the female he suffereth to live.

The Scythians make oaths in this manner. They pour wine into a great bowl of earthenware, and after mingle with the wine the blood of them that swear the oath, making a scratch on their bodies with an awl or cutting them with a knife. Then they dip into the bowl a scimitar and arrows and a battle-axe and a javelin, and they say many prayers over it; and after this they that make

the covenant drink of the bowls, and their chief followers also.

The tombs of the kings are in the land of the Gerrhi. So soon as the king dies, they dig a grave, which is very great, and in shape foursquare. Then they embalm the dead body after their fashion, and covering it with wax, lay it in a wagon, and send it to the nation that is next to them. And this again sendeth it on to the next. And every man both of the royal tribe (from whom it cometh at the first) and of the other tribes to whom it is sent, doeth after this fashion. He cuts off a part of an ear, and crops his hair close, and cuts round about his arm, and wounds his forehead and his nose, and runs an arrow through his left hand. So they carry the dead body through the country, coming at last to the Gerrhi, where are the tombs of the kings. Here they lay it on a mattress in the grave, fixing spears round about it, and putting beams over it for a roof, which they thatch with twigs of osier. In the space round about the tomb (and this is very great), they bury one of the king's favorites, having first strangled her: also they bury his cupbearer, and his cook, and his groom, and his body-servant, and his messenger, and certain of his horses, and first-fruits of all his other possessions, and also cups of gold — for cups of silver and bronze they use not at all. After this they make over the grave a very great mound, striving with all their might to build it as high as may be.

When a year is passed they do after this fashion. They take the best of the king's servants, all of them being Scythians, and chosen for this office by the king, for they have no servants bought with money, and strangle

fifty of them, and fifty also of the best of his horses, and fill their bodies with chaff. Then they fix stakes in the ground, setting pairs of them, and on each pair half a wheel put archwise. On these arches they fasten the horses, and on the backs of the horses they set the young men; and for each horse and its rider there are bit and bridle. Then they range the fifty riders in a circle round about the tomb and so leave them.

When a man of the people dies his kinsfolk lay him in a wagon, and take him about to the houses of all his friends. These all entertain the company at a banquet, wherein they serve the dead man with meat even as they serve the others. For forty days they carry about the dead body and afterward bury it. And when the burial is finished, then they that have carried about the dead man, purify themselves after this fashion. They set three sticks in the earth inclined together; and on these they put cloth of wool as close together as may be, so making a tent. And in the tent they set a dish, and in the dish stones made red-hot, and they cast hempseed upon the stones. (Hemp groweth abundantly in this land of Scythia, and the people make garments of it that are very like to garments made of flax, so that a man must be skillful in such matters to distinguish them.) Then the Scythians creep under the tent; and the hempseed smoketh upon the stones, so that no bath could smoke more. The Scythians are delighted beyond measure, and shout for joy. This smoking serves them for a bath, for they never wash their bodies with water.

It is an abomination to the Scythians to use strange customs. This may be seen from what befell Anacharsis; for this man, having traveled over many lands, and

shown great wisdom whithersoever he went, came to Cyzicus, that is by the Hellespont, as he sailed homeward. Here he saw the people keeping a feast to the Great Mother very splendidly; and he vowed to the goddess that he also would keep a feast to her if he came safely to his home. And having come he performed his vow, but a certain Scythian saw him, and told the matter to King Saulius, who, when he saw how Anacharsis was behaving himself, shot him with an arrow and slew him.

THE VENGEANCE OF QUEEN OLGA

[About 945]

FROM THE CHRONICLE OF NESTOR

[ACCORDING to tradition, the tribe of the Drevlianes rebelled against Prince Igor, and were punished. They seized the first opportunity to murder him. His widow, Queen Olga, resolved upon revenge.

The Editor.]

WHEN Igor had been killed by the Drevlianes, and his wife Olga was at Kiev with her son, the young Svatoslav, the Drevlianes said, "We have killed the Russian prince; let us marry his widow to our own prince Mal, then we can take Svatoslav and do what we like with him." And the Drevlianes sent twenty of their bravest men by boat to Olga. They landed near the Boritchev — for at that time the water ran close to the foot of Kiev, and no one lived down in the valley, but everybody lived on the hill. Now, outside the town itself, and behind the temple of the Mother of God, was the palace of the dungeon, so called because it was built with a stone dungeon. And it was told Olga that the Drevlianes were come, and Olga called them to her, and said: "My good friends, what has brought you hither?" And they replied, "The Drevlianes have sent us to you, saying, 'We have killed your husband because he was like a wolf in the way he pillaged and ravaged our country, but our princes are good, and bring prosperity to the land of the Drevlianes. We pray you, therefore, to become the wife

of Mal, our prince.'" And Olga replied: "Your proposal pleases me; I cannot bring my husband to life again, but I wish to do you honor in the presence of my people. Return now to your vessel and do the grand; make a show of being proud and haughty. And when I send to fetch you to-morrow, say, 'We will not go to her on foot, neither will we go on horseback but will be carried into her presence in our own boat.' Then they will carry you seated in your own boat." And Olga caused a wide and deep pit to be dug in the court of the dungeon outside the town. The next day she sent messengers to fetch the ambassadors, but they replied as she had commanded them, and said, "We will not go on horseback, we will not go on foot. Carry us in our own boat." And Olga's servants replied, "We must do as you bid us, for our prince is dead, and our princess wishes to marry your prince." So they were carried in the boat, sitting up full of pride in their long robes. The people carried the boat to Olga's palace, and then threw them, boat and all, into the deep pit. Olga leaned over the edge and said, "How do you like the honor I have done you?" And they replied, "This is a worse death than we gave to Igor." And then she ordered that they should be buried alive. And it was done.

Then Olga sent messengers to the Drevlianes, saying, "Send me some of your great men, so that I may be brought to your prince in a fitting manner, or else the people of Kiev will never let me come." Then the Drevlianes picked out their greatest men — the governors of their country — and sent them to fetch Olga. When they arrived, Olga ordered a bath to be prepared for them, and she said, "When you have bathed you shall come into

my presence." So the bath was heated, and the Drevlianes went in and began to bathe themselves. Then the door was shut, and Olga gave orders that the bath should be made very hot, and they were all steamed to death.

Then Olga sent to the Drevlianes, and said, "See, I am now coming to you. Prepare plenty of hydromel in the town where you killed my husband. I wish to weep at his tomb, and perform funeral rites in his honor." So they gathered together a great quantity of hydromel, and Olga came, followed by a small escort, and taking off her fine robes, she advanced towards her husband's tomb; she wept over it, and ordered her servants to raise a great tumulus. When the rites were concluded, the Drevlianes sat down to drink, and Olga ordered her attendants to serve them. Then the Drevlianes said to Olga, "Where are the great men we sent to fetch you?" and she said, "They are coming presently:" and when the Drevlianes were quite intoxicated, she ordered her attendants to fall upon them and massacre them. And having given the order, she departed.

And Olga returned to Kiev, and prepared an army to go out against what was left of the Drevlianes. Then Olga and her son Svatoslav gathered together a large and valiant army, and they marched against the Drevlianes. After that, there was a great battle, and the Drevlianes fled and shut themselves up in their stronghold. Olga then attacked the town of Isk, for it was there that her husband had been killed; she advanced toward the town, and the Drevlianes having shut themselves up in it, defended themselves with great energy; for they knew what would be their fate if they surrendered. And Olga was before the town a whole year without being able to

take it. Then she thought of a plan. She sent messengers to the town saying, "On what are you relying? All your fortresses have surrendered and are paying tribute, the peasants are cultivating their fields, and you alone refuse to pay tribute; do you wish to die of hunger?" And the Drevlianes replied, "We will willingly pay you tribute, but what you want is to avenge your husband." And Olga said, "I have already avenged my husband, twice when you came to Kiev, and once when I performed the funeral rites in his honor. I have avenged him enough, but I wish to receive a small tribute from you, and when peace has been established I shall return home." The Drevlianes replied, "What do you want? We will gladly give you honey and skins." And Olga said, "I ask but one little thing of you; give me, according to the number of your houses, three pigeons and three sparrows for each house. I shall be satisfied with that, for I know that you have been impoverished by the siege." The delighted Drevlianes complied with Olga's request, and Olga said, "Now that you have been humbled before me and my son, go back to your town, and I shall go away to-morrow and return to Kiev."

Then the Drevlianes returned joyfully to their town, and the news they brought filled the townspeople with pleasure. And there was great rejoicing. Then Olga gave to each of her soldiers one of the pigeons and one of the sparrows. And she commanded each man to tie a little piece of bread dipped in sulphur to the wing of each bird, and the bread was to be wrapped in a little bit of cloth. And when it was getting dark Olga ordered the soldiers to let loose the pigeons and sparrows. The birds all flew back to their nests in the besieged town, the

pigeons to the pigeon-holes, and the sparrows to the eaves of the houses. Thus the dovecots, and the huts and the towers, and the stables were all set on fire, and not one escaped. It was impossible to extinguish the flames, because all the buildings were on fire at the same time. Then the people rushed out of the town in their despair, and Olga ordered her soldiers to take them captive. Some were put to death, others were reduced to slavery, and the remainder had to pay a heavy tribute. Two parts of the tribute were sent to Kiev, and one part to Olga's own town, Vychgorod; and Olga established laws and taxes in the land of the Drevlianes. You can to this day see some of her palaces and her hunting-grounds. And Olga returned to Kiev and stayed there a whole year. . . .

In the year 948 Olga visited Constantinople. The emperor at that time was Constantine, the son of Leo. The emperor saw that she was very beautiful and very clever. He admired her intelligence and liked to talk with her. "You are worthy to reign with me in this town," he said. Hearing these words, Olga said, "I am a pagan. If you wish me to be baptized, baptize me yourself, otherwise I refuse to be baptized." And the emperor baptized her, with the help of the patriarch. As soon as she had been baptized, Olga's mind became enlightened, and the patriarch instructed her in the faith, and gave her his blessing. She knelt with her head bent before him, and absorbed his instruction as a sponge absorbs water. They gave her in baptism the name of Helena, after the mother of Constantine the Great. After Olga had been baptized, the emperor said to her, "I wish to marry you." "What! you wish to

marry me after baptizing me and calling me your daughter?" she replied. "You know very well that such a thing would be contrary to the Christian law!" But the emperor replied, "Olga, you have deceived me." He then loaded her with presents, and she returned to Kiev.

VLADIMIR IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION

[About 988]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[VLADIMIR THE GREAT ruled Russia from 980 to 1015.
The Editor.]

VLADIMIR'S armies were ever on the move, and the cry of battle was never intermitted. On the southeast he extended his conquests to the Carpathian Mountains, where they skirt the plains of Hungary. In the northwest he extended his sway, by all the energies of fire and blood, even to the shores of the Baltic and to the Gulf of Finland.

Elated beyond measure by his victories, he attributed his success to the favor of his idol gods, and resolved to express his homage by offerings of human blood. He collected a number of handsome boys and beautiful girls, and drew lots to see which of them should be offered in sacrifice. The lot fell upon a fine boy from one of the Christian families. The frantic father interposed to save his child. But the agents of Vladimir fell fiercely upon them, and they both were slain and offered in sacrifice. Their names, Ivan and Feodor, are still preserved in the Russian Church as the first Christian martyrs of Kiev.

A few more years of violence and crime passed away, when Vladimir became the subject of that marvelous change which, nine hundred years before, had converted the persecuting Saul into the devoted apostle. The cir-

cumstances of his conversion are very peculiar, and are very minutely related by Nestor. Other recitals seem to give authenticity to the narrative. For some time Vladimir had evidently been in much anxiety respecting the doom which awaited him beyond the grave. He sent for the teachers of the different systems of religion, to explain to him the peculiarities of their faith. First came the Mohammedans from Bulgaria; then the Jews from Jerusalem; then the Christians from the Papal Church at Rome, and then Christians from the Greek Church at Constantinople. The Mohammedans and the Jews he rejected promptly; but was undecided respecting the claims of Rome and Constantinople. He then selected ten of the wisest men in his kingdom and sent them to visit Rome and Constantinople and report in which country divine worship was conducted in the manner most worthy of the Supreme Being. The ambassadors, returning to Kiev, reported warmly in favor of the Greek Church. Still the mind of Vladimir was oppressed with doubts. He assembled a number of the most virtuous nobles and asked their advice. The question was settled by the remark of one who said, "Had not the religion of the Greek Church been the best, the sainted Olga would not have accepted it."

This wonderful event is well authenticated; Nestor gives a recital of it in its minute details; and an old Greek manuscript, preserved in the royal library at Paris, records the visit of these ambassadors to Rome and Constantinople. Vladimir's conversion, however, seems, at this time, to have been intellectual rather than spiritual, a change in his policy of administration rather than a change of heart. Though this external change was a

boundless blessing to Russia, there is but little evidence that Vladimir then comprehended that moral renovation which the Gospel of Christ effects as its crowning glory. He saw the absurdity of paganism; he felt tortured by remorse; perhaps he felt in some degree the influence of the Gospel, which was even then faithfully preached in a few churches in idolatrous Kiev; and he wished to elevate Russia above the degradation of brutal idolatry.

He deemed it necessary that his renunciation of idolatry and adoption of Christianity should be accompanied with pomp which should produce a widespread impression upon Russia. He accordingly collected an immense army, descended the Dnieper in boats, sailed across the Black Sea, and entering the Gulf of Cherson, near Sevastopol, after several bloody battles took military possession of the Crimea. Thus victorious, he sent an embassage to the Emperors Basil and Constantine at Constantinople, that he wished the young Christian Princess Anne for his bride, and that if they did not promptly grant his request, he would march his army to attack the city.

The emperors, trembling before the approach of such a power, replied that they would not withhold from him the hand of the princess if he would first embrace Christianity. Vladimir of course consented to this, which was the great object he had in view; but demanded that the princess, who was a sister of the emperors, should first be sent to him. The unhappy maiden was overwhelmed with anguish at the reception of these tidings. She regarded the pagan Russians as ferocious savages; and to be compelled to marry their chief was to her a doom more dreadful than death.

But policy, which is the religion of cabinets, demanded the sacrifice. The princess, weeping in despair, was conducted, accompanied by the most distinguished ecclesiastics and nobles of the empire, to the camp of Vladimir, where she was received with the most gorgeous demonstrations of rejoicing. The whole army expressed their gratification by all the utterances of triumph. The ceremony of baptism was immediately performed in the church of St. Basil, in the city of Cherson, and then, at the same hour, the marriage rites with the princess were solemnized. Vladimir ordered a large church to be built at Kiev, taking with him some preachers of distinction; a communion service wrought in the most graceful proportions of Grecian art, and several exquisite specimens of statuary and sculpture, to inspire his subjects with a love for the beautiful.

He accepted the Christian teachers as his guides, and devoted himself with extraordinary zeal to the work of persuading all his subjects to renounce their idol-worship and accept Christianity. Every measure was adopted to throw contempt upon paganism. The idols were collected and burned in huge bonfires. The sacred statue of Péroune, the most illustrious of the pagan gods, was dragged ignominiously through the streets, pelted with mud and scourged with whips, until at last, battered and defaced, it was dragged to the top of a precipice and tumbled headlong into the river, amidst the derision and hootings of the multitude.

Our zealous and new convert now issued a decree to all the people of Russia, rich and poor, lords and slaves, to repair to the river in the vicinity of Kiev to be baptized. At an appointed day the people assembled by

thousands on the banks of the Dnieper. Vladimir at length appeared, accompanied by a great number of Greek priests. The signal being given, the whole multitude, men, women, and children, waded slowly into the stream. Some boldly advanced out up to their necks in the water; others, more timid, ventured only waist deep. Fathers and mothers led their children by the hand. The priests, standing upon the shore, read the baptismal prayers, and chanted the praises of God, and then conferred the name of Christians upon these barbarians. The multitude then came up from the water.

Vladimir was in a transport of joy. His strange soul was not insensible to the sublimity of the hour and of the scene. Raising his eyes to heaven, he uttered the following prayer: —

"Creator of heaven and earth, extend thy blessing to these thy new children. May they know thee as the true God, and be strengthened by thee in the true religion. Come to my help against the temptations of the evil spirit, and I will praise thy name."

Thus, in the year 988, paganism was, by a blow, demolished in Russia, and nominal Christianity introduced throughout the whole realm. A Christian church was erected upon the spot where the statue of Péroune had stood. Architects were brought from Constantinople to build churches of stone in the highest artistic style. Missionaries were sent throughout the whole kingdom to instruct the people in the doctrines of Christianity, and to administer the rite of baptism. Nearly all the people readily received the new faith. Some, however, attached to the ancient idolatry, refused to abandon it. Vladimir, nobly recognizing the rights of conscience, re-

sorted to no measures of violence. The idolaters were left undisturbed save by the teachings of the missionaries. Thus for several generations idolatry held a lingering life in the remote sections of the empire. Schools were established for the instruction of the young, learned teachers from Greece secured, and books of Christian biography translated into the Russian tongue.

Vladimir had then ten sons. Three others were afterwards born to him. He divided his kingdom into ten provinces or states, over each of which he placed one of these sons as governor. On the frontiers of the empire he caused cities, strongly fortified, to be erected as safeguards against the invasion of remote barbarians. For several years Russia enjoyed peace with but trivial interruptions. The character of Vladimir every year wonderfully improved. Under his Christian teachers he acquired more and more of the Christian spirit, and that spirit was infused into all his public acts. He became the father of his people, and especially the friend and helper of the poor. The king was deeply impressed with the words of our Saviour, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and with the declaration of Solomon, "He who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

In the excess of his zeal of benevolence he was disposed to forgive all criminals. Thus crime was greatly multiplied, and the very existence of the state became endangered. The clergy, in a body, remonstrated with him, assuring him that God had placed him upon the throne expressly that he might punish the wicked and thus protect the good. He felt the force of this reasoning, and instituted, though with much reluctance, a more rigorous government. War had been his passion. In this re-

spect also his whole nature seemed to be changed, and nothing but the most dire necessity could lead him to an appeal to arms. The Princess Anne appears to have been a sincere Christian, and to have exerted the most salutary influence upon the mind of her husband. In the midst of these great measures of reform, sudden sickness seized Vladimir in his palace, and he died, in the year 1015, so unexpectedly that he appointed no successor.

II

IN THE DAYS OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Tartars demanded the most complete submission to their sway, and they had the power to enforce their demands. The proud Russian princes must kneel before the Tartar khan. They must humbly beg him for either life or death, as he might elect. Whenever he chose to require it, they must make the dangerous and wearisome journey across Asia to prostrate themselves before him and assure him of their obedience and servility. Under this terrible discipline the quarrels between the little states of Russia ended, and by the fifteenth century the country was ready to present a united front to the oppressors. Taking advantage of dissensions among the Tartar leaders, Vladimir III, in 1480, delivered Russia from the servitude that she had endured for more than two hundred years.

Toward the middle of the sixteenth century, Ivan the Terrible came to the throne. As long as his wife lived, she and the priests restrained him from carrying out his cruel impulses; but after her death had given him freedom, he manifested a delight in the infliction of torture and murder that is probably without parallel in history. Among his many atrocities, he destroyed the city of Novgorod, and put to death, it is said, sixty thousand of the inhabitants. It was during his reign that, as the story goes, an outlaw named Yermak made conquests in Siberia, and gave the country to the czar in exchange for his own pardon.

Ivan's son, Feodor, was the last monarch of the House of Rurik, which had governed Russia for nearly eight centuries. His death was followed by a period of confusion, ended in 1613 by the elevation of the House of Romanoff, which has ever since held the throne.

HOW RUSSIA WAS FREED FROM THE TARTARS

[1480]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[In 1462, Ivan III, or Ivan the Great, was permitted by the Tartars to call himself ruler. But this independent young man of twenty-two refused to pay the tribute. Moreover, he and his troops appeared suddenly before Kazan, the Tartar capital, burned the city, and slew its Tartar inhabitants without mercy. Now came an event that interested all Europe, and this was the marriage of Ivan the Great to the niece of Constantine Palæologos, the last emperor of the Eastern Empire. She had fled to Rome, and the Pope offered her hand to Ivan. The Russians were delighted. Her journey to Moscow was a continued triumph. Magnificent entertainments were prepared for her at every stopping-place. The Pope had given her a rich dowry and had sent with her a large suite of the noblest of the Romans. This was in 1472. For nineteen years the Turks had ruled Constantinople. Now was the opportunity for the Greeks to escape from their control and become subjects of the husband of their own princess. Cultivated men, not only from Constantinople, but from the other countries to which they had fled, statesmen, artists, men of science and of literary acquirements, gladly followed the Princess Sophia to Russia, to the great advantage of that country.

This proud young bride of the prince was indignant at being in any way subservient to the Tartars. It is said that she often demanded, "How long am I to be their slave?" Their power over the land was coming to an end sooner than she supposed, and in a somewhat remarkable fashion.

The Editor.]

While affairs were moving thus prosperously in Russia

the horde upon the Volga was also recovering its energies; and a new khan, Akhmet, war-loving and inflated by the success which his sword had already achieved, resolved to bring Russia again into subjection. He accordingly, in the year 1480, sent an embassy, bearing an image of the khan as their credentials, to Moscow, to demand the tribute which of old had been paid to the Tartars. Ivan III was in no mood to receive the insult patiently. He admitted the embassage into the audience chamber of his palace. His nobles, in imposing array, were gathered around prepared for a scene such as was not unusual in those barbaric times. As soon as the ambassadors entered and were presented, the image of the khan was dashed to the floor, by the order of Ivan, and trampled under feet; and all the Mongol ambassadors, with the exception of one, were slain.

"Go," said Ivan sternly to him, "go to your master and tell him what you have seen; tell him that if he has the insolence again to trouble my repose, I will treat him as I have served his image and his ambassadors."

This emphatic declaration of war was followed on both sides by the mustering of armies. The horde was soon in motion, passing from the Volga to the Don in numbers which were represented to be as the sands of the sea. They rapidly and resistlessly ascended the valley of this river, marking their path by a swath of ruin many miles in width. The grand prince took the command of the Russian army in person, and rendezvoused his troops at Kalouga, thence stationing them along the northern banks of the Oka, to dispute the passage of that stream. All Russia was in a state of feverish excitement. One decisive battle would settle the question, whether the

invaders were to be driven in bloody rout out of the empire, or whether the whole kingdom was to be surrendered to devastation by savages as fierce and merciless as wolves.

About the middle of October the two armies met upon the opposite banks of the Oka, with only the waters of that narrow stream to separate them. Cannon and muskets were then just coming into use, but they were rude and feeble instruments compared with the power of such weapons at the present day. Swords, arrows, javelins, clubs, axes, battering-rams, and catapults, and the tramplings of horses were the engines of destruction which man then wielded most potently against his fellow-man. The quarrel was a very simple one. Some hundreds of thousands of Mongols had marched to the heart of Russia, leaving behind them a path of flame and blood nearly a thousand miles in length, that they might compel the Russians to pay them tribute. Some hundred thousand Russians had met them there, to resist even to death their insolent and oppressive demand.

The Tartars were far superior in numbers to the Russians, but Ivan had made such a skillful disposition of his troops that Akhmet could not cross the stream. For nearly a week the two armies fought from the opposite banks, throwing at each other bullets, balls, stones, arrows, and javelins. A few were wounded and some slain in this impotent warfare.

The Russians, were, however, very faint-hearted. It was evident that should the Tartars effect the passage of the river, the Russians, already demoralized by fear, would be speedily overpowered. The grand prince himself was so apprehensive as to the result that he sent one

of his nobles with rich presents to the khan and proposed terms of peace. Akhmet rejected the presents, and sent back the haughty reply: —

"I have come thus far to take vengeance upon Ivan; to punish him for neglecting for nine years to appear before me with tribute and in homage. Let him come penitently into my presence and kiss my stirrup, and then, perhaps, if my lords intercede for him, I may forgive him."

As soon as it was heard in Moscow that the grand prince was manifesting such timidity, the clergy sent to him a letter urging the vigorous defense of their country and of their religion. The letter was written by Vassian, the Archbishop of Moscow, and was signed, on behalf of the clergy, by several of the higher ecclesiastics. . . .

The closing paragraph of this letter was as follows: —

"I pray you, grand prince, do not censure me for my feeble words, for it is written, 'Give instruction to a wise man, and he will be yet wiser.' So may it be. Receive our benediction, you and your children, all the nobles and chieftains, and all your brave warriors, children of Jesus Christ. Amen."

This letter, instead of giving the king offense, inspired him with new zeal and courage. He immediately abandoned all idea of peace. A fortnight had now passed in comparative inaction, the Russians and Tartars menacing each other from opposite sides of the stream. The cold month of November had now come, and a thin coating of ice began to spread over the surface of the stream. It was evident that Akhmet was only waiting for the river to be frozen over, and that, in a few days, he would be able to cross at any point. The grand prince, seeing that the decisive battle could not much longer be de-

ferred, ordered his troops, in the night, to make a change of position, that he might occupy the plains of Borosk as a field more favorable for his troops. But the Russian soldiers, still agitated by the fears which their sovereign had not been able to conceal, regarded this order as the signal for retreat. The panic spread from rank to rank, and, favored by the obscurity of the night, soon the whole host, in the wildest confusion, were in rapid flight. No efforts of the officers could arrest the dismay. Before the morning, the Russian camp was entirely deserted, and the fugitives were rushing, like an inundation, up the valley of the Moskva toward the imperial city.

But God did not desert Russia in this decisive hour. He appears to have heard and answered the prayers which had so incessantly ascended. In the Russian annals, their preservation is wholly attributed to the interposition of that God whose aid the bishops, the clergy, and Christian men and women in hundreds of churches had so earnestly implored. The Tartars, seeing, in the earliest dawn of the morning, the banks of the river entirely abandoned by the Russians, imagined that the flight was but a ruse of war, that ambuscades were prepared for them, and, remembering previous scenes of exterminating slaughter, they, also, were seized with a panic, and commenced a retreat. This movement itself increased the alarm. Terror spread rapidly. In an hour, the whole Tartar host, abandoning their tents and their baggage, were in tumultuous flight.

As the sun rose, an unprecedented spectacle was presented. Two immense armies were flying from each other in indescribable confusion and dismay, each actually frightened out of its wits, and no one pursuing either!

The Russians did not stop for a long breath until they attained the walls of Moscow. Akhmet, having reached the head waters of the Don, retreated rapidly down that stream, wreaking such vengeance as he could by the way, but not venturing to stop until he had reached his stronghold upon the banks of the Volga. Thus, singularly, providentially, terminated this last serious invasion of Russia by the Tartars. A Russian annalist, in attributing the glory of this well-authenticated event all to God, writes: "Shall men, vain and feeble, celebrate the terror of their arms? No! it is not to the might of earth's warriors, it is not to human wisdom that Russia owes her safety, but only to the goodness of God."

Ivan III, in the cathedrals of Moscow, offered long-continued praises to God for this victory, obtained without the effusion of blood. An annual festival was established in honor of this great event. Akhmet, with his troops disorganized and scattered, had hardly reached the Volga, ere he was attacked by a rival khan, who drove him some five hundred miles south to the shore of the Sea of Azov. Here his rival overtook him, killed him with his own hand, took his wives and his daughters captives, seized all his riches, and then, seeking friendly relations with Russia, sent word to Moscow that the great enemy of the grand prince was in his grave.

Thus terminated forever the sway of the Tartars over the Russians. For two hundred years, Russia had been held by the khans in slavery. Though the horde long continued to exist as a band of lawless and uncivilized men, often engaged in predatory excursions, no further attempts were made to exact either tribute or homage.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

[1533-1584]

BY FRANCES A. SHAW

THE government was now [1533] in the hands of a council of regency, with Prince Andrew Shuiski at its head. Shuiski and his associates were unprincipled, designing men, who in every way sought to corrupt and brutalize the young czarevitch, and thus render him incapable of reigning.

Terrible deeds of cruelty were enacted before his very eyes; and, if the lad chanced to show favor to any one around him, the life of that favored one was instantly in danger.

His guardians mocked at his better impulses, and applauded his crime. When he tortured young animals, or, in his furious drives around Moscow, trampled old people and little children under his horses' hoofs, they commended him as if he had done some brave and chivalrous deed. They treated his friends with the greatest indignity; and even he, the descendant of so long a line of sovereigns, was often the object of abuse and contumely. These men seemed to delight in visiting on this helpless heir to the throne the insults they had received from his mother the regent Helena.

Under such pupilage all that was good in Ivan's nature was repressed, all that was bad was stimulated and fostered. He reached his fourteenth year old in wickedness, and ripe for revolt against his tormentors and

oppressors. He declared that he would rule without the aid of a council, and, in a momentary fit of rage against Andrew Shuiski, ordered him to be thrown to his dogs.

"They have well deserved the repast," he said.

The order was obeyed, and by this horrible death the head of the powerful House of Shuiski expiated a life of violence and crime. But the Gluiski, another powerful family, now rose to ascendancy in the state, and exerted a no less baleful influence upon the czarevitch.

In his eighteenth year, after a minority of blood and horror, Ivan was crowned czar. His atrocities were so great that the long-suffering people at length, driven to desperation, fired Moscow in several places at dead of night.

Ivan awoke amid flame and smoke and the imprecations of the populace. At this very moment, one Sylvester, a monk who pretended to divine inspiration, appeared before the young czar with an open Gospel in one hand, and the other raised in the attitude of prophecy. He warned Ivan of the wrath of Heaven, which was even now visiting his evil deeds, adducing certain signs which had recently appeared in the sky as tokens of the anger of an offended God. Alexis Adashef, the one good man among all Ivan's evil counselors, seconded the monk in his efforts at reforming the czar; but their most powerful ally was Anastasia, Ivan's beautiful young bride, a princess of the Romanoff family, a woman of the most sweet and gentle disposition, and possessed of a mind superior to the age in which she lived.

Religious fervor and love combined wrought an entire change in Ivan's character. He became almost a fanatic in his new-born zeal: when he took the city of Kazan

from the Tartars, he changed the mosques into Christian temples, and compelled the khan to be baptized. He showed himself, also, a progressive sovereign, and sincerely desirous of the good of his people.

But the tiger in his nature was only slumbering, to awake ere long into tenfold fury. The beneficent influence of Anastasia and Adashef lasted thirteen years, and all the greatness and glory of Ivan's long reign of half a century are comprised within this brief period.

Anastasia died. Ivan, who was just recovering from an illness which is supposed to have partially crazed his brain, was haunted by an unjust suspicion that she had been poisoned, and sought to revenge her death on all his subjects. From this time, suspicion and terror constantly brooded over his darkened soul: he distrusted all who approached him, and lived in momentary fear of assassination.

The mad atrocities of his career after Anastasia's death can be explained only on the ground of insanity. These atrocities surpass belief, and form the most sickening page of Russian history. There those who have a taste for horrors can find them in full detail. In comparison with Ivan IV, justly called in Russian annals "Ivan the Terrible," Caligula and Nero become almost respectable.

One of his most stupendous crimes, and yet it was but one among many, was the destruction of Novgorod, the mother of Russian cities, — a commonwealth older than Florence, and much larger than the London of that day. It was a city rich in historic memories, and linked with the whole past of Russia, whose capital it had been six centuries before St. Petersburg rose on the banks of the

Neva. There may even now be found in the Kremlin a bronze group, typifying its reign of a thousand years.

A proud, a wealthy, a luxurious city, its walls embraced a circuit of fifty miles, and it contained four hundred thousand souls. This city, "Novgorod the Great," had offended Ivan by its love of liberty, its wealth and independence, but, above all, by its hatred of his rule, and its efforts to be taken under the protection of Sweden.

He swore that he would raze Novgorod, and sow its site with salt; and, invading it with an army of thirty thousand Tartars, he raged there for six weeks like an infuriated tiger. His orders to his soldiers were, "Burn, slay, give no quarter to old or young!" With his own hand he aided in the wholesale butchery. The streets ran blood, the river was choked with the bodies of the slain. His victims numbered sixty thousand. The greater part of the city was pillaged and burned. Novgorod never recovered from the catastrophe: it is now an obscure village.

Other smaller cities shared the same fate; and in Moscow, his own capital, he enacted scenes of horror too terrible for description. Often at the closing act of one of his greatest atrocities, he would say, piously lifting his eyes to heaven, "My dear people, I ask an interest in your prayers."

One of Ivan's martyrs was Philip Prior, a priest of great purity of heart and life, who had dared rebuke the crimes of the czar to his very face. The Greek Church has canonized Philip. His remains have been removed to Moscow; and on the day of his coronation every czar of Russia must kneel before his shrine, and kiss his feet.

"Ivan the Terrible" violated all law, human and di-

vine. In defiance of the strictest canons of his church, he had a plurality of wives. When already the husband of seven living wives, he aspired to the hand of Queen Elizabeth of England. As that obdurate maiden would not listen to his suit, he made a formal offer of his heart and hand to one of her ladies of honor, Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntington. But the Lady Mary, though at first dazzled with the prospect of a throne, concluded to decline the dangerous and doubtful honor; and nothing remained to the discomfited wooer but to soothe his lacerated affections by putting to death the ambassador through whom his matrimonial overtures to the English court had been made.

No sovereign has ever been so great an enigma to historians as Ivan IV. If he was mad, there was certainly method in his madness. To him Russia owes its complete deliverance from Tartar rule. His conquests were many and valuable, and in them all he supplanted the Crescent by the Cross. Although personally a coward, his arms proved more than a match for the Swedes and the Poles. He opened Russia to foreign trade, introduced printing, reformed the clergy, assembled a parliament to consult upon the common weal, and drew up a code of laws in many respects admirable. Always terrible to the rich and great, he was often a benefactor of the poor. It has been said that there were in Ivan two distinct beings, the great man and the wild beast.

"I am your God, as God is mine," was his common declaration to his subjects. He would walk about the streets of Moscow, ordering this one to be beaten, that one to be put to death. No age, sex, or condition was exempt from his fury. In a fit of frenzy he killed with a

single blow of his iron staff the only one of his three sons who was fit to rule, and he was ever after consumed by an undying regret: of remorse he was incapable. He died soon after, in 1584, having reigned fifty years, twenty-six of which were one unintermittent fever of fury and revenge.

"How could the people suffer such a monster to live and reign?" we ask, as we read the record of Ivan's appalling crimes; and we find our answer in the character of the Russian people. Nowhere is the sentiment of loyalty so deeply rooted as in Russia; nowhere is "that divinity which doth hedge a king" so sacred. The uneducated masses of Russia, even in our day, can imagine no limitation to the power of the czar. "I believe in God in heaven, and the czar on earth," is an article of the creed, which, even so late as the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, they taught their children.

Amid all the horrors enacted by Ivan, the people looked upon him as their anointed sovereign, God's vicegerent, who had power over life and death, who alone could preserve the purity of the national religion, and save millions of souls from endless perdition. When sometimes, in his frenzies of passion, he would threaten to leave his throne, they would most abjectly entreat him to remain, offering their lives as a sacrifice to his righteous anger, if such should be his sovereign will and pleasure.

The Russians of this period, though sunken in the deepest ignorance, imagined themselves the best informed people on earth; but among them astronomy, anatomy, and kindred sciences, were regarded as diabolical arts; the learning of their priests was confined mostly

to a little Latin and less Greek; their only mode of reckoning was by means of balls strung upon strings, and the skins of wild beasts had just ceased to be their current money. Reading and writing were occult mysteries confined to the learned few. . . .

The father in his thatched hut was as despotic as the czar on his throne; he had power over the lives of his children, he could sell them into slavery. Russian wives had less freedom than their Asiatic sisters, and were treated with great barbarity. Prisoners of war were slaves; insolvent debtors were given to their creditors; the poor man could sell himself to the rich man.

Slaves must imbibe the vices of their enslavers, and the Russian character of this day exhibits traces of its vile Tartar servitude. National pride and personal honor were crushed out of the Russian heart, and cunning and greed had usurped their place. With the Tartars came the knout and all sorts of corporal punishments. The manners and customs of the people were borrowed from the Greeks as well as the Tartars, and showed generally the worst traits of both. Every individual of a family was involved in the ruin of one of its members. To leave the country was rebellion and treason: there was no asylum from the all-prevailing despotism of the czar. Always in danger from civil war and outside invasion, the natural ferocity of both prince and people was aggravated by fear.

LIFE AT THE SETCH

[Fifteenth century]

BY NIKOLAI V. GOGOL

[The Cossack officials, in spite of their wild, reckless life, regarded it as eminently proper to send their sons away to school for some years; but to admit that they had any remembrance of the education which they had received was looked upon as highly improper. The "Setch" was the great camp on the edge of the Tartar territory. The descendants of the Cossacks are highly valued in the Russian army, especially in skirmishing operations.

The Editor.]

"Ah, turn round, son! How ridiculous you are! What sort of priest's cassock have you got on? Do all in the academy dress like this?"

With such words did old Bulba greet his two sons, who had been away for their education to the Royal Seminary in Kiev, and had just returned home to their father.

His sons had but just dismounted from their horses. They were a couple of stout lads who still looked askance, like youths recently released from the seminary. Their strong, healthy faces were covered with the first down, which had, as yet, never known a razor. They were very much disturbed by such a reception from their father, and stood motionless with their eyes fixed upon the earth.

"Stand still, stand still! let me have a good look at you," he continued, turning them round. "How long

your *svitkas* are! What *svitkas*! There never were such *svitkas* in the world before. Just run, one of you! I will see whether he will not get entangled in the skirts, and fall to the ground."

"Don't laugh, don't laugh, father!" said the eldest of them at length.

"See how touchy they are! Why should n't I laugh?"

"Because, although you are my father, if you laugh, by Heavens, I will beat you!"

"Ah, what kind of a son are you? — what, your father!" said Taras Bulba, retreating several paces in amazement.

"Yes, even my father, I don't stop to consider persons when an insult is in question."

"So you want to fight me? — with your fists?"

"Any way."

"Well, let it be with fists," said Taras Bulba, stripping up his sleeves! "I'll see what sort of a man you are with your fists."

And the father and son, in place of a pleasant meeting after long separation, began to administer to each other heavy blows in the ribs, on the back and chest, now retreating and looking at each other, now attacking afresh.

"Look, good people! the old man has gone mad! He has lost his senses completely!" screamed their pale, ugly, good mother, who was standing on the threshold, and had not yet succeeded in embracing her darling children. "The children have come home; we have not seen them for over a year; and now he has taken some strange freak, — he's pommeling them."

"Yes, he fights well," said Bulba, pausing; "well, by

Heavens!" he continued, rather as if excusing himself, — "yes, although he has never tried before. He will be a good Cossack! Now, welcome, son! embrace me"; and the father and son began to kiss each other. "Good little son! See that you beat every one as you pommeled me; don't let any one escape. Nevertheless, your garment is ridiculous. What rope is this, hanging here? — And you, lout, why are you standing there with your hands hanging?" said he, turning to the youngest. "Why don't you fight me? you son of a dog!"

"What an idea!" said the mother, who had managed in the mean time to embrace the youngest. "Who ever heard of a man's own children beating their father? That's enough for the present; the child is young, he has had a long journey, he is tired." (The child was over twenty, and about six feet high.) "He ought to rest, and eat something; and he sets him to fighting!"

"Eh, I see you are a scribbler," said Bulba. "Don't listen to your mother, little son; she is a woman, she knows nothing. What sort of petting do you need? Your petting is a clear field and a good horse, that's your petting! And do you see this sword? —that's your mother! All the rest they stuff your heads with is rubbish; the academy, books, A B C books, philosophy, and all that, I spit upon it all!" Here Bulba added a word which is not used in print. "But I'll tell you what is best: I'll take you to Zaporozhe [the Cossack country beyond the falls of the Dnieper] this very week. There's science for you! There's your school; there alone will you acquire sense."

"And are they only to remain at home a week?" said the thin old mother sadly, with tears in her eyes. "The

poor boys will have no chance to go about, no chance to get acquainted with the home where they were born; there will be no chance for me to get a look at them."

"Enough, you've howled enough, old woman! A Cossack is not born to run around after women. You would like to hide them both under your petticoat, and sit upon them as a hen sits on eggs. Go, go, and let us have everything there is on the table in a trice. We don't want any *pampushke*, honey-cakes, poppy-cakes, or any other messes; bring us a whole sheep; give us a goat, mead forty years old, and as much *gorilka* [corn-brandy] as possible, not with raisins and all sorts of stuff, but plain, flaming *gorilka*, which foams and hisses like mad."

Bulba led his sons into the principal room of the cabin; and two handsome female servants in coin necklaces, who were arranging the apartment, ran out quickly. They were evidently frightened at the arrival of the young men, who did not care to be familiar with any one; or else they merely wanted to maintain their female custom of screaming, and rushing headlong at the sight of a man, and then screening their lively shame for a long time with their sleeves. The cabin was furnished according to the fashion of that period, — concerning which vivid hints remain only in the songs and lyrics, which are no longer sung in the Ukraine by aged blind men, with gentle tinkle of the *bandoura*, to the people thronging round them, — according to the taste of that warlike and troublous time, when the leagues and battles began to occur in the Ukraine after the union. All was clean, smeared with colored clay. On the walls hung sabers, *nagaiki* [hunting-whips], nets for birds, fish-

nets and guns, cleverly carved powderhorns, gilded bits for horses, and tether-ropes with silver plates. The window was small, with round, dull panes, through which it was impossible to see except by raising the one movable pane. Around the windows and doors were red bands. On shelves in the corner stood jugs, bottles, and flasks of green and blue glass, carved silver cups, and gilded glasses of various makes, — Venetian, Turkish, Circassian, — which had arrived in Bulba's cabin by various roads, at third and fourth hand, a thing which was quite common in those bold days. There were birch benches all around the room, a huge table under the images in the front corner, and a wide oven, all covered with party-colored patterns, and projections, and depressions, with spaces between it and the wall. All this was very familiar to our two young men, who came home every year during the dogdays, because they had no horses, and because it was not customary to permit the students to ride on horseback. All they had was *tchubui* [long locks of hair on the temples], which every Cossack who bore weapons could pull. It was only at the end of their course that Bulba sent them, from his stud, a couple of young stallions.

Bulba, on the occasion of his sons' arrival, ordered all the *sotniks* [captains of hundreds], and all the officers of the band who were of any consequence, to be summoned; and when two of them arrived with the Osaul [under-*hetman*, or chief] Dmitro Tovkatch, his old comrade, he immediately presented his sons, saying, "See what fine young fellows they are: I shall send them to the Setch shortly." The guests congratulated Bulba, and both the young men, and told them they would do well, and

that there was no better knowledge for a young man than a knowledge of that Zaporozhian Setch.

"Now, brothers, seat yourselves, each where he likes best at the table; now, my sons. First of all, let's drink *gorilka.*" So spoke Bulba. "God bless you: Welcome, sons; you Ostap, and you Andríi. God grant that you may always be successful in war, that you may conquer the Mussulmans and the Turks and the Tartars; and when the Poles undertake any expedition against our faith, then may you beat the Poles. Now clink your glasses — how now? Is the *gorilka* good? What's *gorilka* in Latin? Come, my son, the Latins were stupid: they did not know there was such a thing in the world as *gorilka*. What was the name of the man who wrote Latin rhymes? I don't know much about reading and writing, so I don't know quite. Was it Horace?"

"What a dad!" thought the eldest son Ostap. "The old dog knows everything, but he always pretends the contrary."

"I don't believe the archimancrite allowed you so much as a smell of *gorilka*," continued Taras. "Confess, my little sons, they beat you well with fresh birch twigs, on your backs, and all over your Cossack bodies; and perhaps, when you became too sensible, they beat you with whips. And not on Saturday only, I fancy, but on Wednesday and Thursday."

"What is past, father, must not be recalled: it is done with."

"Let them try it now," said Andríi. "Let anybody just touch me, let any Tartar expose himself now, and he'll learn what a Cossack's sword is like!"

"Good, my son! by Heavens, good! And when it

comes to that I'll go with you; by Heavens, I'll go! What should I wait here for? To become a buckwheat-reaper and housekeeper, to look after the sheep and swine, and go around with my wife? Away with them! I am a Cossack; I'll have none of them! What's left but war! I'll go with you to Zaporozhe to carouse; I'll go, by Heavens!" And old Bulba grew warm by degrees; and, finally, quite angry, rose from the table, and, assuming a dignified attitude, stamped his foot. "We will go to-morrow! Why delay? What enemy can we besiege here? What is this hut to us? What do we want of all this? What are pots to us?" So saying, he began to knock the pots and flasks, and to throw them about.

The poor old woman, well used to such capers from her husband, looked sadly on from her seat on the wall-bench. She did not dare to say anything; but when she heard the decision which was so terrible for her, she could not refrain from tears. She looked at her children, from whom so speedy a separation was threatened; and it is impossible to describe the full force of her speechless grief, which seemed to quiver in her eyes, and on her lips convulsively pressed together.

Bulba was terribly headstrong. He was one of the characters which could only exist in that fierce fifteenth century, in that half-nomadic corner of Europe, when the whole of southern, original Russia, deserted by its princes, was laid waste, burned to the quick by pitiless troops of Mongolian robbers; when men deprived of house and home were brave here; when, amid conflagrations, in sight of threatening neighbors and eternal fear, they settled down, and grew accustomed to looking them straight in the face, and trained themselves not to

know that there was such a thing as fear in the world; when the ancient, peaceable Slav spirit was seized with warlike flame, and the Cossack state was instituted, — a free, wild feast of Russian nature, — and when all the river-banks, fords, and suitable places were populated by Cossacks, whose number no man knew, and whose bold comrades had a right to reply to the Sultan inquiring how many they were, "Who knows? We are scattered all over the steppes: wherever there is a hillock, there is a Cossack." It was, in fact, a most remarkable exhibition of Russian strength; dire necessity forced it from the bosom of the people. In place of the original provinces, petty towns filled with huntsmen and whippers-in, in place of the warring and bartering petty princes in cities, there arose great colonies, *kurêns* [Cossack villages], and districts, bound together by a common danger, and hatred towards the heathen robbers. The whole story is well known, how their incessant fighting and restless life saved Europe from the merciless hordes which threatened to overwhelm her. The Polish kings, finding themselves sovereigns in place of the provincial princes, over these extensive lands, though they were distant and feeble, yet understood the significance of the Cossacks, and the advantages of this warlike, untrammeled life. They encouraged them, and flattered this disposition of mind. Under their distant rule, the *hetmans*, chosen from among the Cossacks themselves, redistributed the districts and villages into regiments and uniform districts. It was not a regularly recruited army, no one saw it; but in case of war and general uprising, it required a week, and no more, for every man to appear on horseback, fully armed, receiv-

ing only one ducat from the king; and in two weeks such an army had assembled as no recruiting officers would ever have been able to collect. When the expedition was ended, the army dispersed among fields and meadows, and the fords of the Dnieper; each man fished, traded, brewed his beer, and was a free Cossack. Their foreign contemporaries rightly marveled at their wonderful qualities. There was no trade which the Cossack did not know: he could distill brandy, make a *telega* [peasant's wagon], make powder, do blacksmith's and locksmith's work, in addition to committing wild excesses, drinking and carousing as only a Russian can, — all this he was equal to. Besides the registered Cossacks, who considered themselves bound to appear in time of war, it was possible to collect at any time, in case of dire need, a whole army of volunteers. All that was required was for the *osaul* to traverse all the market places and squares of the villages and hamlets, and shout at the top of his voice, standing in his *telega*, "Hey! ye distillers and beer-brewers! ye have brewed enough beer, and lolled on your ovens, and fed your fat bodies with flour, long enough! Rise, win glory and knightly honor! Ye ploughmen, reapers of buckwheat, tenders of sheep, danglers after women, enough of following the plough, and dirtying your yellow shoes in the earth, and courting women, and wasting your knightly strength! The hour has come to win glory for the Cossacks!" And these words were like sparks falling on dry wood. The husbandman broke his plough; the brewers and distillers threw away their casks, and destroyed their barrels; the mechanic and merchant sent their trade and their shop to the devil, broke the pots and everything

else in their houses, and mounted their horses. In short, the Russian character here received a broad, deep development, and a powerful expression.

. . . .

Taras Bulba and his sons had been in the Setch about a week. Ostap and Andríi occupied themselves but little with the school of war. The Setch was not fond of troubling itself with warlike exercises, and wasting time. The young generation grew up, and learned these by experience alone, in the very heat of battles, which were therefore incessant. The Cossacks thought it a nuisance to fill up the intervals of this instruction with any sort of drill, except perhaps shooting at a mark, and on rare occasions with horse-racing and wild-beast hunts on the steppes and in the forests. All the rest of the time was devoted to revelry, — a sign of the wide diffusion of moral liberty. All the Setch presented an unusual scene: it was one unbroken revel; a ball noisily begun, which had lost its end. Some busied themselves with trades, others kept little shops and traded; but the majority caroused from morning till night — if the wherewithal jingled in their pockets, and if the booty they had captured had not passed into the hands of the shopkeepers and pot-house keepers. This universal revelry had something fascinating about it. It was not an assembly of topers, who drank to drown sorrow, but it was simply a wild revelry of joy. Every one who came thither forgot everything, abandoned everything which had hitherto interested him. He, so to speak, spit on all his past, and gave himself recklessly up to freedom and the good fellowship of men of the same stamp as himself, — idlers having neither relatives nor home nor family

nothing except the free sky, and the eternal revel of their souls. This gave rise to that wild gayety which could not have come from any other source. The tales and talk among the assembled crowd, which reposed lazily on the ground, were often so droll, and breathed such power of vivid narration, that it required all the nonchalance of a Zaporozhetz to retain his immovable expression, without even a twitch of the mustache, — a sharp trait which to this day distinguishes the southern Russian from his brethren. It was drunken, noisy mirth; but there was no black ale-house, where a man forgets himself in darkly seducing merriment: it was a dense throng of schoolboys.

The only difference was that, instead of sitting under the pointer and worn-out doctrines of a teacher, they practiced racing upon five thousand horses; instead of the field where they played ball, they had the boundless, untrammeled border-lands; and at the sight of them the Tartar showed his alert head, and the Turk gazed grimly in his green turban. The difference was that, instead of their forced companionship of school, they themselves deserted their fathers and mothers, and fled from their homes; that here were those about whose neck a rope had already been wound, and who, instead of pale death, had seen life, and life in all its intensity; that here were those who, from generous habits, could never keep a kopeck in their pockets; that here were those who had hitherto regarded a ducat as wealth, whose pockets, thanks to the Jew revenue-farmers, could have been turned wrong side out without any danger of anything falling from them. Here all were students who would not endure the academic rod, and had not carried away

a single letter from the schools; but with them were also some who knew about Horace, Cicero, and the Roman Republic. There were many of them officers who afterwards distinguished themselves in the king's armies; and there were numerous and clever partisans, who cherished a magnanimous conviction that it was of no consequence where they fought, so long as they fought, because it was a disgrace to an honorable man to live without fighting. There were many who had come to the Setch for the sake of being able to say afterwards that they had been in the Setch, and were therefore steeled warriors. But who was not there? This strange republic was a necessary outgrowth of that epoch. Lovers of a warlike life, of golden beakers and rich brocades, of ducats and gold pieces, could always find employment there. The lovers of women alone could find nothing there, for no woman dared show herself even in the suburbs of the Setch.

It seemed exceedingly strange to Ostap and Andríi, that, though a crowd of people had come to the Setch with them, yet not a soul inquired, "Whence come these men?" "Who are they?" and "What are their names?" They had come thither as though returning to their own homes whence they had departed only an hour before. The newcomer merely presented himself to the *koschevoi*, who generally said, "Welcome! Do you believe in Christ?"—"I do," replied the new arrival.—"And do you believe in the Holy Trinity?" — "I do." — "And you go to church?" — "I do." — "Now cross yourself." The newcomer crossed himself. "Very good," replied the *koschevoi;* "enter the *kurên*, where you are acquainted." This concluded the ceremony. And all the Setch prayed

in one church, and were willing to defend it to their last drop of blood, although they would not hear to fasting or abstinence. Jews, Armenians, and Tartars alone, inspired by strong avarice, took the liberty of living and trading in the suburbs; for the Zaporozhtzi never cared for trade, and paid whatever money their hand chanced to grasp in their pockets. Moreover, the lot of these gain-loving traders was pitiable in the extreme. They resembled people who had settled at the foot of Vesuvius; for when the Zaporozhtzi lacked money, then the bold adventurers broke down their booths, and took everything gratis. The Setch consisted of over sixty *kurêns*, which greatly resembled separate, independent republics, but still more a school or seminary of children, always ready for anything. No one had any occupation; no one retained anything for himself; everything was in the hands of the ataman of the *kurên*, who, on that account, generally went by the name of *father*. In his hands were deposited the money, clothes, all the provisions, oatmeal, groats, even the firewood. They gave him money to take care of. Quarrels in the *kurên* among its inhabitants were not infrequent; in that case they proceeded at once to blows. The inhabitants of the *kurên* swarmed upon the square, and beat each other's ribs in with their fists, until one side had finally gained the upper hand, when the revelry began. Such was the Setch.

THE FALSE CZAR

[1605]

BY FRANCES A. SHAW

[From the coming of Rurik, in the ninth century, his descendants had been the rulers of Russia. The last of them in the male line was a little boy of ten years, named Dmitri. In 1591, he was found murdered, and it was believed that Boris, the next heir to the throne, was the guilty man. Boris became czar, but he was savage and cruel and was hated by his people.

The Editor.]

A report spread among the people that it was a peasant child, and not the czarevitch, who had been murdered; that Dmitri was still living in Poland.

The rise and fall of this false Dmitri forms one of the most romantic episodes of Russian history. His real name was Gregory Otrepief; and he was a young monk who could both read and write. These accomplishments, rare at that day, had won him a place in the service of a Polish prince who passed much time at the court of the czar. It is related, we know not how truly, that this prince one day gave his secretary a box on the ear, and that the youth immediately burst into tears, saying, "If you knew who I am, you would not treat me so." He then told a very plausible story, declaring that he was Dmitri, the true heir to the Russian throne. The story seems not to have made much impression upon the Polish prince at the time, but he afterwards espoused the impostor's cause.

From some old servants of the Czarina Mary, Otrepief learned many particulars in the life of the murdered czarevitch. He also ascertained the names and titles of the officers who had been attached to the boy's person, and by some means obtained possession of a seal bearing Dmitri's initials, and a cross set with diamonds, said to have been his baptismal gift.

Having well studied and prepared his part, he begged permission to retire to his cloister. When asked how he could leave the court, where, with his talent and learning, a brilliant future might be in store for him, he replied, laughing, "By remaining here I should become a bishop, at the highest; but I mean to be czar of Russia."

This frequent declaration having reached the ears of Boris, he gave orders to have the crazy monk sent to a remote cloister, and thought no more about him. Otrepief set out under the escort of two monks, whom on the journey he won over to his side, persuading them to accompany him to Lithuania, where the czar had many open enemies. Whenever they tarried for the night at a wayside monastery, Otrepief would write on the wall, "I am Dmitri, son of Ivan IV. Although believed to be dead, I escaped from my assassins. When I am upon my father's throne, I will recompense the generous men who now show me hospitality."

Far and near the people caught up the tidings that the true heir was yet alive. The young monk was now twenty-two, — the age Dmitri would have been, if living. Those who had known the Czar Ivan in his youth fancied that Otrepief resembled him in form and feature, while his dark complexion and reddish hair were those of the Czarina Mary. Like Dmitri, he had one arm lon-

ger than the other, and two warts on the face, — one on the forehead, the other under the right eye. These marks of identity, together with the royal seal and the diamond cross, were regarded as ample proof that the young man was not an impostor.

Many believed in the genuineness of his claims; and very many, at heart incredulous, espoused his cause from motives of policy, or hatred to Boris Godunof. The Jesuits became his most zealous supporters, and the Pope's nuncio promised the aid of the sovereign pontiff, if Otrepief would promise, when he became czar, to further the interest of the Latin Church. Hatred to Russia alone would have made Sigismund, King of Poland, a willing ally of the impostor, had there not been other and stronger reasons for espousing his cause. The Cossacks of the Don flocked to the pretender's standard. The Ukraine declared for him, and he soon raised an army of fifteen thousand men, with which he appeared on the Russian frontier. Boris had already sent a force of fifty thousand against him. After some fruitless skirmishing, the decisive battle was fought on the 20th of January, 1605.

Just before entering the fight, Dmitri stood in front of his army, and prayed fervently, committing his righteous cause to the God of battles. He then addressed his soldiers, so exciting their enthusiasm by his glowing eloquence, that all resolved to conquer, or die with their leader. The issue of the contest was for a long time doubtful; but the impostor remained master of the field.

So profound a policy seemed to dictate all his actions that many supposed him to have been a close student of Machiavelli. For reasons best known to himself, he was

in no haste to enter Moscow and seize the crown, that glittering prize which for three years had been the sole object of his dreams, and which was now just within his grasp.

In a manifesto issued soon after his victory, he said, "Let Boris Godunof descend from the throne he has usurped, and in the solitude of the cloister seek to make his peace with Heaven. In that case I will forgive his crimes, and assure him of my protection."

Boris well knew that the Czarevitch Dmitri had been murdered by his express command; but, tortured by remorse for his many crimes, he fancied that the avenger of blood was upon his track. The phantom of his youthful victim was ever before his diseased imagination: he believed that the son of Ivan IV had really risen from his grave, and headed the victorious army that was about to enter Moscow and drive him from his throne.

The autocrat trembled with fear; but he gave no outward sign. His court, one of the most splendid in Europe, remained gorgeous as ever: he still sat at the council board, and directed the affairs of the empire.

All this time he was plotting suicide; but he resolved to die as he had lived, — a sovereign. Just after rising from a splendid banquet, given to some distinguished foreigners in the "gilded hall" of his palace, he was taken alarmingly ill, and in two hours expired. None doubted that his death was caused by poison, administered by his own hand.

His son Feodor, a youth of sixteen, whom he had named as his successor, reigned just six weeks, and then, with his mother and sister Xenia, was cast into prison. Dmitri (for so we must call him) treated the royal cap-

tives with respect and kindness; but six years after, in the next reign, Feodor was strangled.

On the 20th of June, 1605, the impostor made his triumphal entry into Moscow, and was crowned in the palace of the czars. The people were wild with joy: this Dmitri, whoever he might be, had found a way to all their hearts. Possessed of a commanding and agreeable person and a persuasive eloquence, he was gracious and affable in manner, and yet dignified as became a sovereign. The brilliancy of his intellect seemed equaled only by the goodness of his heart.

Just after his coronation, the false Dmitri, in sight of an admiring multitude, knelt in tears before the tomb of Ivan IV, and, kissing the stone with well-feigned transport, cried, "O father: thy orphan reigns; and this he owes to thy holy prayers." His emotion was contagious. All wept with him.

The opening of his reign was auspicious. He surprised his ministers by his thorough acquaintance with the empire, its wants and resources, by his prodigious memory, and his rare executive ability. He set about reforming abuses, and showed himself a man who would have neither favorite nor master. On both public and private occasions he laid aside the usual solemn etiquette of the czars, and was always easy of approach. Every Sunday and Wednesday he appeared at the threshold of his palace to listen to the grievances of the people, and receive their petitions with his own hand. The good of his subjects appeared to be the one great wish of his heart.

He was so humane and moderate in the use of victory, that those who believed him an impostor began to wish

he had really been born to the purple. "I have sworn not to shed Christian blood," he said; "and I will keep my oath. There are two ways of governing an empire, — by tyranny and by generosity. I choose the latter. I will not be a tyrant."

Dmitri had been a month in Moscow, and, to the great surprise of all, he had not yet seen his mother. At last it became noised abroad that the royal nun was about to quit the convent where Boris Godunof had compelled her to retire; that she was advancing to Moscow. Dmitri went out to meet her, and, in a sumptuous tent which had been erected at Toininsk, he welcomed the widow of Ivan IV. They were for a little time alone, probably arranging the part they were to act; then they came out of the tent, and embraced with every token of the liveliest affection. Dmitri had said to the czarina, "You can have in me a good son or a severe master"; and here, in the presence of all the people, she acknowledged the impostor as her son.

The young czar led his alleged mother to the carriage which was to convey her to Moscow, and walked beside it bareheaded the greater portion of the way. He assigned her apartments in the Kremlin until he could have a magnificent palace built for her, and allowed her a household and a revenue befitting the mother of the czar. He visited her every day, and treated her with the most undoubted respect and affection; even consulting her upon affairs of state, and joining her name with his in the ukases he issued. The most incredulous began to believe that this was really the czarina's son.

The new czar still devoted himself with patient assiduity to the affairs of his empire, forming many schemes

for reform at home, and aggrandizement abroad. But his popularity was on the wane. His attachment to the Poles (the hereditary enemies of Russia), his preference for the Latin Church, his open contempt for Russian ignorance and for Russian manners, proved most disastrous to him, and at length wrought his ruin.

During his stay in Poland, Otrepief had fallen in love with Marina, the young and beautiful daughter of the Palatine of Sendomir, and the father had given his consent to the marriage after the youthful wooer should become czar.

The czar summoned his betrothed to Moscow. She came, attended by her parents and relatives and a numerous Polish retinue. On the 18th of May, 1606, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp. The Poles of the bride's retinue, however, bore themselves in the most arrogant and insulting manner towards the Russians, and the old, undying animosity was kindled anew.

A sullen discontent reigned among the people. The czar had already surrounded himself with Polish counselors and favorites; he had derided the old Russian traditions and customs, and, though nominally an adherent of the Greek Church, was more than suspected of being a Papist at heart. But the greatest sin of all was this marriage with an unbaptized woman, — the Greek Church baptizes only by immersion, — a Polish heretic.

Discontent rose to fury, when some evil-minded individuals circulated a report that the czar's bodyguard, all Polish soldiers, in order to terrify the Russians with the power of the new sovereign, were about to begin an indiscriminate massacre among the populace. The clergy went from house to house, calling on all true sons

of the Church to rise and avenge the insults their faith had received from the heretic Dmitri and his Polish allies.

Prince Vassili Shuiski was the leader of the rebellion. He had before headed a conspiracy against the new czar, and had been sentenced to Siberia. But Dmitri with his usual good-nature had pardoned his bitterest and most powerful enemy, and even given him a place in the councils of the empire.

At daybreak on the 24th of May, the whole city was in open rebellion. Dmitri was warned of his danger, but he would not listen. "I hold Moscow and the empire in the hollow of my hand," he said, and laughed at the fears of the officers of the guard.

"Orthodox Christians," shouted Shuiski, "death to the heretic!" The great bell was rung, and the three thousand bells of Moscow answered it. The houses where the Poles lodged had been marked with chalk; and the Russians, bursting open the doors, began to massacre the slumbering inmates.

The palace of the czar was stormed by an armed mob, shouting, "Death to the impostor!" Dmitri seized a sword, and defended himself with great bravery. He is said to have slain several of the conspirators with his own hand. The guards, also, defended their master to the last, many losing their lives in a vain effort to save him. Finding resistance useless, Dmitri at length leaped from a back window of the palace, and in the fall broke his leg. Fainting with pain, he was seized by the infuriated mob, his groans being answered only by jeers and insults. He was not put to death at once, as his assassins wished to prolong his sufferings. His imperial robes

were torn from him, and he was invested with the caftan of a pastry-cook.

"Look at the czar of all the Russias!" shouted the mob; "he has now put on the dress which best befits him."

"Dog," cried one of the nobles, "tell us who you are and whence you come."

Dmitri replied firmly and distinctly, —

"Every one of you knows that I am your czar, the legitimate son of Ivan IV."

"Monk Otrepief," said Prince Shuiski, "confess yourself an impostor, that God, before whom you are shortly to appear, may have mercy on your soul."

"I am the Czar Dmitri," replied Otrepief, still unwavering. "This is not the first time that rebellious subjects, led astray by traitors, have dared lay hands on the sacred person of their sovereign; but such crimes never go unpunished."

And with this falsehood on his lips he died, shot through the heart by a Russian merchant named Valuief, who, forcing his way through the mob, cried, "Why talk so long with this accursed heretic? This is the way I'll shrive the Polish piper!"

Otrepief's death was the signal for a general massacre of the Poles. "Down with the Pope! death to the heretics!" was the cry. For six hours the streets of Moscow ran blood, and more than a thousand Poles were slain. Marina and her father, concealed by some friendly Russians, escaped amid the general confusion; but they were afterwards imprisoned, and kept in close confinement for years. After a life of many vicissitudes, Marina ended her days in prison.

The body of the impostor was burned, and his ashes were scattered to the four winds. But new Dmitris were to rise from those ashes. Rumors that Dmitri was not dead, that he had escaped the tumult, that the mutilated body exhibited as his to the populace was not that of the czar, became rife in the land. Four swift horses were missing from the imperial stables, and it was currently reported that three horsemen in Russian costume, but speaking Polish, had been ferried across the Okra. One of them had given the ferryman six ducats, saying: "You have ferried the czar: when he returns to Moscow with a Polish army, he will not fail to requite the service." Encouraged by the success of the first impostor, several other pretenders to the throne appeared, each claiming to be the true Dmitri. All were in time silenced, though not without much bloodshed.

THE KREMLIN OF MOSCOW

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

[In the center of Moscow, on the bank of the Moskva River, is a hill about one hundred feet in height. On this hill an area of nearly one hundred acres is inclosed by a high wall of stone. This is the Kremlin or fort, the ancient citadel of the town. It has been built and rebuilt, but the present walls are said to have been raised in 1492. Within these walls are towers, cathedrals, monasteries, convents, palaces, an immensely valuable library, a treasury, and one of the largest arsenals in the world.

The Editor.]

Proceeding down the square to its southern extremity, we halt at last before the most astonishing structure our eyes have ever beheld. What is it? — a church, a pavilion, or an immense toy? All the colors of the rainbow, all the forms and combinations which straight and curved lines can produce, are here compounded. It seems to be the product of some architectural kaleidoscope, in which the most incongruous things assume a certain order and system, for surely such another bewildering pile does not exist. It is not beautiful, for beauty requires at least a suggestion of symmetry, and here the idea of proportion or adaptation is wholly lost. Neither is the effect offensive, because the maze of colors in which red, green, and gold predominate, attracts and cajoles the eye. The purposed incongruity of the building is seen in its minutest details, and where there is an accidental

resemblance in form, it is balanced by a difference in color.

This is the Cathedral of St. Basil, built during the reign of Ivan the Terrible, who is said to have been so charmed with the work that he caused the eyes of the architect to be blinded, to prevent him from ever building another such. The same story, however, is told of various buildings, clocks, and pieces of mechanism, in Europe, and is doubtless false. Examining the cathedral more closely, we find it to be an agglomeration of towers, no two of which are alike, either in height, shape, or any other particular. Some are round, some square, some hexagonal, some octagonal: one ends in a pyramidal spire, another in a cone, and others in bulging domes of the most fantastic patterns — twisted in spiral bands of yellow and green like an ancient Moslem turban, vertically ribbed with green and silver, checkered with squares of blue and gold covered with knobbed scales, like a pine-cone, or with overlapping leaves of crimson, purple, gold, and green. Between the bases of these towers galleries are introduced, which, again, differ in style and ornament as much as the towers themselves. The interior walls are covered with a grotesque maze of painting, consisting of flower-pots, thistles, roses, vines, birds, beasts, and scroll-work, twined together in inextricable confusion, as we often see in Byzantine capitals and friezes.

The interior of the cathedral is no less curious than the outside. Every tower incloses a chapel, so that twelve or fifteen saints here have their shrines under one roof, yet enjoy the tapers, the incense, and the prayers of their worshipers in private, no one interfering with

the other. The chapels, owing to their narrow bases and great height, resemble flues. Their sides are covered with sacred frescoes, and all manner of ornamental painting on a golden ground; and as you look up the diminishing shaft, the colossal face of Christ, the Virgin, or the protecting Saint, stares down upon you from the hollow of the capping dome. The central tower is one hundred and twenty feet high, while the diameter of the chapel inside it cannot be more than thirty feet at the base. I cannot better describe this singular structure than by calling it the "Apotheosis of Chimneys."

Let us now turn back a few steps, and pass through the Kremlin wall by the *Spass Vorota*, or Gate of the Redeemer. Over the hollow arch hangs a picture of the Saviour, which looks with benignity upon the Russians, but breathes fire and thunder upon their foes. The Tartars, so says tradition, have been driven back again and again from this gate by miraculous resistance, and, though the French entered at last, all their attempts to blow it up were in vain. The other entrance, the Gate of St. Nicholas, has also its picture, but of lesser sanctity. Here the French succeeded in cracking the arch, as far as the picture-frame, where the rent suddenly stopped. No man dare pass through the Gate of the Redeemer without uncovering his head — not even the emperor. The common Russians commence at twenty paces off, and very few of them pass through the Red Square, on their way to and from the Moskva, without turning towards the Gate, bowing, and crossing themselves. This is not the only shrine in Moscow whose holiness irridiates a wide circle around it. I have frequently seen men performing their devotions in the

market place or the middle of the street, and, by following the direction of their eyes, have discovered, at a considerable distance, the object of reverence.

At last we tread the paved court of the Kremlin. Before us rises the tower of Ivan Velili, whose massive, sturdy walls seem to groan under their load of monster bells. Beyond it are the Cathedral of St. Michael, the Church of the Assumption, and the ancient church of the czars, all crowded with tiaras of gilded domes. To the right rises another cluster of dark-blue, pear-shaped domes, over the House of the Holy Synod, while the new Palace (Granovitaya Palata), with its heavy French front and wings, above which

> "The light aërial gallery, golden-railed,
> Burns like a fringe of fire,"

fills up the background. The Tartar towers of the Kremlin wall shoot up, on our left, from under the edge of the platform whereon we stand, and away and beyond them glitters the southern part of the wonderful city — a vast semicircle of red, green, and gold. I know not when this picture is most beautiful — when it blinds you in the glare of sunshine, when the shadows of clouds soften its piercing colors, and extinguish half its reflected fires, when evening wraps it in a violet mist, repainting it with sober tints, or when it lies pale and gray, yet sprinkled with points of silver light, under the midnight moon.

At the foot of the tower stands on a granite pedestal the *Czar Kolokol*, or Emperor of Bells, whose renown is world wide. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne in 1730, but was broken seven years afterward, through the burning of the wooden tower in which it hung. It is a little over twenty-one feet in height, twenty-two feet

in diameter at the bottom, weighs one hundred and twenty tons, and the estimated value of the gold, silver, and copper contained in it is $1,500,000. In one of the lower stories of the tower hangs another bell cast more than a century before the Czar Kolokol, and weighing sixty-four tons. Its iron tongue is swung from side to side by the united exertions of three men. It is only rung thrice a year, and when it speaks, all other bells are silent. To those who stand near the tower, the vibration of the air is said to be like that which follows the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannon. In the other stories hang at least forty or fifty bells, varying in weight from thirty-six tons to a thousand pounds; some of them are one third silver. When they all sound at once, as on Easter morn, the very tower must rock on its foundation. In those parts of Russia where the Eastern Church is predominant, no other sect is allowed to possess bells. In Austria the same prohibition is extended to the Protestant churches. The sound of the bell is a part of the act of worship, and therefore no heterodox tongue, though of iron, must be permitted to preach false doctrine to half the city.

The Empress Anne seems to have had a fondness for monster castings. Turning to the right into an adjoining courtyard, we beheld a tremendous piece of artillery, familiarly known as the "pocket-piece" of this czarina. The diameter of the bore is three feet, but it is evident that the gun never could have been used. It was no doubt made for show, from the bronze of captured cannon. In the same court are arranged the spoils of 1812, consisting of nearly a thousand cannon, French and German. They are mostly small fieldpieces,

and hence make but little display, in spite of their number. The Turkish and Persian guns, some of which are highly ornamented, occupy the opposite side of the court, and are much the finest of all the trophies here.

We will now enter the churches in the palace court. They are but of modern dimensions, and very plain, outwardly, except in their crowns of far-shining golden domes. Undoubtedly they were once painted in the style of the Cathedral of St. Basil, but the rainbow frescoes are now covered with a uniform coat of whitewash. One is therefore all the more dazzled by the pomp and glare of the interior. The walls, the five domes, resting on four tall pillars at their intersections, the pillars themselves, everything but the floor, is covered with a coating of flashing gold; the *ikonostast*, or screen before the Holy of Holies, is of gilded silver and rises to the roof; the altars are of massive silver, and the shrine-pictures are set in a blaze of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. A multitude of saints are painted on the walls, and seem to float in a golden sky. And not saints alone, but — strange to say — classic philosophers and historians. Thucydides and Plutarch, in company with Sts. Anthony and Jerome! There are said to be twenty-three hundred figures in this church, which is much more than the number of worshipers who can find place within it. I have been there on Sunday, when it was thronged, and really there was less diversity of visage, costume, and character among the pictures above than among the human beings below. It was a wonderful crowd! I could have picked out the representatives of fifty nations and the facial stamp of three centuries. The singing was sublime. The choir was unseen, behind the silver screen, and the

sweetness and purity of the boy sopranos swelled and sank like a chorus of angels heard through the fitful gust of a storm. Devotional music nowhere receives such glorious expression as in the Russian churches.

The Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, but a few paces distant from that of the Assumption, resembles it in its internal structure. It is more dimly lighted, however, the gold is not so glaring, and, in place of the army of saints, there are large frescoes of Heaven, Hell, Judgment, etc. On the floor, arranged in rows, are the sarcophagi of the early czars, from Ivan I to Alexis, father of Peter the Great. They are covered with dusty, mouldering palls of cloth or velvet, each one inscribed with his name. In the middle of the church in a splendid coffin, is the body of a boy seven or eight years of age, which is universally believed to be that of the young Dmitri, the last prince of the race of Rurik, who was put to death by Boris Gudonof. The lid of the coffin is open, and on the inner side is a portrait of the boy, in a frame of massive gold studded with jewels. The body is wrapped in cloth of gold, and a cushion covers the face. The attendant priest was about to remove this cushion, when our guide whispered to me, "You are expected to kiss the forehead," and I turned away. These relics are ranked among the holiest in Moscow, and are most devoutly worshiped, although it is by no means certain that they belong to the true Dmitri.

Close at hand is the House of the Holy Synod, and as we are accompanied by our obliging consul, Colonel Claxton, to whom all doors are open, we are admitted into the sanctuary, where are preserved the robes worn by Russian patriarchs during the last six hundred years,

as well as the silver jars containing the sacred oil, used for solemn sacraments throughout the whole empire. The robes are of the heaviest silk, inwoven with gold and silver thread, and so sown with jewels that they would stand stiff upright with their own richness. The patriarchs seem to have had an especial fondness for pearls, of which, in some instances, the embroidered figures are entirely composed. In strong contrast to these dazzling vestments are the coarse brown hat and mantle of the Patriarch Nichon. The holy oil is preserved in thirty-three jars, which, as well as the larger vessels used in preparing it, are of massive silver. About two gallons a year are necessary to supply Russia. The council hall of the Holy Synod is in the same building. It is evidently the ancient place of assembly — a long low room, with sacred frescoes on a golden ground, and raised seats along the wall for the principal personages.

Let us now turn from the sacred to the secular sights of the Kremlin, although some of the latter are not less sacred, to Russian eyes. The palace doors open to the special permit presented by Colonel Claxton, and we ascend the broad, noble staircase. The plain exterior of the building gives no hint of the splendors within. I have seen all the palaces of Europe (with the exception of the Escurial), but I cannot recall one in which the highest possible magnificence is so subservient to good taste, as here. Inlaid floors, of such beautiful design and such precious wood, that you tread upon them with regret; capitals, cornices, and ceiling-soffits of gold; walls overlaid with fluted silk; giant candelabra of silver and malachite, and the soft gleam of many-tinted marbles, combine to make this a truly imperial residence.

The grand hall of St. George, all in white and gold, is literally incrusted with ornamented carved-work; that of St. Alexander Nevsky is sumptuous in blue and gold; of St. Vladimir in crimson and gold; while in that of St. Elizabeth, the walls are not only overlaid with gold, and the furniture of massive silver, but in the center of every door is a Maltese cross, formed of the largest diamonds! The eye does not tire of this unwonted splendor, nor does it seem difficult to dwell even in such dazzling halls. In a lower story is the banqueting-hall, hung with crimson velvet, studded with golden eagles. Here the emperor feasts with his nobles on the day of his coronation — the only occasion on which it is used.

III

PETER THE GREAT

HISTORICAL NOTE

UNDER the House of Romanoff, Russia grew steadily in power and greatly extended her territory at the expense of Poland and Turkey. In 1689, Peter the Great, one of the most remarkable rulers in history, came to the throne. His ambition was to raise Russia from her depths of ignorance and Oriental conservatism to an equal position with the greatest Powers of Europe. To do this it was first of all necessary to find out how things were done in other countries, and to obtain first-hand knowledge. Peter, in 1697, appointed a council to administer the empire, and set out on a tour of Europe. He came back fired with enthusiasm for Western civilization, and proceeded to put his theories into practice. Nothing was too great for his attention and nothing too small. He reorganized the army and church, reformed the calendar, built a new capitol at St. Petersburg, encouraged commerce, instituted improved methods of education and taxation, besides promulgating a host of edicts regulating the most trivial matters of dress, manners, etc.

In foreign affairs he was no less energetic. The first need of Russia was a seaport, and soon after coming to the throne he had wrested Azov on the Black Sea from the Turks. Most of all, however, he longed for a seaport on the Baltic from which he was shut off by the territory of Sweden. In 1700 he declared war against that country, and after nine years of almost constant defeat at the hands of Charles XII, the Swedish king, had taught him and his soldiers the art of warfare, he lured that impetuous monarch into the depths of Russia, annihilated his army at Poltava, and gained his long-sought foothold on the Baltic.

At the time of his death, in 1724, Peter the Great had extended the Russian Empire from Finland to the Caspian Sea and created a new power in European politics.

A MORNING WITH PETER THE GREAT

[Early in the eighteenth century]

BY DMITRI MEREJKOWSKI

PETER had got up early. "The very devils have n't had time to snore," grumbled the sleepy orderly who had to light the stoves. A gloomy November morning was looking in through the window. By the light of a tallow candle end, in a night-cap, dressing-gown, and craftsman's leather apron, the czar was sitting at his lathe turning a candelabrum of ivory for the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, in gratitude for the benefit he had derived from the Martial water during his illness. Then he started carving out of birch-wood a little Bacchus with grapes for the lid of a goblet. He worked with as much zeal as if his livelihood depended upon it.

At 4.30 A.M. in came his private secretary, Makaroff. The czar took his place at a walnut-wood desk — so high that the chin of a man of medium height was but level with it, and began to dictate decrees to the different colleges or departments, which were being established in Russia on the advice of Leibnitz, "following the example and precedent of other civilized empires."

"As in a clock, one wheel sets the other in motion," said the philosopher to the czar, "so in the great administrative machine one college ought to work another, and if everything is harmoniously organized in exact proportions, then the hands of the state clock will invariably point to happy hours for your whole country."

Peter loved mechanics, and the thought of converting the government into a machine delighted him. Yet what seemed so simple in theory, proved far otherwise in practice.

The Russian people neither understood nor liked the idea of colleges, and mockingly called them *kaleki*, which means cripples. The czar had invited learned foreigners "versed in law." They worked through the medium of interpreters. This, however, did not answer. Young Russian clerks were then dispatched to Königsberg, "to learn the German language and thereby facilitate the working of the colleges," and supervisors were sent with them to prevent them from idling. But the supervisors idled with the supervised. The czar published a decree: "All colleges are obliged to draw up regulations for their work on the Swedish model. If some of the points in the Swedish regulation are inapplicable, or are unsuited to the conditions of this empire, the same should be altered at discretion." But judgment was sadly lacking, and the czar felt that the new institutions would prove as inefficient as the old ones. "It is all in vain," he thought, "until the direct good, the supreme patriotic interest of the empire is realized — a thing that can't be expected for another hundred years, at least."

The orderly announced a Foreign Office translator, Koslovsky. A young man came in, haggard, pale, and consumptive-looking. Peter rummaged among his papers and gave to him a manuscript corrected and marked with pencil notes on the margin; it was a treatise on mechanics.

"It is badly translated. It must be done over again!"

"Your Majesty," stuttered Koslovsky in fear and trembling, "the author himself has written the book in very involved language. More mindful of the subtlety of his philosophical style than of the benefit people could derive from the book, he is abbreviated and abstruse. For my part with my dull brain I cannot possibly follow him."

The czar patiently instructed.

"There is no need to translate literally, but, having ascertained the meaning clothe it in language which can best convey it, employing only what is necessary for presenting the main ideas. To try and retain the style is not necessary. Your matter should be useful and not written for effect, without any superfluous words which only waste time and distract the reader's attention. Avoid the highflown Slavonic style, and write the plain Russian speech. Do not use high-sounding words, but the language of the Foreign Office. Write as you speak, simply. Do you understand me?"

"Quite so, Your Majesty," answered the translator, with the precision of a soldier; yet he hung his head with as melancholy an air as if he remembered the fate of his predecessor, Boris Wolkoff, also a translator to the Foreign Office, who in despair over a French book on gardening, "Le Jardin de Quintiny," and afraid of the czar's wrath, opened his veins, and perished.

"Well, go; God be with you! Put all your heart in the work! And also tell Avramoff that the type in the new books is fatter and not so clean as in the older ones. The types of letters 'B' and 'P' must be altered; they are too broad. The binding also is defective, especially as he binds the pages together too tightly; the books won't

close. He should sew them at the hinges more loosely and give them more space at the back."

When Koslovsky left him, Peter remembered the dreams of Leibnitz about a general Russian encyclopædia — the quintessence of sciences, such as was not yet in existence; a Petersburg Academy, the college of learned administrators with the czar at their head; a future Russia, which, having surpassed Europe in knowledge, would act as lighthouse of the world.

"That bread will be long in baking," thought Peter with a bitter smile. "Before we can begin to teach Europe we must ourselves learn to speak Russian, write, print, bind, and make paper."

He dictated an ukase: "In all towns and villages all bits of rags and linen should be carefully collected and sent to the chief office in Petersburg, where fourpence per pood[1] will be paid for them."

These rags were intended for the paper factories.

Then followed the ukase about the melting of fat, the right way of plaiting bast shoes, and the dressing of hides for boot leather: "Inasmuch as the hide commonly used for shoe leather is exceedingly unfit for wear, being dressed with tar, which does not prevent it from rotting, nor from letting water in in damp weather, it would be more expedient to dress the same with train oil."

He glanced at his slate, which, together with a piece of pencil, hung at the head of his bed; he used to note on it any thought which occurred to him during the night. That night he had jotted down: "Where should manure be deposited? Don't forget Persia — mats."

[1] Thirty-six pounds.

He made Makaroff read out the Ambassador Volinsky's letter concerning Persia.

"The present monarch here is such a fool that it would be difficult to find his equal even among simple peasant folk, much less among the crowned heads. His power will not last long. Although our present war with the Swedes may hinder us, yet, nevertheless, seeing the feeble resources of this country as I do, I deem it possible to annex a major part of Persia simply with a small force. There could not possibly be a more favorable time than the present."

In his answer to Volinsky, Peter ordered him to send merchants down the river Amu-Daria in order to discover a waterway to India, and to draw a map describing it: at the same time to prepare a letter to the Grand Mogul — the Dalai Lama of Tibet. (A road to India, an alliance between Europe and Asia, was an old dream of Peter's.)

Some twenty years ago, a Russian church had been erected in Pekin, in honor of St. Sophia, — the wisdom of God.

"Le czar peut unir la Chine à l'Europe!" prophesied Leibnitz. "The czar's conquests in Persia will lay the foundation of an empire greater than that of the Romans," the foreign diplomats warned their sovereigns. "The czar, like another Alexander, strives to conquer the world," said the sultan.

Peter reached down from a shelf, and unfolded a map of the globe which he had once drawn himself while musing on Russia's destiny. With the words Europe on the west, Asia towards the south, and on the space between the headland Tchoukotsk and the Niemen, and across

from Archangel down to Astrakhan the word Russia appeared in the same-sized letters as Europe and Asia. "They are all mistaken in calling Russia 'an empire'; it is half the world."

But the next moment, with his usual pliable will power, he turned sharply from musings to business, from the grandiose to the petty. He began to dictate ukases as to a fit place for the deposit of manure; on the substitution of hair sacks for sacks of matting in which to carry biscuits to the galleys; and barrels, or linen bags, for grain and salt, — "mats should on no account be used"; on the saving of lead bullets used at practice-firing; the preservation of forests; "the prohibition of hollowed-out trunks for coffins," which were to be made of planks. "N.B. England to be written to for a model."

Then he turned over the pages of his notebook to ascertain whether anything of importance had been forgotten. The first page bore the inscription: "In Gottes Namen" — "In the Lord's name." Then followed various notes and memoranda: sometimes two or three words indicated a long train of thought —

"Of a certain discovery which will help to find out various mysteries in nature."

"Clever experiments: how to extinguish earth oil with vitriol." "How to boil hemp in saltpeter water." "Buy the secret of making German sausages."

"Draw up a concise catechism for the peasants, and have it read in churches for their instruction."

"Exposed foundling infants are to be educated."

"Whaling to be organized."

"The fall of the Greek Monarchy was caused by contempt of warfare."

"Order French Gazettes to be sent."

"Engage foreign comedians at high pay."

"Russian proverbs. A Russian lexicon."

"Chemical secrets for testing ore."

"If it be true that laws of nature are rational, why then do animals devour one another? and why do we cause them so much suffering?"

"Present and past judgments against atheists."

"Compose a prayer for the soldiers: Great, Eternal, Holy God, etc."

The journal of Peter recalls the diary of Leonardo da Vinci.

At six in the morning he began to dress. Pulling on his stockings he noticed a hole; he sat down, got a needle and a ball of wool, and began darning. Ruminating about a road to India in the footsteps of Alexander of Macedonia, he darned his stockings.

Then he had some anisette brandy, with a cracknel; lit his pipe; went out of the palace, and drove in a cabriolet with a lantern (for it was yet dark) to the Admiralty.

The Admiralty pinnacle glowed dimly through the fog, reflecting the flames of fifteen dockyard furnaces. Out of the gloom there rose the black outline of a monstrous skeleton; the hull of a new ship. Cables lay coiled like gigantic serpents. Pulleys squeaked, hammers sounded, iron rattled, pitch was boiling. In the red glare men flitted to and fro like shadows. The dockyard resembled the forges of hell.

Peter went hither, thither, inspecting everything.

He verified in the gun department the entry of the caliber of cast cannon balls and shells which were piled in pyramids, under shelter — to prevent the rust eating

them; whether the flint-locks and barrels of the muskets had been filled with fat; whether the ukase concerning cannon had been carried out: "It must be ascertained with the help of a mirror whether the inside of the barrel was quite smooth, or whether the handles to the muzzle had formed flaws and bulgings; should any such flaws have occurred their depth must be measured."

He could tell by the smell the different qualities of walrus fat; tested by handling the weight of sailcloth, and whether its lightness were due to the fine texture, or to flimsiness. He talked with the foremen as to equals.

"The boards must be planed to fit tightly. Choose well-seasoned wood; for should it be caulked before it is quite dry, then it will not only shrink, but also bulge out in the water and compress the caulk."

. . . .

"The oak should be young; with a bluish, and never a reddish hue. Made of such oak, the vessel will be as hard as iron, even a bullet could not pierce it farther than two inches."

In the hemp stores, he took handfuls from the bales, and, holding the hemp between his knees, carefully examined, shook and tested it like an expert. "Ship cables for mooring are of great consequence; they ought to be made of the very best and strongest hemp. When the cable is trustworthy, the vessel is safe; if faulty, vessel and crew are doomed."

On all sides the czar was heard rating the agents and contractors: —

"I see that during my absence the work has gone sidelong, like a crab, at snail's speed."

"I shall be obliged to bring you to order by demand-

ing from you extra work, and by a merciless infliction of corporal punishment."

"Just wait a bit, I will give you a keepsake, which you won't forget till next spring!"

He cut short lengthy speeches. One day, when a distinguished foreigner elaborated some unessential detail, he spat in his face, reviled him obscenely, and turned away.

To a clerk who cheated, he remarked, "I will score on your back the figures you failed to put on paper."

To a petition for raising the stipend of the Admiralty Councilors, he answered: —

"Nonsense! they are more anxious to fill their pockets than to render good service."

When he learned that several of the vessels belonging to the galley-fleet had been supplied with rotten salt beef, so that the soldiers during five weeks had to content themselves with stale smelts and water, which caused a thousand men to fall ill, and be unfit for work, his anger passed all bounds. He almost struck an old captain who had distinguished himself in the Yaqut engagement.

"Should you do such an idiotic thing again, don't lament being dishonored in your old age! Why should such important business, a thousand times more valuable than your head, be transacted with such carelessness? Probably you seldom read the Military Regulations. The officers of the galleys in question will be hanged, and you almost deserve as much for your gross neglect." But he dropped his raised hand and mastered his wrath.

"I should never have expected this from you," he

added in an undertone; but such rebuke was in his tone that the guilty one would have preferred a blow.

"Now take care," said Peter, "that such cruelty shall not recur; for in God's sight it is the greatest of sins. I have recently heard that here in the Petersburg dockyards, last year, the working men were utterly neglected, especially the sick, and that even dead bodies were allowed to remain lying about the streets, which is revolting not only to Christians, but even to barbarians. I cannot understand this lack of compassion. They are not cattle, but Christian souls, for which we shall have to answer before God."

HOW ST. PETERSBURG WAS BUILT

[1703]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

The city of Petersburg was founded on the 22d of May, 1703, on a desert and marshy spot of ground, in the sixtieth degree of latitude. The first building was a fort, which now stands in the center of the city. Though Peter was involved in all the hurry and confusion of war, he devoted himself with marvelous energy to the work of rearing an imperial city upon the bogs and swamps of the Neva. It required the merciless vigor of despotism to accomplish such an enterprise. Workmen were marched by thousands from Kazan, from Astrakhan, from the Ukraine, to assist in building the city. No difficulties, no obstacles were allowed to impede the work. The czar had a low hut, built of plank, just sufficient to shelter him from the weather, where he superintended the operations. This hut is still preserved as one of the curiosities of St. Petersburg. In less than a year, thirty thousand houses were reared, and these were all crowded by the many thousands Peter had ordered to the rising city, from all parts of the empire. Death had made terrible ravages among them; but the remote provinces furnished an abundant supply to fill the places of the dead. Exposure, toil, and the insalubrity of the marshy ground, consigned one hundred thousand to the grave during this first year.

The morass had to be drained, and the ground raised

by bringing earth from a distance. Wheelbarrows were not in use there, and the laborers conveyed the earth in baskets, bags, and even in the skirts of their clothes, scooping it up with their hands and with wooden paddles. The czar always manifested great respect for the outward observances of religion, and was constant in his attendance upon divine service. As we have mentioned, the first building the czar erected was a fort, the second was a church, the third a hotel. In the mean time private individuals were busily employed, by thousands, in putting up shops and houses. The city of Amsterdam was essentially the model upon which St. Petersburg was built. The wharves, the canals, the bridges, and the rectangular streets lined with trees were arranged by architects brought from the Dutch metropolis. When Charles XII was informed of the rapid progress the czar was making in building a city on the banks of the Neva, he said: —

"Let him amuse himself as he thinks fit in building his city. I shall soon find time to take it away from him and to put his wooden houses in a blaze."

Five months had not passed away, from the commencement of operations upon these vast morasses at the mouth of the Neva, ere, one day, it was reported to the czar that a large ship under Dutch colors was in full sail entering the harbor. Peter was overjoyed at this realization of the dearest wish of his heart. With ardor he set off to meet the welcome stranger. He found that the ship had been sent by one of his old friends at Zaandam. The cargo consisted of salt, wine, and provisions generally. The cargo was landed free from all duties, and was speedily sold to the great profit of the owners. To pro-

tect his capital, Peter immediately commenced his defenses at Cronstadt, about thirty miles down the bay. From that hour until this, Russia has been at work upon those fortifications.

A SUPPOSED LETTER FROM AN ENGLISH ARCHITECT

[1715]

BY MAURICE BARING

St. Petersburg, July, 1715.

Although it is almost six weeks ago that I arrived at St. Petersburg, I have not until this moment had leisure to write you my impressions. And now before I impart these to you I must advert to a conversation which I had in Berlin with X——, who, as you know, spent many years in Russia, before the accession of the present czar, and who is an eminent Russian scholar. He assured me that in entering the Russian service at the present moment I was doing a foolish and perilous thing. Russia, he said, was on the eve of a grave crisis, which might very probably lead to the dismemberment of the nation. This was owing to the character of the present sovereign. The czar was inspired with inordinate ambition and blind obstinacy; he was, moreover, pursued by a demon of restlessness, and a desire to change and reform everything that was old. This love of improvement was no doubt in itself a laudable ambition; yet in view of the peculiar circumstances of the case, the ignorance of the great mass of Russians, the fundamental conservatism of the educated class, the deficiency and the inadequacy of all necessary material and instruments, the designs of the czar were akin to madness.

He was attempting to make bricks without straw, and

this could only have one result — the disruption of the kingdom of Russia and the consequent rise of a large and powerful Poland. Poland would once again reduce Russia to servitude, and all civilized Europe would once more be revolted by the spectacle of civil and religious tyranny. Moreover, a powerful Poland was, as far as all European countries were concerned, far less to be desired than a powerful Russia. I will comment on these remarks in due time. At present I must resume my narrative.

On arriving at St. Petersburg I went straight to the Summer Palace. I was told that the czar had gone to Cronstadt. He had left orders that I was to follow him thither as soon as I arrived, in a snow [1] which was waiting to convey the Dutch minister. It was a fine, sultry day when we started from St. Petersburg. I was much impressed by the sight of the city, which possesses already many thousands of houses and some fine churches and palaces. We started with a fair wind, but soon a storm arose, and our condition was the more perilous owing to the lack of experience of the captain and the mate. The Dutch minister was prostrated with seasickness, and upon his asking whether there was any chance of escape, — and he seemed, such were his pains, to hope for a negative answer, — the captain, who was facing the emergency by doing nothing at all, kept on repeating in a soothing voice the word *Nichevo* (which means "All is well"); "we shall arrive." All seemed to be very far from well. The mate, when consulted, folded his hands together and said, *Bog Znaet*, which means, "God knows." At last, after two days and three nights, which we spent without fire or provisions, we arrived

[1] A square-rigged vessel.

at Cronstadt. We were forthwith bidden to the czar's pleasure-house, Peterhof, on the coast of Ingria, whither a fair wind took us without further mishap.

We were at once taken into the czar's presence. Anything less like the state and formal etiquette of Paris, Berlin, or Madrid, it would be difficult to imagine. To speak of the simplicity of the czar would be to understate my meaning. He seemed to be divested not only of the formality of sovereigns, but of the ordinary convention and reserve which unwittingly hang over every human being like a cloak. He greeted us as if he had known us all his life, and as if he were continuing a conversation but lately interrupted. His dress, — which was dark, plain, and sober, — his demeanor, his manner, were not only free from all trace of pomp, but would have struck one as simple in a common sailor. And yet the overwhelming mastery and intelligence and power of the man were instantly apparent in the swiftness of his look and the stamp of his countenance. It was clear from the first moment that he was a man who went straight to the point and had the knack of eliminating and casting aside the unessential and the superfluous with the quick decision with which a skillful gardener removes dead flowers from a tree with his garden knife.

This was evident when speaking of the concern he had felt for us owing to the storm. The Dutch minister launched out into a diffuse narrative. The czar at once seized on the essential fact that the skipper was incapable and deftly changed the subject, keeping the garrulous minister charmed all the while. He welcomed me to Russia and said that he had been awaiting my arrival with impatience, as he had much work for me to do.

"But we will talk of that later," he said; "at present you must be hungry."

We then followed him into another room, where we were presented to the czarina. The czarina, who is of humble origin, has that peculiar grace, that intangible beauty and charm, which baffle verbal description and cause the painter to burn his canvas. She is the embodiment of spontaneous and untaught refinement, and her manner, like that art which consists in concealing all art, proceeds from the certain instinct which bids her make the right gestures and say the right word without either effort or forethought.

We proceeded to dinner, which was served punctually at noon. The first course consisted of many cold meats, followed by a second hot course, and then by a third course of fruits. During dinner we were all of us plied with Tokay wine. His Majesty himself partook of it freely, but forbore drinking too much; but we by the end of the meal could scarcely stand, and the Dutch minister was obliged, nevertheless, to empty a bowl holding a full quart of brandy which he received at the czarina's hand. The result was that he rolled under the table, and was carried away by two men to a quiet place where he could sleep.

The czar laughed and talked without ceasing, and asked many pertinent questions concerning England and Scotland, and was thoroughly posted in all the latest news. Talking of the Stuarts, he said they would never return, because, apart from their talent for mismanagement, the English people did not feel strongly enough on the subject to make a rising in their favor, however popular such a restoration would be if it could

be effected by a *Deus ex machina.* The Stuarts, he said, had always had the people on their side and the oligarchy against them. He blamed the English people with regard to Ireland, saying the English had neither annihilated the Irish nor made them happy. He compared this to the action of the Poles in Russia in the past, and pointed to the result.

After dinner I retired to sleep, but at four o'clock we were awakened and brought back to the czar's presence. He gave us each a hatchet and orders to follow him. He led us into a wood of young trees, where he marked a walk of a hundred yards to be cut to the seashore. He fell to work, and we (there were seven of us) followed (the Dutch minister found such a work in his half-dazed condition hard); and in three hours' time the path was cut. At supper, to which we were bidden, more Tokay was consumed, and the czar joked with the Dutch minister about the violent exercise he had caused him to take. We retired early, but about eight the next morning, I was bidden to court to partake of breakfast, which consisted, instead of coffee or tea, of large cups of brandy and pickled cucumbers.

After dinner we were taken on board the czar's vessel. The czarina and her ladies sought the cabin, but the czar remained with us in the open air, laughing and joking. A strong wind was blowing, which in two hours became a gale, and the czar himself took the helm and showed the utmost skill in working a ship, as well as huge strength of body. After being tossed about for seven hours, we at last reached the port of Cronstadt, where the czar left us with the words: "Good-night, gentlemen; I fear I have carried the jest too far."

The next day I returned to St. Petersburg, and was lodged in the Summer Palace so as to be near the czar. The czar sent for me early in the morning and discoursed for two hours on various buildings he wished me to design. He went into every detail, and soon showed me that he was as skilled an architect as he was a sailor. He also talked on various other subjects, including theology, mechanics, music, painting, the English navy, and the German army. England, he said, was his model as far as the navy was concerned, Germany for the army, and France for architecture. At the same time he was not disposed slavishly to follow any particular models, and force on his people those details of any system which might not be in concord with the genius of the Russian character. It is undeniable that the Germans have far the best system of military discipline, he said, but it would be quite impossible to get Russian soldiers to act with the mathematical precision of the Prussians.

"I adopt the system as far as I can, and adapt it to my material. That is why I get as many Scotch officers as I can, and English architects, because it is difficult to make a Frenchman understand that Russia is n't France, and that a Russian workman must work in his own way."

I had not been in St. Petersburg long before I realized that X——'s forebodings are baseless. He is right in saying that the czar is ambitious. He is right in saying that he is actuated by restlessness, if by restlessness he means a ceaseless and indefatigable energy. He is right in saying that the czar's materials are bad and scanty and that the czar thus had to make bricks without straw. He is right in saying that the Russians are fun-

damentally conservative and regard all reforms with distrust.

But what he has not realized is this, that a man of genius can make bricks without straw. The czar has proved it. He has built St. Petersburg on a marsh. He has built a fleet and organized an army. He has made palaces, schools, academies, factories, and dockyards, and he has inspired others with his fever for work. Like all great workers he never gives one an impression of hurry. He seems always to have leisure to see whom he wants, to have his say out, and to indulge in recreation when he feels so inclined. He rises every morning at four o'clock. From eleven to twelve he receives petitions from all ranks of his subjects, who have access to him during that hour. He dines at twelve o'clock. At one he sleeps for an hour; the afternoon and evening he spends in diversions, and at ten he goes to bed.

He seems to delight in finding out a project which appears to be impossible, and in achieving it forthwith. No scheme is too large for him to devise, and no detail of it too small for him to attend to. He has the gift of discovering any useful scrap of knowledge either in men or books. At his balls and entertainments, which he now gives at the Summer Palace, or, on extraordinary occasions, at the Senate House, all degrees of persons are invited. Different tables are arranged in separate rooms for the clergy, the officers of the army, those of the navy, the merchants, the shipbuilders, the foreign skippers. After dinner the czar goes from room to room and talks to everybody, especially with the masters of foreign trading vessels. The Dutch and English skippers treat

him with familiarity, and call him by no other name than Skipper Peter, which delights him, and the whole time he marks down any points which interest him, in a notebook.

In conversing with these men, various in rank and condition, he never appears to be courting popularity, or to be ingeniously fencing with subjects of which he is ignorant. On the contrary, he makes it manifest that he is talking on a subject because it interests him and because he is thoroughly acquainted with it. And any man who is an expert at any trade or profession cannot converse with him for a few moments without realizing that he knows what he is talking about and that his knowledge is the result of practical experience. He has a hatred of baseless theory, a contempt for convention, and an insatiable passion for fact and reality. He has no respect for inherited rank or for the glory of lineage; merit is to him the only rank. He will at a moment's notice, should he think it necessary, degrade a nobleman into a peasant or make a pastry-cook into a minister. Indeed, he has done this in the case of Prince Menzikoff.

It is useless to pretend that he is as popular with the Russian people as he is with foreigners. Many of the ignorant peasantry regard him as the Antichrist, and they worship his utterly worthless son, the czarevitch, because they consider that he respects and embodies their ancient customs. In spite of this there is no danger that what the czar has accomplished will be overturned in the immediate future. He has done something which cannot be undone, like putting salt into a pudding. Moreover, his genius and his versatility, his extraordinarily varied talents, are based on a soundness of judg-

ment, a level-headedness and a sanity of instinct which, while they lead him to do things which are seemingly impossible, justify him, in that success is achieved, and prevent him from undertaking what, owing either to the backwardness of the population or the temper of popular feeling, would in reality and of necessity end in failure. He knows exactly where to draw the line. In a speech he made to the Senate some time ago he said that the ancient seat of all sciences was Greece, whence they were expelled and dispersed over Europe and hindered from penetrating further than into Poland. The transmigration of sciences was like the circulation of the blood, and he prognosticated that they would some time or other quit their abode in western Europe and settle for some centuries in Russia, and afterwards perhaps return to their original home in Greece. In the mean time he recommended to their practice the Latin saying, *Ora et labora.*[1]

Now what the czar has already achieved is that he has made such a circulation possible. He has broken down the barrier which was between Russia and western Europe, and let into the great veins of his country a new drop of blood which nothing can either expel or destroy.

[1] Pray and work.

IV

FROM CATHERINE THE GREAT TO THE INVASION OF NAPOLEON

HISTORICAL NOTE

The only son of Peter the Great had died in prison as the result of opposing his father's reforms, and for thirty-seven years after Peter's death the Russian crown was the football for contending factions. In 1762, Peter III was dethroned and murdered after a six months' reign, and his wife, the chief conspirator, ascended the throne as Catherine II, afterwards known as Catherine the Great. For thirty-four years Russia was ruled by this remarkable woman, and prospered greatly. Literature and art, commerce and industry were encouraged, and the victories of her armies greatly extended the boundaries of the country. On the other hand, she was unscrupulous, revengeful, and blood-thirsty. It was during her reign, and owing in a large degree to her persistence, that Poland was first divided.

In 1801, Catherine's son, Paul I, was assassinated and Alexander I ascended the throne. He abolished punishment by torture, and sought in every way in his power to do what was for the good of his people. He was one of the chief figures in the era of Napoleon and took a prominent part in the campaigns of 1805 and 1807 against the French. The defeat of the Russians at Friedland led to the famous meeting between Napoleon and Alexander on a raft in the Niemen River. The peace that was here concluded lasted until 1812, when Napoleon declared war and made his memorable expedition into the heart of Russia, reaching Moscow only to find it turn to ashes in his grasp.

A DAY WITH CATHERINE THE GREAT

[1794]

BY ADRIAN MOYSEEVICH GRIBOVSKI

The empress's time and occupations were arranged in the following manner: She rose at seven, and was busy writing in her cabinet until nine (her last work was on the Senate Regulations). She once remarked in her conversation that she could not live a day without writing something. During that time she drank one cup of coffee, without cream. At nine o'clock she passed into the sleeping-room, where almost in the entrance from the boudoir she seated herself in a chair near the wall. Before her stood a table that slanted towards her and also to the opposite direction where there was also a chair. She then generally wore a sleeping-gown, or capote, of white gros de Tours, and on her head a white crêpe bonnet which was poised a little towards the left. In spite of her sixty-five years, the empress's face was still fresh, her hands beautiful, her teeth all well preserved, so that she spoke distinctly, without lisping, only a little masculinely. She read with eyeglasses and a magnifying glass. Having once been called in with my reports, I found her reading in this way. She smiled and said to me, "You, no doubt, do not need this apparatus! How old are you?" And when I said, "Twenty-six," she added: "But we have, in our long service to the empire, dulled our vision, and now we are of necessity compelled to use glasses." It appeared to me that "we" was used by her not as an expression of majesty, but in the ordinary sense.

Upon another occasion she handed me an autograph note which contained some references for her Senate Regulations for verification, and said: "Laugh not at my Russian orthography. I will tell you why I have not succeeded in mastering it. When I came here, I applied myself diligently to the study of Russian. When my aunt, Elizabeth Petrovna, heard of this, she told my court mistress that I ought not to be taught any more, — that I was clever enough anyway. Thus, I could learn Russian only from books, without a teacher, and that is the cause of my insufficient knowledge of orthography." However, the empress spoke quite correct Russian, and was fond of using simple native words, of which she knew a great number. "I am very happy," she said to me, "that you know the order of the Chancery. You will be the first executor of my Regulations before the Senate. But I caution you that the Chancery of the Senate has overpowered the Senate, and that I wish to free it from the Chancery. For any unjust decisions, my punishment for the Senate shall be: let them be ashamed!" I remarked that not only the Senate, but also other bureaus that are guided by the General Réglement, are hampered in the transaction of their business by great inconveniences and difficulties that demand correction. "I should like very much to see those inconveniences and difficulties of which you speak to me in such strong terms. The General Réglement is one of the best institutions of Peter the Great." Later on, I presented to Her Highness my notes upon the General Réglement, which I read to her almost every afternoon of her residence in Tsarskoe Selo in 1796, and which were honored by her undivided august approval. (These notes must

be deposited with other affairs in the Archives of the Foreign College.)

After occupying her seat, of which I spoke above, the empress rang a bell, and the valet of the day, who constantly remained outside the door, entered, and, having received his order, called in the persons. At that time of the day, the chief master of police and the secretary of state waited daily in the boudoir; at eleven o'clock there arrived Count Bezborodko; for the other officers certain days in the week were set apart; for the vice-chancellor, governor, government procurator of the government of St. Petersburg, Saturday; for the procurator-general, Monday and Thursday; Wednesday, for the superior procurator of the synod and master general of requests; Thursday, for the commander-in-chief of St. Petersburg. But in important and urgent cases, all these officers could come any other time to report.

The first one to be called in to the empress was the chief master of police, Brigadier Glazov. He made a verbal report on the safety of the capital and other occurrences, and presented a note, written at the office irregularly and badly on a sheet of paper, containing the names of arrivals and departures on the previous day of people of all conditions who had taken the trouble to announce their names at the toll-house, for the sentinels stopped no one at the toll-house, nor inquired anything of them, — in fact there existed then no toll-gates; anybody received a passport from the governor at any time he asked for it, and without any pay, and could leave the city whenever he wished: for this reason the list of arrivals and departures never could be very long. After the chief master of police left, the secretaries of state

who had any business had themselves announced by the valet, and were let in one by one. I was one of them. Upon entering the sleeping-room, I observed the following ceremony: I made a low obeisance to the empress, to which she responded with a nod of her head, and smilingly gave me her hand, which I took and kissed, and I felt the pressure of my own hand; then she commanded me to take a seat. Having seated myself on the chair opposite, I placed my papers on the slanting table and began to read. I suppose the other reporting officers acted in the same way, when they entered the room of the empress, and that they met with the same reception.

About eleven o'clock the other officers arrived with their reports, as mentioned above, and sometimes there came Field-Marshal Count Suvorov Rymnikski, who then, after the conquest of Poland, resided at St. Petersburg. When he entered, he first prostrated himself three times before the image of the Holy Virgin of Kazan, which stood in the corner, to the right of the door, and before which there burned an undying lamp; then he turned to the empress, prostrated himself once before her, though she tried to keep him from it, and, taking him by the hand, lifted him and said: "Mercy! Alexander Vasilevich, are you not ashamed to act like that?" But the hero worshiped her, and regarded it as his sacred duty to express his devotion to her in that manner. The empress gave him her hand, which he kissed as a relic, and asked him to seat himself on the chair opposite her; two minutes later she dismissed him. They used to tell that Count Bezborodko and a few others prostrated themselves in the same way before her, but not before the Holy Virgin.

At these audiences in the Winter and Tauric Palaces, the military officers wore uniforms, with their swords and shoes, but boots on holidays; civil officers wore during week-days simple French coats, but on holidays gala dresses; but at Tsarskoe Selo, both the military and civilians wore dress-coats on week-days, and only on holidays the former put on uniforms, and the latter French coats with their swords.

The empress was busy until noon, after which her old hair-dresser, Kozlov, dressed her hair in her interior boudoir. She wore her hair low and very simple; it was done up in the old fashion, with small locks behind her ears. Then she went into the boudoir, where we all waited for her; our society was then increased by four spinsters who came to serve the empress at her toilet. One of them passed some ice to the empress, who rubbed her face with it, probably in order to show that she did not like any other washes; another pinned a crêpe ornament in her hair, and the two sisters Zvyerev handed her the pins. This toilet lasted not more than ten minutes, and during that time the empress conversed with some one of the persons present. Having bid the company good-bye, the empress returned with her maids into the sleeping-room, where she dressed herself for dinner, with their aid and with the aid of Marya Savishna, while we all went home. On week-days the empress wore simple silk dresses, which were all made almost according to the same pattern, and which were known as Moldavian; the upper garment was usually of lilac or grayish color, and without her decorations, — her lower garment white; on holidays she wore a brocade gown, with three decorations — the crosses of St. Andrew, St. George, and St.

Vladimir; and sometimes she put on all the sashes that belong to these decorations, and a small crown; she wore not very high-heeled shoes.

Her dinner was set for two o'clock. The ordinary dinner of the empress did not last more than an hour. She was very abstemious in her food: she never breakfasted, and at dinner she tasted with moderation of not more than three or four courses; she drank only a glass of Rhine or Hungarian wine; she never ate supper.

After dinner all the guests immediately departed. The empress was left alone: in summer she sometimes took a nap, but in winter never. She sometimes listened, until the evening assembly, to the foreign mail which arrived twice a week; sometimes she read a book, or made cameo imprints on paper; this she did during the reading of her mail by P. A., or Count Markov, or Popov; but the latter was rarely invited to read, on account of his poor pronunciation of French, though he was nearly always present in the secretary's room. At six o'clock there assembled the aforementioned persons, and others of the empress's acquaintance whom she specially designated, in order to pass the evening hours. On Hermitage Days, which were generally on Thursdays, there was a performance, to which many ladies and gentlemen were invited; after the performance they all went home. On other days, the reception was in the empress's apartments. She played rocambole or whist, generally with P. A., E. V. Chertkov, and Count Strogonov; there were also card-tables for the other guests. At ten o'clock the empress retired to her inner apartments; at eleven she was in bed, and in all the rooms reigned a deep silence.

BORODINO

[1812]

BY ALEXANDER SERGEYEVITCH PUSHKIN

[The Czar Alexander was an exceedingly wise commander. Why should he fight a losing battle with Napoleon when cold and hunger were the allies of Russia? So he reasoned, and, instead of risking the fate of his throne in one great engagement, he slowly retreated, occasionally making a show of battle, and so tempting Napoleon to follow, — on, on, into the very heart of an enemy's country. And as the czar retreated, he tore up roads, burnt bridges and villages and cities, and removed every mouthful of food and fodder far beyond the reach of the invader. In spite of the advice of his marshals, Napoleon pushed on, sure of food and shelter within the walls of Moscow. The plans of the czar were well made; cold and hunger would drive his enemies away, but at the expense of his capital. He determined to make one grand effort to prevent the French from entering Moscow. At the little village of Borodino he halted, and there three hundred thousand men fought from early dawn until nightfall, with fearful slaughter. The Russians were obliged to retire, and Napoleon pressed on.

Pushkin was born in 1799, and when he was only eighteen his work had already won him a place in Russian literature. He lived up to his early promise, and became Russia's greatest poet.

The Editor.]

All night beside our guns we lay,
  Nor tent nor fire was there;
Our arms we whetted for the fray,
  And prayed our whispered prayer.

The tempest raged till morning red;
I, while a gun-car propped my head,
   Spoke in my comrade's ear:
"Brother, hear'st thou how fierce and fast,
Like freedom's war song, yon wild blast?"
But wrapt in dreams of years long past,
   My comrade did not hear.

The drums beat loud — the mist-cloud dun
   'Gan eastward lighter grow,
And launched from unexpected gun
   Came greeting from the foe.
Then spake our chief before our line;
"Moscow 's behind us, children mine!
   Moscow we die to shield;
'T was thus our brethren did the deed!"
And one and all we vowed to bleed;
And well that promise did we heed
   On Borodino's field.

I shudder at the thought — ah, me!
   Poltava, Rymnik — there
In hope of glory battled we,
   But here in grim despair.
We closed our ranks without a sound,
Guns thundered, bullets whistled round;
I crossed myself — when nigh
My comrade fell, all bleeding red;
I panted to avenge the dead,
And from my leveled gun the lead
   With deadly aim did fly.

"March forward, march!" No more I know
Of what befell that day;
Six times we yielded to the foe,
Six times the foe gave way;
And shadowy banners waved above,
And shadowy foes against us strove,
And fire through smoke did rain;
Full on the guns the horsemen broke,
The wearied arm refused its stroke,
And rushing balls their fight did choke
In hills of gory slain.

There dead and living mingled lay,
The cold night gathered round,
And all who yet survived the fray
In deepest gloom were drowned;
The roaring cannon ceased to boom,
But guns that beat amid the gloom
Showed where the foe withdrew.
How welcome was the morning red!
"Now, God be praised!" I only said,
For shivering on a couch of dead
I lay the long night through.

There, in death's sleep our bravest lay,
Beneath the fatal shade;
How gallant and how stanch that day!
Alas! that could not aid.
But ever in the roll of Fame,
Above Poltava's, Rymnik's name
Rings Borodino's praise.

RUSSIA

Sooner the Prophet's tongue shall lie,
Sooner shall fade Heaven's shining eye,
Than from our Northern memory
   Shall time that field erase.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW

BY LOUIS ADOLPH THIERS

On the morning of the 15th of September, Napoleon entered Moscow at the head of his invincible legions, but passed through a deserted city; and his soldiers were now for the first time on entering a capital the sole witnesses of their own glory. Their feelings on the occasion were sad ones. As soon as Napoleon had reached the Kremlin, he hastened to ascend the lofty tower of the great Ivan, and to survey from its elevation the magnificent city he had conquered. The Moskva flowed at his feet, traversing the capital with numerous windings. Thousands of black-plumaged birds, crows and ravens, as numerous in those regions as are the pigeons in Venice around the palaces and churches, gave to the great city a singular aspect which contrasted strongly with the splendor of its brilliant colors. A sullen silence, broken only by the tramp of the cavalry, had replaced that populous life which during the very previous evening had rendered the city one of the most animated in the world. . . .

The French army hoped to enjoy comfort in Moscow, to obtain, probably, peace by means of its possession, and at least good winter cantonments, in case the war should be prolonged. But on the afternoon they had entered, columns of flame arose from a vast building containing vast quantities of spirit, and just as our soldiers had almost succeeded in mastering the fire in this spot,

a violent conflagration suddenly burst forth in a collection of buildings called the Bazaar, situated to the northeast of the Kremlin, and containing the richest magazines, abounding in stores of the exquisite tissues of India and Persia, the rarities of Europe, colonial produce, and precious wines. The troops of the guard immediately hastened up and attempted to subdue the flames, but their energetic efforts were unfortunately unsuccessful, and the immense riches of the establishment fell a prey to the fire, with the exception of some portions which our men were able to snatch from the devouring element. This fresh accident was again attributed to natural causes, and considered as easily explicable in the tumult of an evacuation.

During the night of the 15th of September, however, a sudden change came over the scene; for then, as though every species of misfortune were to fall at the same moment on the ancient Muscovite capital, the equinoctial gales suddenly arose with the extreme violence usual to the season, and in countries where widespread plains offer no resistance to the storm. This wind, blowing first from the east, carried the fire to the west into the streets comprised between the Iwer and Smolensk routes, which were the most beautiful and the richest in all Moscow. Within some hours the fire, spreading with fearful rapidity, and throwing out long arrows of flame, spread to the other westward quarters. And soon rockets were observed in the air, and wretches were seized in the act of spreading the conflagration. Interrogated under threat of instant death, they revealed the frightful secret, the order given by Count Rostopchin for the burning of the city of Moscow as though it had been a

simple village on the Moscow route. This information filled the whole army with consternation. Napoleon ordered that military commissions should be formed in each quarter of the city for the purpose of judging, shooting, and hanging, incendiaries taken in the act; and that all the available troops should be employed in extinguishing the flames. Immediate recourse was had to the pumps, but it was found they had been removed; and this latter circumstance would have proved, if indeed any doubt on the matter had remained, the terrible determination with which Moscow had been given to the flames.

In the mean time, the wind, increasing in violence every moment, rendered the efforts of the whole army ineffectual, and suddenly changing, with the abruptness due to equinoctial gales, from the east to the northwest, it carried the torrent of flame into quarters which the hands of the incendiaries had not yet been able to fire. And after having blown during some hours from the northwest, the wind once more changed its direction and blew from the southwest, as though it had a cruel pleasure in spreading ruin and death over the unhappy city, or rather, over our army. By this change of the wind to the southwest the Kremlin was placed in extreme peril. More than four hundred ammunition wagons were in the court of the Kremlin, and the arsenal contained some four hundred thousand pounds of powder. There was imminent danger, therefore, that Napoleon with his guard, and the palace of the czars, might be blown up into the air.

The officers who surrounded him, and the artillerymen, who knew that his death would be their own,

thronged about him with entreaties that he would retire from so dangerous a position. The peril was most threatening; and even the old artillerymen of the guard, although accustomed to such cannonades as that of Borodino, almost lost their *sang-froid*. General Lariboisière at length approached Napoleon, and with the authority he had by virtue of his age and his devotion, entreated that the troops might be permitted to save themselves without having their embarrassment increased by the excitement caused by the presence of their emperor. Several officers, moreover, who had been sent into the adjacent quarters to make inquiries, reported that it was scarcely possible to traverse the burning streets, and that to depart immediately was the only means of escaping from being buried under the ruins of the doomed city.

Napoleon, therefore, followed by some of his lieutenants, descended from the Kremlin to the quay of the Moskva, where he found his horses ready for him, and had much difficulty in threading the streets, which, towards the northwest, in which direction he proceeded, were already in flames. The terrified army set out from Moscow; the divisions of Prince Eugene and Marshal Ney fell back upon the Zwenigarod and St. Petersburg roads. Those of Marshal Davoust fell back upon the Smolensk route, and with the exception of the guard which was left around the Kremlin, to dispute its possession with the flames, our troops drew back in horror from before the fire, which, after flaming up to heaven, darted back towards them as though it wished to devour them. The few inhabitants who had remained in Moscow, and had hitherto lain concealed in their dwellings,

now fled, carrying away such of their possessions as they valued most highly, uttering lamentable cries of distress, and, in many instances, falling victims to the brigands whom Rostopchin had let loose, and who now exulted in the midst of the conflagration, as the genius of evil in the midst of chaos.

As a final misfortune, the wind changed on the following day from southwest to direct west, and then the torrents of flame were carried towards the eastern quarters of the city, the streets Messnitskaia and Bassmanaia, and the Summer Palace. As the conflagration reached its terrible height, frightful crashes were heard every moment; roofs crushing inwards, and stately façades crumbling headlong into the streets, as their supports became consumed in the flames. The sky was scarcely visible through the thick cloud of smoke which overshadowed it, and the sun was only apparent as a blood-red globe. For three successive days, the 16th, 17th, and the 18th of September, this terrific scene continued, and in unabated intensity.

At length, after having devoured four fifths of the city, the fire ceased, gradually quenched by the rain, which, as is usually the case, succeeded the violence of the equinoctial gales. As the flames subsided, only the specter, as it were, of what had once been a magnificent city was visible; and, indeed, the Kremlin and about a fifth part of the city were alone saved; their preservation being chiefly due to the exertions of the Imperial Guard.

THE CROSSING OF THE BERESINA RIVER

[1812]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

The river Beresina flows rapidly along its channel a few miles beyond Borisoff. The retreating Russians had destroyed the bridge. Upon the opposite bank of the river they had planted very formidable batteries. Napoleon remained two days at Borisoff refreshing his troops. On the 25th, a variety of movements were made to deceive the enemy as to the point at which he intended to cross the river. In the mean time, with secrecy, arrangements were made for constructing a bridge where a dense forest would conceal their operations from view. The Russians, in vast numbers, occupied the adjacent heights. The French troops were secreted all day in the woods, ready to commence the construction of the bridge the moment night should come. Hardly had the winter's sun gone down behind the frozen hills ere they sprang to their work. No fire could be allowed. They worked through the long and dark night, many of them often up to their necks in water, and struggling against immense masses of ice, which were floated down by the stream. The tires of the wheels were wrenched off for cramp-irons, and cottages were torn down for timber.

Napoleon superintended the work in person, toiling with the rest. He uttered not a word which could indicate any want of confidence in this desperate adventure. He was surrounded by three armies, constituting a mass

of one hundred and fifty thousand men. "In this situation," says the Russian historian Boutourlin, "the most perilous in which he had ever found himself, the great captain was in no way inferior to himself. Without allowing himself to be dismayed by the imminence of his danger, he dared to measure it with the eye of genius, and still found resources when a general less skillful and less determined would not even have suspected its possibility."

The French generals deemed the passage of the river utterly impracticable. Rapp, Mortier, and Ney declared that, if escape were now effected, they should forever after believe in the emperor's protecting star. Even Murat, constitutionally bold and reckless as he was, declared that it was time to relinquish all thoughts of rescuing any but the emperor, on whose fate the salvation of France depended. The soldiers in the ranks expressed similar fears and desires. Some Polish officers volunteered to extricate Napoleon by guiding him through obscure paths in the forest to the frontiers of Prussia. Poniatowski, who commanded the Polish division, offered to pledge his life for the success of the enterprise; but Napoleon promptly rejected the suggestion as implying a cowardly and dishonorable flight. He would not forsake the army in this hour of its greatest peril.

"Napoleon," says Segur, "at once rejected this project as infamous, as being a cowardly flight; he was indignant that any one should dare to think for a moment that he would abandon his army so long as it was in danger. He was, however, not at all displeased with Murat, either because that prince, in making the proposition, had afforded him an opportunity of showing his

firmness, or, what is more probable, because he saw in it nothing but a mark of devotion, and because in the eyes of a sovereign, the first quality is attachment to his person."

At last the day faintly dawned in the east. The Russian watch-fires began to pale. Napoleon, by the movements of the preceding day, had effectually deceived his foes. The bewildered Russian admiral consequently commenced withdrawing his forces from Studzianca just as Napoleon commenced concentrating his army there. The French generals, who were anxiously, with their glasses, peering through the dusk of the morning to the opposite heights, could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the Russians rapidly retreating. The Russians had received orders to hasten to a point some eighteen miles down the river, where the admiral was convinced, by the false demonstrations of Napoleon, that the French intended to attempt the passage.

Oudinot and Rapp hastened to the emperor with the joyful tidings. Napoleon exclaimed, "Then I have outwitted the admiral!" A squadron of horsemen swam, on their skeleton steeds, through the icy waves, and took possession of the opposite bank. The bridge was soon finished, and two light rafts were constructed. The passage of the troops was now urged with the utmost rapidity. In the course of a few hours the engineers succeeded in constructing another bridge for the transportation of the baggage and the cannon. During the whole of that bleak winter's day, and of the succeeding night, the French army, with its encumbering multitude of stragglers, were crowding across these narrow defiles. In the mean time the Russians began to return. They planted

their batteries upon the adjacent heights, and swept the bridge with a storm of cannon balls. Early in the morning of the 27th, the foe had accumulated in such numbers as to be prepared to make a simultaneous attack upon the French on both sides of the river. Napoleon had crossed with the advanced guard. On attaining the right bank of the river, he exclaimed, "My star still reigns!"

An awful conflict now ensued. The Russians were impelled by the confidence of success; the French were nerved by the energies of despair. In the midst of this demoniac scene of horror, mutilation, and blood, a fearful tempest arose, howling through the dark forests, and sweeping with hurricane fury over the embattling hosts. One of the frail bridges broke beneath the weight of artillery, baggage, and troops with which it was burdened. A vast and frenzied crowd were struggling at the heads of the bridges. Cannon balls ploughed through the living, tortured mass. They trampled upon each other. Multitudes were crowded into the stream, and with shrieks which pierced through the thunders of the battle, sank beneath the floating ice. The genius of Napoleon was never more conspicuous than on this occasion. It is the testimony alike of friend and foe, that no other man could have accomplished what he accomplished in the awful passage of the Beresina.

Undismayed by the terrific scene and by the magnitude of his peril, he calmly studied all his chances, and, with his feeble band, completely thwarted and overthrew his multitudinous foes. It is difficult to ascertain the precise numbers in this engagement. According to Segur, who is perhaps the best authority to whom we can refer,

Napoleon had but twenty-seven thousand fighting men, and these were exhausted, half famished, and miserably clothed and armed. There were also forty thousand stragglers and wounded embarrassing his movements and claiming his care. Sixty thousand Russians, well fed and perfectly armed, surrounded him. General Wittgenstein, with forty thousand effective men, marched upon the portion of the army which had not yet crossed the stream. Marshal Victor, with but six thousand men, baffled all his efforts, and for hours held this vast force at bay. Admiral Tchitchagoff, with twenty thousand men, attacked the columns which had crossed. Ney, with eight thousand troops, plunged into the dense mass of foes, drove them before him, and took six thousand prisoners.

Through all these awful hours the engineers worked in preserving and repairing the bridges, with coolness which no perils could disturb. The darkness of the night put no end to the conflict. The Russians trained their guns to bear upon the confused mass of men, horses, and wagons crowding and overwhelming the bridges.

In the midst of all the horrors of the scene, a little boat, carrying a mother and her two children, was overturned by the floating ice. A soldier plunged from the bridge into the river, and, by great exertions, saved the youngest of the two children. The poor little thing, in tones of despair, kept crying for its mother. The tender-hearted soldier was heard endeavoring to soothe it, saying, "Do not cry. I will not abandon you. You shall want for nothing. I will be your father."

Women were in the midst of the stream, struggling against the floating ice, with their children in their

PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA

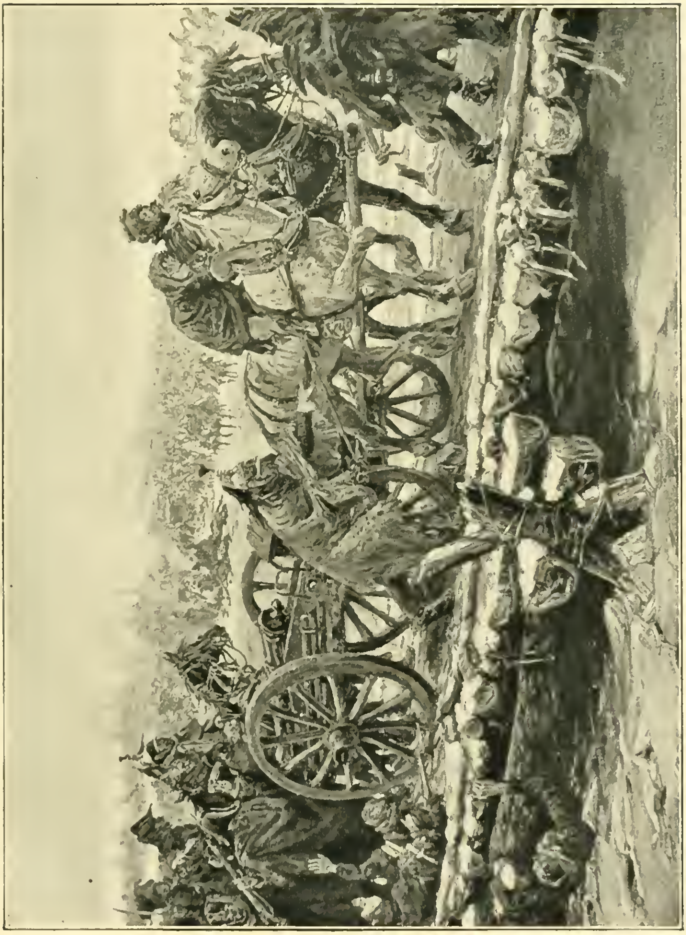
PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA

BY J. H. VAN PAPENDRECHT

THE condition of Napoleon's army in the retreat from Moscow has been thus described by Headley: —

"The soldiers, exhausted and despairing, threw their muskets from them into the snowdrifts, and lay down by thousands to die. Cold, benumbed, and famine-struck, this ghost of an army struggled on through the deep snow, with nothing but the tall pines swaying and roaring mournfully in the blast for landmarks to the glazing eye, while an enraged and well-disciplined army was pressing in the rear. Clouds of ravens, whose dusky forms glanced like spirits through the snow-filled air, croaked over the falling columns, while troops of dogs, that had followed the army from Moscow, fell on the prostrate forms before life was wholly extinct. The storm howled by as the soldiers sunk at night in the snow to rest, many to rise no more, while the morning sun, if it shone at all, looked coldly and dimly down through the flying clouds of a northern sky. There were long intervals when not a drum or trumpet-note broke the muffled tread of the staggering legions."

Such was the condition of the French army when it approached the banks of the Beresina River at the end of November, 1812. The Russians had destroyed the bridges, and new ones had to be built. The feeble lines began to cross, many of them unarmed, many sick or wounded. Then came a fierce bombardment by the Russian artillery. Panic followed, and it is estimated that more than ten thousand French were lost, and about fifteen thousand taken prisoners.



arms; and when the mother was completely submerged in the cold flood, her stiffened arms were seen still holding her child above the waves. Across this bridge the soldiers bore tenderly the orphan child which Marshal Ney had saved at Smolensk.

Many persons were crushed and ground to pieces by the rush of heavy carriages. Bands of soldiers cleared their way across the bridge, through the encumbering crowd, with their bayonets and their swords. The wounded and the dead were trampled miserably under their feet. Night came, cold, dark, and dreary, and did but increase these awful calamities. Everything was covered with snow. The black mass of men, horses, and carriages, traversing this white surface, enabled the Russian artillerymen, from the heights which they occupied, unerringly to direct their fire. The howling of the tempest, the gloom of midnight, the incessant flash and roar of artillery, the sweep of cannon balls through the dense mass, and the frightful explosion of shells, the whistling of bullets, the vociferations and shouts of the soldiers, the shrieks of the wounded and despairing, and the wild hurrahs of the Cossacks, presented one of the most appalling scenes which demoniac war has ever exhibited. The record alone one would think enough to appall the most selfish and merciless lover of military glory. At last Victor, having protected the passage of all the regular troops, led his valiant corps across, and set fire to the bridges. The number lost on this occasion has never been ascertained. When the ice melted in the spring, twelve thousand dead bodies were dragged from the river.

V
POLAND

HISTORICAL NOTE

The history of Poland has never been a happy one. In the thirteenth century the country had been so overpowered by the Mongols that it almost ceased to exist. Moreover, it was divided and subdivided into little independent states, and among these there were frequent disagreements which prevented anything like unity. In the early part of the sixteenth century, Poland, under the rule of Sigismund the Great, was at her best, and the kingdom stretched from the Baltic Sea to the Dniester River. Its western boundary was about ninety miles east of Berlin, and its eastern a hundred and fifty miles west of Moscow. Toward the end of this century the monarchy was made elective and an exceedingly impractical constitution was formed. Wars with other nations and struggles between the Crown and the Polish nobles followed. Toward the end of the seventeenth century, a war with Turkey took place, and in spite of the valor of the brilliant leader Sobieski, Poland had to yield to humiliating terms of peace.

In the eighteenth century Russia began to interfere in Polish affairs. War soon came about. The result was the First Partition, in 1772, by which Russia, Prussia, and Austria gained wide areas of land. Poland awoke to her danger, but even the victories of Kosciusko and his brave troops could not prevail against the power and the bribes of the Russians. In 1793, a Second Partition was made. Two years later, the unhappy country ceased to be a state, for at the Third Partition all that was left fell into the hands of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Napoleon promised the restoration of the kingdom, but accomplished little. Out of the "Duchy of Warsaw," which he founded, a new kingdom of Poland was created by the Congress of Vienna, in 1815. This was under Russian rule, and struggles for freedom made up the history of the country until 1864, when it was subdued by the vastly superior power of Russia. Four years later, it ceased to have a separate existence and was incorporated with Russia.

THE SURRENDER OF KAMENYETZ[1]

[1672]

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

[In 1672, a defensive war against the Turks was going on. The renowned general, John Sobieski, won numerous brilliant victories, but was forced to surrender the important town of Kamenetz in Podolia. Two years later, Sobieski was appointed king under the title of John III.

The Editor.]

In the castle they expected some great effort on the part of the Turks. In fact, about sunrise there was heard such a loud and mighty hammering along the left side of the castle as never before. Evidently the Turks were hurrying with a new mine, the largest of all. Strong detachments of troops were guarding that work from a distance. Swarms began to move in the trenches. From the multitude of colored banners with which the field on the side of Dlujek had bloomed as with flowers, it was known that the vizier was coming to direct the storm in person. New cannon were brought to the intrenchments by Janizaries, countless throngs of whom covered the new castle, taking refuge in its fosses and ruins, so as to be in readiness for a hand-to-hand struggle.

As has been said, the castle was the first to begin the converse with cannon, and so effectually that a momentary panic rose in the trenches. But the bimbashes rallied the Janizaries in the twinkle of an eye; at the same

[1] From *Pan Michael.* Copyright (U.S.A.), 1893, by Jeremiah Curtin.

time all the Turkish cannon raised their voices. Bombs, balls, and grapeshot were flying; at the heads of the besieged flew rubbish, bricks, plaster; smoke was mingled with dust, the heat of fire with the heat of the sun. Breath was failing in men's breasts; sight left their eyes. The roar of guns, the bursting of bombs, the biting of cannon balls on the rocks, the uproar of the Turks, the cries of the defenders, formed one terrible concert which was accompanied by the echoes of the cliffs. The castle was covered with missiles; the town, the gates, all the bastions were covered. But the castle defended itself with rage; it answered thunders with thunders, shook, flashed, smoked, roared, vomited fire, death, and destruction, as if Jove's anger had borne it away, — as if it had forgotten itself amid flames; as if it wished to drown the Turkish thunders and sink in the earth, or else triumph.

In the castle, amid flying balls, fire, dust, and smoke, the little knight rushed from cannon to cannon, from one wall to another, from corner to corner; he was like a destroying flame. He seemed to double and treble himself: he was everywhere. He encouraged; he shouted. When a gunner fell, he took his place, and, rousing confidence in men, ran again to some other spot. His fire was communicated to the soldiers. They believed that this was the last storm, after which would come peace and glory; faith in victory filled their breasts. Their hearts grew firm and resolute; the madness of battle seized their minds. Shouts and challenges issued every moment from their throats. Such rage seized some that they went over the wall to close outside with the Janizaries hand to hand.

The Janizaries, under cover of smoke, went twice to the breach in dense masses; and twice they fell back in disorder after they had covered the ground with their bodies. About midday the volunteer and irregular Janizaries were sent to aid them; but the less trained crowds, though pushed from behind with darts, only howled with dreadful voices, and did not wish to go against the castle. The kaimakan came; that did no good. Every moment threatened disorder, bordering on panic. At last the men were withdrawn; and the guns alone worked unceasingly as before, hurling thunder after thunder, lightning after lightning.

Whole hours were spent in this manner. The sun had passed the zenith, and rayless, red, and smoky, as if veiled by haze, looked at that struggle. About three o'clock in the afternoon the roar of guns gained such force that in the castle the loudest words shouted in the ear were not audible. The air in the castle became as hot as in a stove. The water which they poured on the cannon turned into steam, mixing with the smoke and hiding the light; but the guns thundered on.

Just after three o'clock, the largest Turkish culverines were broken. Some "Our Fathers" later, the mortar standing near them burst, struck by a long shot. Gunners perished like flies. Every moment it became more evident that that irrepressible castle was gaining in the struggle, that it would roar down the Turkish thunder, and utter the last word of victory.

The Turkish fire began to weaken gradually.

"The end will come!" shouted Volodyovski, with all his might, in Ketling's ear. He wished his friend to hear those words amid the roar.

"So I think," answered Ketling. "To last till to-morrow, or longer?"

"Perhaps longer. Victory is with us to-day."

"And through us. We must think of that new mine."

The Turkish fire was weakening still more.

"Keep up the cannonade!" cried Volodyovski. And he sprang among the gunners. "Fire, men!" cried he, "till the last Turkish gun is silent! To the glory of God, and the Most Holy Lady: To the glory of the Commonwealth!"

The soldiers, seeing that the storm was nearing its end, gave forth a loud shout, and with the greater enthusiasm fired at the Turkish trenches.

"We 'll play an evening kindya for you, dog brothers," cried many voices.

Suddenly something wonderful took place. All the Turkish guns ceased at once, as if some one had cut them off with a knife. At the same time, the musketry fire of the Janizaries ceased in the new castle. The old castle thundered for a time yet; but at last the officers began to look at one another, and inquire, —

"What is this? What has happened?"

Ketling, alarmed somewhat, ceased firing also.

"Maybe there is a mine under us which will be exploded right away," said one of the officers.

Volodyovski pierced the man with a threatening glance, and said, "The mine is not ready; and even if it were, only the left side of the castle could be blown up by it, and we will defend ourselves in the ruins while there is breath in our nostrils. Do you understand?"

Silence followed, unbroken by a shot from the trenches or the town. After thunders from which the walls and

the earth had been quivering, there was something solemn in that silence, but something ominous also. The eyes of each were intent on the trenches; but through the clouds of smoke nothing was visible. Suddenly the measured blows of hammers were heard on the left side.

"I told you that they are only making the mine," said Pan Michael. "Sergeant, take twenty men and examine for me the new castle," commanded he, turning to Lusnia.

Lusnia obeyed quickly, took twenty men, and vanished in a moment beyond the breach. Silence followed again, broken only by groans here and there, or the gasp of the dying, and the pounding of hammers. They waited rather long. At last the sergeant returned.

"Pan Commandant," he said, "there is not a living soul in the new castle."

Volodyovski looked with amazement at Ketling. "Have they raised the siege already, or what? Nothing can be seen through the smoke."

But the smoke, blown by the wind, became thin, and at last its veil was broken above the town. At the same moment a voice, shrill and terrible, began to shout from the bastion, —

"Over the gates are white flags! We are surrendering!"

Hearing this, the soldiers and officers turned toward the town. Terrible amazement was reflected on their faces; the words died on the lips of all; and through the strips of smoke they were gazing toward the town. But in the town, on the Russian and Polish gates, white flags were really waving. Farther on they saw one on the bastion of Batory.

The face of the little knight became as white as those flags waving in the wind.

"Ketling, do you see?" whispered he, turning to his friend.

Ketling's face was pale also. "I see," replied he.

And they looked into each other's eyes for some time, uttering with them everything which two soldiers like them, without fear or reproach, had to say, — soldiers who never in life had broken their word, and who had sworn before the altar to die rather than surrender the castle. And now, after such a defense, after a struggle which recalled the days of Zbaraj, after a storm which had been repulsed, and after a victory, they were commanded to break their oath, to surrender the castle, and live.

As, not long before, hostile balls were flying over the castle, so now hostile thoughts were flying in a throng through their heads. And sorrow simply measureless pressed their hearts, — sorrow for two loved ones, sorrow for life and happiness; hence they looked at each other as if demented, as if dead, and at times they turned glances full of despair toward the town, as if wishing to be sure that their eyes were not deceiving them, — to be sure that the last hour had struck.

At that time horses' hoofs sounded from the direction of the town; and after a time Horaim, the attendant of the starosta, rushed up to them.

"An order to the commandant!" cried he, reining in his horse.

Volodyovski took the order, read it in silence, and after a time, amid silence as of the grave, said to the officers, —

"Gracious gentlemen, commissioners have crossed

the river in a boat, and have gone to Dlujek to sign conditions. After a time they will come here. Before evening we must withdraw the troops from the castle, and raise a white flag without delay."

No one answered a word. Nothing was heard but quick breathing.

At last Kvasibrotski said, "We must raise the white flag. I will muster the men."

Here and there the words of command were heard. The soldiers began to take their places in ranks, and shoulder arms. The clatter of muskets and the measured tread roused echoes in the silent castle.

Ketling pushed up to Pan Michael. "Is it time?" inquired he.

"Wait for the commissioners; let us hear the conditions! Besides, I will go down myself."

"No, I will go! I know the places better; I know the position of everything."

"The commissioners are returning! The commissioners are returning!"

The three unhappy envoys appeared in the castle after a certain time. They were Grushetski, judge of Podolia, the chamberlain Revuski, and Pan Myslishevski, banneret of Chernigoff. They came gloomily, with drooping heads; on their shoulders were gleaming caftans of gold brocade, which they had received as gifts from the vizier.

Volodyovski was waiting for them, resting against a gun turned toward Dlujek. The gun was hot yet, and steaming. All three greeted him in silence.

"What are the conditions?" asked he.

"The town will not be plundered; life and property

are assured to the inhabitants. Whoever does not choose to remain has the right to withdraw and betake himself to whatever place may please him."

"And Kamenyetz?"

The commissioners dropped their heads: "Goes to the sultan forever."

The commissioners took their way, not toward the bridge, for throngs of people had blocked the road, but toward the southern gate at the side. When they had descended, they sat in the boat which was to go to the Polish gate. In the low place lying along the river between the cliffs, the Janizaries began to appear. Greater and greater streams of people flowed from the town, and occupied the place opposite the old bridge. Many wished to run to the castle; but the outgoing regiments restrained them, at command of the little knight.

When Volodyovski had mustered the troops, he called Pan Mushalski and said to him, —

"Old friend, do me one more service. Go this moment to my wife, and tell her from me —" Here the voice stuck in the throat of the little knight for a while. "And say to her from me —" He halted again, and then added quickly, "This life is nothing!"

The bowman departed. After him the troops went out gradually. Pan Michael mounted his horse and watched over the march. The castle was evacuated slowly, because of the rubbish and fragments which blocked the way.

Ketling approached the little knight. "I will go down," said he, setting his teeth.

"Go! but delay till the troops have marched out. Go!"

Here they seized each other in an embrace which lasted some time. The eyes of both were gleaming with an uncommon radiance. Ketling rushed away at last toward the vaults.

Pan Michael took the helmet from his head. He looked awhile yet on the ruin, on that field of his glory, on the rubbish, the corpses, the fragments of walls, on the breastwork, on the guns; then raising his eyes, he began to pray. His last words were, "Grant her, O Lord, to endure this patiently; give her peace!"

Ah! Ketling hastened, not waiting even till the troops had marched out; for at that moment the bastions quivered, an awful roar rent the air, bastions, towers, walls, horses, guns, living men, corpses, masses of earth, all torn upward with a flame, and mixed, pounded together, as it were, into one dreadful cartridge, flew toward the sky.

Thus died Volodyovski, the Hector of Kamenyetz, the first soldier of the Commonwealth.

In the monastery of St. Stanislav stood a lofty catafalque in the center of the church; it was surrounded with gleaming tapers, and on it lay Pan Volodyovski in two coffins, one of lead and one of wood. The lids had been fastened, and the funeral service was just ending.

It was the heartfelt wish of the widow that the body should rest in Hreptyoff; but since all Podolia was in the hands of the enemy, it was decided to bury it temporarily in Stanislav, for to that place the "exiles" of Kamenyetz had been sent under a Turkish convoy, and there delivered to the troops of the hetman.

All the bells in the monastery were ringing. The

church was filled with a throng of nobles and soldiers, who wished to look for the last time at the coffin of the Hector of Kamenyetz, and the first cavalier of the Commonwealth. It was whispered that the hetman himself was to come to the funeral; but as he had not appeared so far, and as at any moment the Tartars might come in a chambul, it was determined not to defer the ceremony.

Old soldiers, friends or subordinates of the deceased, stood in a circle around the catafalque. Among others were present Pan Mushalski, the bowman, Pan Motovidlo, Pan Snitko, Pan Hromyka, Pan Nyenashinyets, Pan Novoveski, and many others, former officers of the stanitsa. By a marvelous fortune, no man was lacking of those who had sat on the evening benches around the hearth at Hreptyoff, all had brought their heads safely out of that war, except the man who was their leader and model. That good and just knight, terrible to the enemy, loving to his own; that swordsman above swordsmen, with the heart of a dove, — lay there high among the tapers, in glory immeasurable, but in the silence of death. Hearts hardened through war were crushed with sorrow at that sight; yellow gleams from the tapers shone on the stern, suffering faces of warriors, and were reflected in glittering points in the tears dropping down from their eyelids.

Within the circle of soldiers lay Basia, in the form of a cross, on the floor, and near her Zagloba, old, broken, decrepit, and trembling. She had followed on foot from Kamenyetz the hearse bearing that most precious coffin, and now the moment had come when it was necessary to give that coffin to the earth. Walking the whole way, insensible, as if not belonging to this world, and now at the

catafalque, she repeated with unconscious lips, "This life is nothing!" She repeated it because that beloved one had commanded her, for that was the last message which he had sent her; but in that repetition and in those expressions were mere sounds, without substance, without truth, without meaning and solace. No; "This life is nothing" meant merely regret, darkness, despair, torpor, merely misfortune incurable, life beaten and broken, — an erroneous announcement that there was nothing above her, neither mercy nor hope; that there was merely a desert, and it will be a desert which God alone can fill when He sends death.

They rang the bells; at the great altar Mass was at its end. At last thundered the deep voice of the priest, as if calling from the abyss: "*Requiescat in pace!*" A feverish quiver shook Basia, and in her unconscious head rose one thought alone, "Now, now, they will take him from me!" But that was not yet the end of the ceremony. The knights had prepared many speeches to be spoken at the lowering of the coffin; meanwhile Father Kaminski ascended the pulpit, — the same who had been in Hreptyoff frequently, and who in time of Basia's illness had prepared her for death.

People in the church began to spit and cough, as is usual before preaching; then they were quiet, and all eyes were turned to the pulpit. The rattling of a drum was heard on the pulpit.

The hearers were astonished. Father Kaminski beat the drum as if for alarm; he stopped suddenly, and a deathlike silence followed. Then the drum was heard a second and a third time; suddenly the priest threw the drumsticks to the floor of the church, and called, —

"Pan Colonel Volodyovski!"

A spasmodic scream from Basia answered him. It became simply terrible in the church. Pan Zagloba rose, and aided by Mushalski bore out the fainting woman.

Meanwhile the priest continued: "In God's name, Pan Volodyovski, they are beating the alarm: there is war, the enemy is in the land! — and do you not spring up, seize your saber, mount your horse? Have you forgotten your former virtue? Do you leave us alone with sorrow, with alarm?"

The breasts of the knights rose; and a universal weeping broke out in the church, and broke out several times again, when the priest lauded the virtue, the love of country, and the bravery of the dead man. His own words carried the preacher away. His face became pale; his forehead was covered with sweat; his voice trembled. Sorrow for the little knight carried him away, sorrow for Kamenyetz, sorrow for the Commonwealth, ruined by the hands of the followers of the Crescent; and finally he finished his eulogy with this prayer: —

"O Lord, they will turn churches into mosques, and chant the Koran in places where till this time the Gospel has been chanted. Thou hast cast us down, O Lord; Thou has turned Thy face from us, and given us into the power of the foul Turk. Inscrutable are Thy decrees; but who, O Lord, will resist the Turk now? What armies will war with him on the boundaries? Thou, from whom nothing in the world is concealed, — Thou knowest best that there is nothing superior to our cavalry! What cavalry can move for Thee, O Lord, as ours can? Wilt Thou set aside defenders behind whose shoulders all Christendom might glorify Thy name? O kind Father, do not

desert us! Show us Thy mercy! Send us a defender! Send a crusher of the foul Mohammedan! Let him come hither; let him stand among us; let him raise our fallen hearts! Send him, O Lord!"

At that moment the people gave way at the door; and into the church walked the hetman, Pan Sobieski. The eyes of all were turned to him; a quiver shook the people; and he went with clatter of spurs to the catafalque, lordly, mighty, with the face of a Cæsar. An escort of iron cavalry followed him.

"Salvator!" cried the priest, in prophetic ecstasy.

Sobieski knelt at the catafalque, and prayed for the soul of Volodyovski.

POLAND OR RUSSIA?

[1793]

BY JANE PORTER

[The little kingdom of Poland was surrounded by three strong enemies, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, all bent upon its overthrow and the absorption of its lands into their own territories. This was finally accomplished.

In 1791, Poland accepted a new constitution. Russia had agreed to uphold the former constitution, and now invaded the country. The leader of the opposition to Russia was Kosciusko, a Pole of noble birth. When a young man, he offered his services to the colonies in the American Revolution, and was made an aide-de-camp to Washington.

The Editor.]

The little army of the palatine passed by the battle-field of Chelm, crossed the Bug into the plains of Volhinia, and impatiently counted the leagues over those vast tracts until it reached the borders of Kiovia.

When the column at the head of which Thaddeus was stationed descended the heights of Lininy, and the broad camp of his countrymen burst upon his sight, his heart heaved with an emotion quite new to him. He beheld with admiration the regular disposition of the intrenchments, the long intersected tented streets, and the warlike appearance of the soldiers, whom he could descry, even at that distance, by the beams of a bright evening sun which shone upon their arms.

In half an hour his troops descended into the plain, where, meeting those of the palatine and General But-

zou, the three columns again united, and Thaddeus joined his grandfather in the van.

"My lord," cried he, as they met, "can I behold such a sight and despair of the freedom of Poland!"

Sobieski made no reply, but giving him one of those expressive looks of approbation which immediately makes its way to the soul, commanded the troops to advance with greater speed. In a few minutes they reached the outworks of the camp, and entered the lines. The eager eyes of Thaddeus wandered from object to object. Thrilling with that delight with which youth beholds wonders, and anticipates more, he stopped with the rest of the party before a tent, which General Butzou informed him belonged to the commander-in-chief. They were met in the vestibule by a hussar officer of a most commanding appearance. Sobieski and he having accosted each other with mutual congratulations, the palatine turned to Thaddeus, and presenting him to his friend, said with a smile: —

"Here, my dear Kosciusko, this young man is my grandson; he is called Thaddeus Sobieski, and I trust that he will not disgrace either of our names!"

Kosciusko embraced the young count, and with a hearty pressure of his hand replied: "Thaddeus, if you resemble your grandfather, you can never forget that the only king of Poland who equaled our patriotic Stanislaus was a Sobieski; and as becomes his descendant, you will not spare your best blood in the service of your country."

As Kosciusko finished speaking, an aide-de-camp came forward to lead the party into the room of audience. Prince Poniatowski welcomed the palatine and his suite

with the most lively expressions of pleasure. He gave Thaddeus, whose figure and manner instantly charmed him, many flattering assurances of friendship, and promised that he would appoint him to the first post of honor which should offer. After detaining the palatine and his grandson half an hour, His Highness withdrew, and they rejoined Kosciusko, who conducted them to the quarter where the Masovian soldiers had already pitched their tents.

The officers who supped with Sobieski left him at an early hour, that he might retire to rest; but Thaddeus was neither able nor inclined to benefit by their consideration. He lay down on his mattress, shut his eyes, and tried to sleep; but the attempt was without success. In vain he turned from side to side: in vain he attempted to restrict his thoughts to one thing at once: his imagination was so roused by anticipating the scenes in which he was to become an actor that he found it impossible even to lie still. His spirits being quite awake, he determined to rise, and to walk himself drowsy.

Seeing his grandfather sound asleep, he got up and dressed himself quietly; then stealing gently from the marquée, he gave the word in a low whisper to the guard at the door, and proceeded down the lines. The pitying moon seemed to stand in the heavens, watching the awakening of those heroes who the next day might sleep to rise no more. Another time, and in another mood, such might have been his reflections; but now he pursued his walk with different thoughts: no meditations but those of pleasure possessed his breast. He looked on the moon with transport; he beheld the light of that beautiful planet, trailing its long stream of glory across the

intrenchments. He perceived a solitary candle here and there glimmering through the curtained entrance of the tents, and thought that their inmates were probably longing with the same anxiety as himself for the morning's dawn.

Thaddeus walked slowly on, sometimes pausing at the lonely footfall of the sentinel, or answering with a start to the sudden challenge for the parole; then lingering at the door of some of these canvas dwellings, he offered up a prayer for the brave inhabitant who, like himself, had quitted the endearments of home to expose his life on this spot, a bulwark of liberty. Thaddeus knew not what it was to be a soldier by profession; he had no idea of making war a trade, by which a man may acquire subsistence, and perhaps wealth; he had but one motive for appearing in the field, and one for leaving it — to repel invasion and to establish peace. The first energy of his mind was a desire to maintain the rights of his country; it had been inculcated into him when an infant; it had been the subject of his morning thoughts and nightly dreams; it was now the passion which beat in every artery of his heart. Yet he knew no honor in slaughter: his glory lay in defense; and when that was accomplished, his sword would return to its scabbard, unstained by the blood of a vanquished or invaded people. On these principles, he was at this hour full of enthusiasm; a glow of triumph flitted over his cheek, for he had felt the indulgences of his mother's palace, had left her maternal arms, to take upon him the toils of war, and risk an existence just blown into enjoyment. A noble satisfaction rose in his mind; and with all the animation which an inexperienced and raised fancy imparts to that

age when boyhood breaks into man, his soul grasped at every show of creation with the confidence of belief. Pressing the saber which he held in his hand to his lips, he half-uttered, "Never shall this sword leave my arm but at the command of mercy, or when death deprives my nerves of their strength."

Morning was tingeing the hills which bound the eastern horizon of Winnica before Thaddeus found that his pelisse was wet with dew, and that he ought to return to his tent. Hardly had he laid his head upon the pillow, and "lulled his senses in forgetfulness," when he was disturbed by the drum beating to arms. He opened his eyes, and seeing the palatine out of bed, he sprang from his own, and eagerly inquired the cause of his alarm.

"Only follow me directly," answered his grandfather, and quitted the tent.

While Thaddeus was putting on his clothes, and buckling on his arms with a trembling eagerness which almost defeated his haste, an aide-de-camp of the prince entered. He brought information that an advanced guard of the Russians had attacked a Polish outpost, under the command of Colonel Lonza, and that His Highness had ordered a detachment from the palatine's brigade to march to its relief. Before Thaddeus could reply, Sobieski sent to apprise his grandson that the prince had appointed him to accompany the troops which were turning out to resist the enemy.

Thaddeus heard this message with delight; yet fearful in what manner the event might answer the expectations which this wished distinction declared, he issued from his tent like a youthful Mars — or rather like the Spartan Isadas — trembling at the dazzling effects of his

temerity, and hiding his valor and his blushes beneath the waving plumes of his helmet. Kosciusko, who was to head the party, observed this modesty with pleasure, and shaking him warmly by the hand, said, "Go, Thaddeus; take your station on the left flank; I shall require your fresh spirits to lead the charge I intend to make, and to insure its success." Thaddeus bowed to these encouraging words, and took his place according to order.

Everything being ready, the detachment quitted the camp, and dashing through the dews of a sweet morning (for it was yet May) in a few hours arrived in view of the Russian battalions. Lonza, who, from the only redoubt now in his possession, caught a glimpse of this welcome reinforcement, rallied his few remaining men, and by the time that Kosciusko came up, contrived to join him in the van. The fight recommenced. Thaddeus, at the head of his hussars, in full gallop bore down upon the enemy's right flank. They received the charge with firmness; but their young adversary, perceiving that extraordinary means were necessary to make the desired effect, calling on his men to follow him, put spurs to his horse and rushed into the thickest of the battle. His soldiers did not shrink; they pressed on, mowing down the foremost ranks, while he, by a lucky stroke of his saber, disabled the sword-arm of the Russian standard-bearer and seized the colors. His own troops seeing the standard in his hand, with one accord, in loud and repeated cries, shouted victory. Part of the reserve of the enemy, alarmed at this outcry, gave ground, and retreating with precipitation, was soon followed by some of the rear ranks of the center, to which Kosciusko

had penetrated, while its commander, after a short but desperate resistance, was slain. The left flank next gave way, and though holding a brave stand at intervals, at length fairly turned about and fled across the country.

The conquerors, elated with so sudden a success, put their horses on full speed, and without order or attention pursued the fugitives until they were lost amid the trees of a distant wood. Kosciusko called on his men to halt, but he called in vain; they continued their career, animating each other, and with redoubled shouts drowned the voice of Thaddeus, who was galloping forward repeating the command. At the entrance of the wood they were stopped by a few Russian stragglers, who had formed themselves into a body. These men withstood the first onset of the Pole's with considerable steadiness; but after a short skirmish they fled, or, perhaps, seemed to fly, a second time, and took refuge in the bushes, where, still regardless of orders, their enemies followed. Kosciusko, foreseeing the consequence of this rashness, ordered Thaddeus to dismount a part of his squadron, and march after these headstrong men into the forest. He came up with them on the edge of a heathy tract of land, just as they were closing in with a band of the enemy's arquebusiers, who, having kept up a quick running fire as they retreated, had drawn their pursuers thus far into the thickets. Heedless of anything but giving their enemy a complete defeat, the Polanders went on, never looking to the left nor to the right, till at once they found themselves encompassed by two thousand Muscovite horse, several battalions of chasseurs, and in front of fourteen pieces of cannon, which this dreadful ambuscade opened upon them.

Thaddeus threw himself into the midst of his countrymen, and taking the place of their unfortunate conductor, who had been killed in the first sweep of the artillery, prepared the men for a desperate stand. He gave his orders with intrepid coolness — though under a shower of musketry and a cannonade which carried death in every round — that they should draw off toward the flank of the battery. He thought not of himself; and in a few minutes the scattered soldiers were consolidated into a close body, squared with pikemen, who stood like a grove of pines in a day of tempest, only moving their heads and arms. Many of the Russian horse impaled themselves on the sides of this little phalanx, which they vainly attempted to shake, although the ordnance was rapidly weakening its strength. File after file the men were swept down, their bodies making a horrid rampart for their resolute brothers in arms, who, however, rendered desperate, at last threw away their most cumbrous accouterments, and crying to their leader, "Freedom or death!" followed him sword in hand, and bearing like a torrent upon the enemy's ranks, cut their way through the forest. The Russians, exasperated that their prey should not only escape, but escape by such dauntless valor, hung closely on their rear, goading them with musketry, while they (like a wounded lion closely pressed by the hunters retreats, yet stands proudly at bay) gradually retired toward the camp with a backward step, their faces toward the foe.

Meanwhile the Palatine Sobieski, anxious for the fate of the day, mounted the dike, and looked eagerly around for the arrival of some messenger from the little army. As the wind blew strongly from the south, a cloud of dust

precluded his view; but from the approach of firing and the clash of arms, he was led to fear that his friends had been defeated, and were retreating toward the camp. He instantly quitted the lines to call out a reinforcement; but before he could advance, Kosciusko and his squadron on the full charge appeared in flank of the enemy, who suddenly halted, and wheeling round, left the harassed Polanders to enter the trenches unmolested.

THE DIVISION OF POLAND

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

[The last seven lines of the poem refer to Napoleon's wars, and in particular to his campaign of the Vistula, against Russia and Prussia. This ended in the terrible battle of Friedland, wherein his enemies lost twenty-five thousand men.
The Editor.]

Upon Earth's lap there lay a pleasant land,
With mountain, wood, and river beautified,
And city-dotted. For the pleasant land
The icy North and burning South did battle
Whose it should be; and so it lay between them
Unclaimed, unowned, like the shining spoils
Under crossed lances of contending chiefs;
Or liker April days whose morn in sunshine
And evening storm. Its never failing fields
Strong men and sturdy robed in vest of green,
And when the year was older took their payment
In grain of gold. Its ever smiling homes
True wives and comely daughters tenanted,
Round the most holy altar of the hearth
Moving like holy ministers. To them
Sorrow and pain, envy and hate, came never;
Only the mild-eyed kind consoler, Death,
Called them from happy life to happier,
Where eyes are shining that can have no tears,
And brows are beaming that can never frown,
And lips are breathing love that cannot lie.

RUSSIA

There went a whisper of their happiness
Over the blue pines of the eastern woods,
Up to the icy crags where Russia's eagle
Sat lean and famine-withered. So he turned
With the hot hunger flashing in his eye,
And listened: presently upon the rock
He whet his beak, and plumed his ragged feathers,
And rose with terrible and savage clang
Into the frightened air, — nor rose alone,
But at the sound the golden beak of Prussia
And the two-headed bird of Austria
Came swooping up, and o'er the happy land
Held bloody carnival; for each one tore
A bleeding fragment from his proper beak,
As of a kid caught straying and alone.
So there went up a cry from earth to heaven,
And pale-eyed nations asked, "Is there a God?"
But other blood than Polish blood hath dyed
Green Vistulato red, and there hath come
In these last days a dreader Nemesis, —
One who hath spoiled the spoiler, and for blood
Asked blood, — for shattered throne hath shattered
thrones,
So that the nations have forgot their fears,
And cry exulting, "Yea, there is a God!"

THE REVOLT IN WARSAW

1861

THE REVOLT IN WARSAW

1861

BY JOSEPH NICHOLAS ROBERT-FLEURY

(*French painter*, 1792–1890)

MANY and fierce — and fruitless — have been the struggles of the Poles for liberty. The illustration represents a scene in Warsaw in the conflict of 1861. The central figures of the picture are those of two monks, the leaders of the people. They hold aloft a cross, the banner and the only weapon of the rebels. Behind them is a great crowd of folk of all ages and all ranks, some of the women with babies in their arms. At the extreme left stand the closely drawn lines of the Russian infantry. Their guns are leveled, and they are firing upon the defenseless, unresisting people. The smoke of their fire rises between them and the cross. Men lie dead upon the ground. One of the monks has been struck by a ball, and his hand is slipping from the staff. A little to the right of the center, partly hidden by the smoke, stands the column of Sigismund the Great, former ruler of Poland. Behind it are the Cossacks, sitting on their horses, awaiting results.

The czar had manifested some desire to make concessions to his Polish subjects, but it was now determined to take a course which should at a single blow reduce the revolutionists to helplessness. A conscription was suddenly attempted which should carry away from their land the younger men, who were the moving spirits in the opposition to Russia. Then the country, indeed, rose in defiance of even the Russian power. Europe sympathized with the Poles, but the Russians paid no attention to remonstrance, and this rebellion, like the preceding ones, was soon crushed. A terrible retribution of execution and exile to Siberia followed. Russian Poland was no longer allowed to have a separate government; but even to this day the Poles refuse to give up their nationality or their language.

VI
SIBERIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the sixteenth century, a Russian family named Strogonoff carried on a large trade in eastern Russia, and finally sent an expedition into Siberia. The leader was a daring outlaw called Yermak. This expedition was so successful that Yermak was pardoned. Russia had now, in 1582, a new empire of vast extent. Explorations continued, forts, trading-posts, and villages were built, and Russian rule gradually extended to the Pacific. In 1858, by the Convention of Aigun, the Amur was made the boundary between Siberia and China.

For many years Siberia was used as a place of exile for Russian convicts and it is estimated that 865,000 persons were transported to that country between 1801 and 1899. In 1900 it was decreed that henceforward Siberia should be used for political offenders only.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad was begun in 1891 and completed in 1902 at a cost of $172,525,000. The main terminus of this railway is Vladivostok, which, since the loss of Port Arthur during the Russo-Japanese War, has been the chief Siberian port. The construction of the railway has had a marvelous effect upon the commercial development of the land. Business is rapidly increasing, and this vast territory, one and one-half times as large as the United States exclusive of Alaska, seems destined to be one of the greatest farming and mining countries of the twentieth century.

THE CONQUEST OF SIBERIA

[1579–1584]

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

At the time of the Czar Ivan the Terrible, the Strogonoffs were rich merchants, and lived in Perm, on the river Kama.

They had heard that on the river Kama, for a hundred and forty versts[1] around, there was rich land; the soil had not been ploughed for a century; the black forest for a century had not been felled. In the forests were many wild animals, and along the river were lakes full of fish, and no one lived in this land except wandering Tartars.

So the Strogonoffs wrote a letter to the czar: —

"Grant us this land, and we ourselves will found cities, and we will gather men together and establish them, and we will not allow the Tartars to pass through it."

The czar consented, and granted them the land. The Strogonoffs sent out agents to collect people. And there came to them many people who were out of work. The Strogonoffs assigned lands and forest to all who came, gave cattle to each, and agreed not to tax them during their lives, and only required of them that if it were necessary they should go to fight the Tartars.

Thus this land was settled with a Russian population.

Twenty years passed. The Strogonoff merchants grew richer and richer, and this territory of one hundred and forty versts became too small for them. They wanted

[1] A verst is not quite two thirds of a mile.

still more land. Now there were lofty mountains a hundred versts distant, the Urals, and they heard that beyond these Urals was excellent land. The ruler of this land, which was boundless, was a petty Siberian prince named Kuchum.

In former times Kuchum had given his allegiance to the Russian czar, but since then he had revolted, and he was threatening to destroy the Strogonoff colonies.

And again the Strogonoffs wrote to the czar: —

"You granted us land, and we have brought it under your sway; now the thievish little Czar Kuchum has revolted from you, and he wants to take this land away and destroy us. Bid us take the territory that lies beyond the Ural Mountains; we will conquer Kuchum and bring all his land under your sway."

The czar consented, and replied: —

"If you have the power, get possession of Kuchum's land. But do not take many men away from Russia."

As soon as the Strogonoffs received this message from the czar, they sent their agents to collect still more people. And they gave them orders above all to get Cossacks from the Volga and the Don.

Now at this time there were many Cossacks wandering along the Volga and the Don. They formed bands numbering two hundred, three hundred, or six hundred men, elected their *atamans*, or leaders, and sailed up and down in *bateaux*, seizing and plundering merchant boats, and wintering in a stronghold on the banks.

The Strogonoffs' agent came to the Volga and began to make inquiries: —

"Who are the most famous Cossacks here?"

And it was said in reply: —

"There are many Cossacks. And they make life unendurable. There is Mishka the Circassian, there is Sarui-Azman . . . but there is no one uglier than Yermak Timofeytch, the *ataman.* He has an army of a thousand men, and not only the people and the merchants fear him, but even the czar's army dares not engage with him."

And the agents went to the *ataman* Yermak, and tried to persuade him to take service with the Strogonoffs. Yermak received the agents, listened to their words, and agreed to come with his army about the time of the Assumption.

At the time of the Feast of the Assumption six hundred Cossacks, with their *ataman,* Yermak, the son of Timofey came to the Strogonoffs. At first Strogonoff sent them out against the neighboring Tartars. The Cossacks defeated them. Then, when there was nothing further to do, the Cossacks began to wander about and pillage. Strogonoff summoned Yermak, and said: —

"I am not going to keep you any longer, if you act so lawlessly."

And Yermak replied: —

"I myself am sorry. But it is not so easy to manage my men; they are wild fellows. Give us something to do."

And Strogonoff said: —

"Go beyond the Urals, and fight with Kuchum and master his land. Even the czar will reward you."

And he read to Yermak the czar's missive, and Yermak was delighted; he called together his Cossacks, and said: —

"You scandalize me before the master here. You are always up to some lawlessness. If you don't behave, he

will dismiss you, and then where will you go? On the Volga the czar has a great army; they will take you prisoners, and it will go hard with you on account of the deeds that you have done. But if you find it dull here, we must find some work for you to do."

And he showed them the czar's missive permitting Strogonoff to conquer the land beyond the Urals. The Cossacks talked it over and agreed to go.

Yermak returned to Strogonoff, and the two began to consult together how best to make the expedition.

They decided how many *bateaux* would be needed; how much grain, powder, lead; how many cattle, fire-arms; how many Tartar prisoners for interpreters; how many German gunsmiths.

Strogonoff said to himself: —

"Though this is going to cost me dear, still I must give him all he asks, or otherwise they will settle down here and ruin me."

So Strogonoff agreed, got everything together, and fitted out Yermak and his Cossacks.

On the 10th of September, Yermak and his Cossacks started to row up the river Chusovaya in thirty-two *bateaux*, each *bateau* carrying a score of men.

For four days they rowed upstream and entered the Silver River. This was as far as they could go by boat.

They made inquiries of the interpreters, and learned that they would be obliged to go from that point over the mountains, two hundred versts by land, and then they would come to other rivers.

The Cossacks disembarked here; they built a city and unloaded all their belongings, and they threw aside their *bateaux*, and constructed carts, loaded them up,

and set out on their journey across the mountains. The whole region was forest, and no one lived there.

For ten days they went across the country, and reached the Zharovnys River. There again they halted, and set to work to build *bateaux*. After they were built they started on their journey down the river. They sailed down for five days, and reached regions still more delightful, — fields, forests, lakes. And there was abundance of fish and game, and the game was not afraid of them.

They sailed down one day more, and sailed into the Tura River.

There on the Tura River they began to fall in with inhabitants, and saw Tartar towns.

Yermak sent some Cossacks to investigate one town, bidding them find out what kind of a town it was, and whether it had many defenders.

Twenty men went on this expedition; they threw all the Tartars into a panic, and captured the whole town, and captured all their cattle. Some of the Tartars they killed, and some they took as prisoners.

Yermak, through an interpreter, asked the Tartars what people they were, and under whose sway they lived.

The Tartars replied that they belonged to the czardom of Siberia, and their czar was Kuchum.

Yermak let the Tartars go, except three of the most intelligent, whom he retained to act as guides.

They sailed farther. The farther they sailed, the bigger grew the river all the time, and the country grew bigger and better.

And they kept encountering more and more people.

But the inhabitants were not powerful, and the Cossacks captured all the towns along the river. In one town they made a great number of Tartars prisoners, and one person of authority, an old Tartar.

They began to ask the Tartar who he was. And he said: "I am Tauzik, and I am a servant of my Czar Kuchum, and I am his head man in this city."

Yermak proceeded to ask Tauzik about his czar. "Was his city of Sibir far distant? Had Kuchum a large army? Had he great wealth?"

Tauzik told him all about it.

"Kuchum is the very first czar in all the world. His city of Sibir is the biggest city in the world. In this city," said he, "there are as many men and cattle as there are stars in the sky. The Czar Kuchum's army is beyond number; all the other czars banded together could not vanquish him."

And Yermak said: —

"We Russians have come here to vanquish your Czar Kuchum, and to take his city, and to bring him under the sway of the Russian czar. And we have a great army. Those who have come with me are only the vanguard, but those who follow us in *bateaux* are beyond number, and they all have guns. And our guns will shoot through a tree, and are not like your bows and arrows. Just look here!"

And Yermak shot at a tree and split it, and the Cossacks from all sides began to fire off their guns.

Tauzik fell on his knees with fright, and Yermak said to him: —

"Now do you hasten to your Czar Kuchum and tell him what you have seen. Let him submit to us; but if

he does not submit, then we will bring him to destruction."

And he let Tauzik go.

The Cossacks sailed farther. They entered into the great river Tobol, and all the time they were drawing nearer and nearer to the city of Sibir. They came to the mouth of the little river Babasan, and behold! on the bank stands a town, and around the town are many Tartars.

An interpreter was sent to the Tartars to inquire who these men were. The interpreter came back with the answer: —

"This army has been collected by Kuchum. And the general who commands the army is Kuchum's own son-in-law, Mametkul. He sent me, and commanded me to say to you, 'Go back, or else he will cut you in pieces.'"

Yermak collected his Cossacks, went on shore, and began to fire at the Tartars. As soon as the Tartars heard the noise of the firing, they fled. The Cossacks set out in pursuit of them, and some they killed, and some they captured. Mametkul himself barely escaped.

The Cossacks sailed farther. They came out upon a broad, swift river, the Irtish. They sailed down this river a whole day; and they arrived at a handsome town, and there they stopped.

The Cossacks marched against the town. As soon as they reached it, the Tartars began to shoot arrows at them, and they wounded three Cossacks.

Yermak sent his interpreter to say to the Tartars: —

"Give up your city, or else we will cut you in pieces."

The interpreter returned, saying: —

"Here lives Kuchum's servant, Atik Murza Kachara. He has a great army, and he declares that he will not surrender the town."

Yermak gathered his Cossacks, and said: —

"Now, boys, if we do not take this town, the Tartars will hold us back and will not let us pass. And, therefore, the more speedily we inspire them with fear, the better it will be for us. All of you come on! Fling yourselves on them all at once!"

And thus they did.

There were many Tartars there, and brave fellows! As the Cossacks rushed forward, the Tartars began to shoot with their bows. They overwhelmed the Cossacks with their arrows. Some of them they killed, and others they wounded. And the Cossacks were filled with fury, and rushed against the Tartars, and all whom they fell upon they killed.

In this town the Cossacks found many treasures, cattle, rugs, many furs, and much mead. After they had buried the dead and rested, they took their plunder and went on.

They had not sailed very far when, behold! on the bank there stood something like a city, and there was an army that seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see; and the whole army was surrounded by a ditch, and the ditch was protected by a palisade.

The Cossacks came to a pause. They began to feel dubious. Yermak called a council.

"Well, boys, what shall be done?"

The Cossacks were disheartened. Some said: —

"We must sail by." Others said: —

"We must go back."

And they grew desperate, and blamed Yermak, saying: —

"Why did you bring us hither? Already they have killed so many of us, and wounded still more, and here we shall all perish."

And they began to shed tears.

And Yermak said to his *sub-ataman*, Ivan Koltso: —

"Well, now, Vanya, what do you think about it?"

And Koltso replied: —

"What do I think about it? If we are not killed to-day, then we shall be to-morrow, and if not to-morrow, then we shall die ingloriously in our beds. My advice is, leap on shore and make straight for the Tartars — and God will decide."

And Yermak exclaimed: —

"Ai! brave fellow, Vanya! That is what we must do! Ekh! you boys! You are n't Cossacks, but old women! Of course, it was to catch sturgeon and to scare Tartar women; simply for that that I brought you hither. Don't you yourselves see? If we go back, we shall be killed! If we row by, we shall be killed! If we stay here, we shall be killed! Where, then, shall we betake ourselves? First labor, then rest! Boys, you are like a healthy mare that my father had. When she was going downhill she would draw, and on level ground she would draw; but when it came to going uphill, she would balk and back and try to find something easier. Then my father took a stake, beat her and beat her with the stake. And the mare jumped around, and kicked and tipped over the cart. Then father took her out of the thills and put her through the mill. Now, if she had pulled, she would not have got the thrashing. So it is with you, boys. There's

only one thing left for us, — to go straight for the Tartars." . . .

The Cossacks laughed, and said: —

"It is plain that you are wiser than we are, Timofeytch. We fools have no right to give advice. Take us wherever you wish. We can't die twice, but we must die once."

And Yermak said: —

"Now, listen, boys. This is the way that we must do it. They have n't yet seen the whole of us. We will divide ourselves into three bands. Those in the middle will march straight at them, and the other two divisions will make a flank movement to the right and left. Now when the middle division begins to engage them, they will think that we are all there — they will come out. And then we will give it to them from the flanks. That's the way, boys. And if we beat these, there will be nothing left to fear. We shall be czars ourselves."

That was the way they did.

As soon as the middle division went forward under Yermak, the Tartars began to yell and rushed out. Then the wings joined battle, the right under Ivan Koltso, the left under the *ataman*, Meshcheryak.

The Tartars were panic-stricken, and took to their heels. The Cossacks slaughtered them. And no one at all dared to oppose Yermak any longer. And thus they made their entrance into the very city of Sibir. And there Yermak took up his abode exactly as if he had been czar.

The neighboring princes began to come to Yermak with salutations, and the Tartars came back and began to settle down in Sibir. Kuchum and his son-in-law,

however, dared not make a direct attack on Yermak, but wandered round and round, and laid their plans to capture him.

In the spring, at the time for the freshets, some Tartars came to Yermak, saying: —

"Mametkul is coming against you again, and he has collected a great army, and is now on the Vagaya River."

Yermak hastened over rivers, swamps, streams, and forests, crept up with his Cossacks, fell on Mametkul, and killed many of the Tartars, and took Mametkul himself prisoner and brought him back to Sibir. And now there remained few Tartars who were not subdued, and that summer Yermak marched against those that would not submit, and on the Irtish and on the Obi Rivers Yermak brought so much land under subjection that you could not go around it in two months.

After he had conquered all this land, he sent a messenger to the Strogonoffs with a letter, in which he said: —

"I have taken Kuchum's city, and have Mametkul in captivity, and I have brought all the people round about under my sway. But it has cost me many Cossacks. Send us people, so that we may be more lively. And the wealth in this land is limitless in extent."

And he sent also costly furs, — foxskins and martens and sable.

After this two years passed. Yermak still held Sibir, but no reinforcements arrived from Russia, and Yermak's Russian forces were growing small.

One time the Tartar Kachara sent a messenger to Yermak, saying: —

"We have submitted to your sway, but the Nogay are harassing us; let some of your braves come to our aid.

We will conquer the Nogay together. And we give you our oath that we will do no manner of harm to your braves."

Yermak had faith in their oath, and he sent to them Ivan Koltso with forty men. As soon as these forty men came to them, the Tartars fell on them and killed them; and this still further reduced the Cossacks.

Another time some Bokhara traders sent word to Yermak that they were on their way with merchandise which they wished to give him in his city of Sibir, but that Kuchum and his army were in their way, and would not let them pass.

Yermak took fifty men and went out to clear the road for the Bokharians. But when he reached the Irtish River he did not find any merchants. So they prepared to bivouac there.

The night was dark and rainy. No sooner had the Cossacks lain down for the night, than the Tartars rushed in from every side, threw themselves on the sleeping Cossacks, and began to hew them down. Yermak leaped up and began to fight. He was wounded in the arm by a knife. Then he ran to the river and threw himself into it — the Tartars after him. He was already in the water. But he was never seen again, and his body was never found, and no one knows how he died.

YERMAK

A FOLK-SONG

On the glorious steppes of Saratov,
Below the city of Saratov,
And above the city of Kamyshin,
The Cossacks, the free people, assembled;
They collected, the brothers, in a ring;
The Cossacks of the Don, the Greben, and the Yaik;
Their hetman was Yermak, the son of Timofey;
Their captain was Asbashka, the son of Lavrenti.
They planned a little plan.
"The summer, the warm summer is going,
And the cold winter approaches, my brothers.
Where, brothers, shall we spend the winter?
If we go to the Yaik, it is a terrible passage;
If we go to the Volga, we shall be considered robbers;
If we go to the city of Kazan, there is the czar —
The Czar Ivan Vasilevich, the Terrible.
There he has great forces."

"There, Yermak, thou wilt be hanged,
And we Cossacks shall be captured
And shut up in strong prisons."

Yermak, the son of Timofey, takes up his speech: —
"Pay attention, brothers, pay attention,

And listen to me — Yermak!
Let us spend the winter in Astrakhan;
And when the fair Spring reveals herself,
Then, brothers, let us go on a foray;
Let us earn our wine before the terrible czar!

. . . .

"Ha, brothers, my brave hetmans!
Make for yourselves boats,
Make the rowlocks of fir,
Make the oars of pine!
By the help of God we will go, brothers;
Let us pass the steep mountains,
Let us reach the infidel kingdom,
Let us conquer the Siberian kingdom, —
That will please the czar, our master.
I will myself go to the White Czar,
I shall put on a sable cloak,
I shall make my submission to the White Czar."

"Oh! thou art our hope, orthodox czar;
Do not order me to be executed, but bid me say
my say,
Since I am Yermak, the son of Timofey!
I am the robber hetman of the Don;
'T was I went over the blue sea,
Over the blue sea, the Caspian;
And it was I who destroyed the ships;
And now, our hope, our orthodox czar,
I bring you my traitorous head,
And with it I bring the empire of Siberia."

And the orthodox czar spoke;
He spoke — the terrible Ivan Vasilevich:
"Ha! thou art Yermak, the son of Timofey,
Thou art the hetman of the warriors of the Don.
I pardon you and your band,
I pardon you for your trusty service,
And I give you the glorious gentle Don as an
inheritance."

HOW PARDON WAS WON FOR AN EXILE

[1808]

BY MADAME SOPHIE RISTEAU COTTIN

[In 1808, a young girl made a journey of twenty-four hundred miles alone and on foot to beg the czar to pardon her father, who had been exiled to Siberia. With this for a foundation, Madame Cottin wrote her famous story of "Elizabeth." The extract given pictures the heroine on her arrival at Moscow, which occurs just at the time of the coronation of the czar. Smoloff is the son of the governor of Siberia, who has shown Elizabeth and her parents all the favor that he dared. Rossi is an innkeeper who has given her shelter.

The Editor.]

On the morrow, as soon as the thunder of the artillery, the beating of the drums, and the loud acclamations of the people announced the dawn of the joyful day, Elizabeth, habited in a dress lent to her by her kind hostess, and leaning upon the arm of Rossi, joined the crowd which followed the procession to the large Church of the Assumption, where the coronation was to be performed.

More than a thousand tapers illuminated the holy temple, which was decorated in all the splendor of Eastern magnificence. Upon a dazzling throne, beneath a canopy of rich velvet, were seated the emperor and his youthful consort, habited in sumptuous dresses, which, displaying to advantage the beauty of their forms, gave to their appearance an air almost celestial. Kneeling

before her august spouse, the empress received from his hand the imperial diadem, and encircled her brow with this pledge of their eternal union. Opposite to the royal pair, and in the sacred chair of truth, was the venerable Plato, the Patriarch of Moscow; who, in a discourse at once pathetic and sublime, recalled to the youthful mind of Alexander the great duties annexed to royalty, and the awful responsibility imposed upon his elevated station, in return for the pomp that environed it, and the power with which it was invested. Amidst the assemblage of nations which thronged the cathedral, he pointed out to him the hunters of Kamchatka, bringing tribute of skins from the Aleutian Islands, which border on America; the merchants of Archangel, loaded with rich commodities which their vessels had brought from every quarter of the globe; the Samoyeds, a rude and unpolished people, who came from the mouth of the Yenisei, a country condemned to the rigors of an eternal winter, where the beauteous flower of the spring and the rich produce of harvest are alike unknown; and the natives of Astrakhan, whose fertile fields yield melons, figs, and grapes of exquisite flavor: he showed him, lastly, the inhabitants of the shores of the Black and Caspian Seas, and of the great Tartary, which, bounded by Persia, China, and the Empire of the Moguls, extending from the extremity of the western hemisphere to that of the east, occupies nearly half the globe. "Sovereign of the most extensive empire of the earth," said he, "you who are this day about to take the awful oath of presiding over the destinies of a state which includes a fifth part of the known world; bear it ever in remembrance that you have to answer at the tribunal of Divine Justice for

the fate of millions of your fellow-creatures; and that an injustice, through your neglect, done to the meanest among them, must be accounted for at the final day of retribution." At these words the heart of the young emperor appeared to be sensibly affected: but there was one among the auditors, whose heart was not less affected than his; that of the supplicant who was come to solicit the remission of a father's sentence.

At the moment when Alexander began to pronounce the solemn oath which was to bind him to devote his future life to the happiness of his people, the enraptured Elizabeth imagined she heard the voice of mercy requiring him to break the chains of every unfortunate being within his dominions. Unable any longer to command her feelings, and, aided by a supernatural strength, she pierced the crowd, and, forcing a passage through the lines of the soldiers, rushed towards the throne, exclaiming, "Mercy! mercy!" The vehemence of her supplication interrupted the ceremony, and occasioned so much confusion that the guards advanced, and, notwithstanding her entreaties and the efforts of Jacques, dragged her out of the church. The emperor, however, would not, on so glorious a day, be invocated in vain. He ordered one of the officers of his suite to inquire what it was that the petitioner wanted. The officer obeyed; he quitted the church in haste, and heard the imploring accent of the agonized supplicant, still endeavoring to prevail with the soldiers to allow her to return. He started, quickened his pace, saw who it was, recognized the daughter of the exile, and exclaimed, "It is she, it is Elizabeth!"

Elizabeth turned: she could hardly give credit to so much happiness; could scarcely believe that Smoloff was

there to save her father. Yet it was his voice, his features; she could not be mistaken. Joy deprived her of utterance, and she stretched her arms towards him, as to a messenger sent from Heaven to her relief. He rushed forward, seized her hand, and in his turn, began to doubt the testimony of his senses. "Elizabeth," he exclaimed, "is it indeed you? or do I behold a vision from heaven? Speak, whence do you come?" — "From Tobolsk." — "From Tobolsk! and have you traveled hither, alone, and on foot?" — "Yes," she exclaimed, "I came to entreat pardon for my father, and they force me from the presence of the emperor." — "I will reconduct you to his presence," interrupted the transported Smoloff; "I will present you to him: he will not resist your supplications: your prayer will be granted." Smoloff then dispersed the soldiers, and led Elizabeth back towards the church. The imperial procession was at that instant issuing from the great gate of the cathedral. As soon as the monarch appeared, Smoloff, holding Elizabeth by the hand, forced a passage through the guards, and threw himself with her at the emperor's feet. "Sire," he cried, "vouchsafe to listen to the voice of suffering virtue; behold the daughter of the unfortunate Stanislaus Potowsky; she has come from the deserts of Ischim, where her parents have for twelve years languished in exile. She has had no guide nor protector, has performed the journey on foot, begging her bread, and braving scorn and misery, snow and tempests, every danger and every fatigue, to implore of Your Majesty forgiveness for her father." Elizabeth raised her clasped hands towards heaven, repeating the last words, "Forgiveness for my father!"

A clamor of admiration arose from the crowd! The emperor himself joined in it; and deeply rooted as his prejudices had been against Stanislaus Potowsky, in an instant they were totally effaced. He could not hesitate to believe that the father of a daughter so virtuous must be innocent of the crimes alleged against him; but, had it been otherwise, Alexander would not have withheld forgiveness. "The pardon is granted," said he; "your father is free." Elizabeth heard no more; at the word pardon, joy overpowered her, and she fell senseless into the arms of Smoloff. In this state she was carried, through an immense crowd, who opened a passage, shouting with joyful acclamations of approbation at the transcendent virtue of the heroine, and the clemency of the monarch, and was conveyed back to the house of the benevolent Rossi. . . .

Several days elapsed before the deed of pardon could be drawn up and signed. Previously to its final accomplishment it was requisite to inquire into the causes of Potowsky's condemnation; and the investigation proved so favorable to the noble Polander that equity alone would have authorized the emperor to break the chains of the illustrious patriot. But he had listened to the dictates of clemency before he knew what those of justice required; an act of generosity which those whom he thus nobly pardoned never forgot.

One morning Smoloff called on Elizabeth at an earlier hour than he had before presumed to visit her, and presented to her a parchment with the imperial seal. "Behold," said he, "the mandate in which the emperor commands my father to restore liberty to yours." Elizabeth seized the parchment and, pressing it to her

lips, bathed it with tears. "This is not all," continued Smoloff, "our magnanimous sovereign performs a noble action in a manner worthy of himself. He restores to your father his dignities, his rank, his property: all those honors which elevate man in the estimation of his fellows, but which can never elevate Elizabeth. The courier who is to convey the order to Tobolsk departs to-morrow, and I have obtained permission to accompany him." — "And may not I also accompany him?" eagerly interrupted Elizabeth. "Unquestionably," resumed Smoloff, "and from your lips only your father must learn that he is free. Presuming upon my knowledge of your sentiments, I told the emperor that it was your wish to be yourself the bearer of the joyful intelligence. He approved the design, and charged me with the commission of informing you that you have leave to depart to-morrow in one of his carriages, attended by two female domestics; and he has sent a purse of two thousand rubles to defray the expenses of your journey."

ON THE MARCH TO SIBERIA

[Nineteenth century]

BY BARONESS M. DE PACKH

No 316 was branded on my bundle. I no longer had a name and my identity received even less consideration than is usually bestowed upon animals, for they are always designated by a name, never by a number.

Our march to the mines was a continued succession of blows, curses, and hardships of every imaginable nature. Many of my fellow convicts succumbed to them, and fell by the way, being left there to die and be devoured by the wolves.

A train of convicts on their way to the wilds of Siberia is a most distressing sight to witness. To describe it properly one must write words of fire with a sword dipped in blood. Pen and ink, and cold type seem too pale, too poor, too inadequate in every way to give a true account of that fearful journey.

The convicts being weighed down by the heavy chain and ball can make little progress, and the march is slow and laborious, every step of the way being marked by bloodshed and suffering. Four persons, chained to each other, walk abreast, the first and last in the row dragging the heavy iron balls behind them. They are put on the prisoners to prevent their escape, it is said. Such an assertion is too absurd to be credited, however, for no one would be foolhardy enough to try to escape in that land of snow and desolation, where numbers prove the

only safeguard against the ravenous wolves that infest the country. No, the ball and chain are merely accessories which add a little more torture to the convict's lot. They are intended as punishment, a constant reminder of the weight of the master's heavy hand, a daily, hourly irritation of flesh and spirit.

Soldiers walk beside the line of weary, footsore travelers, carrying the whip which for centuries has made Russia infamous — the knout, a long heavy stick, to which are fastened from five to twenty strips of rawhide, the end of each thong interwoven with iron or heavy wire. The soldiers use them on their helpless victims just as in some countries farmers use fly whips to keep insects from annoying horses and oxen. With this difference — every blow from the knout raises great welts on the flesh, and draws blood, and the blows are bestowed, not for cause, but simply out of wanton cruelty and a fiendish delight in torturing.

The weakest of the prisoners are generally placed in the first row. If they stumble and fall, those beside them are expected to aid and hold them up. If, after being thoroughly knouted, and given a short rest, they are still unable to stagger along, they are put in the carts which form part of the convoy, and carried on with the bundles and provisions.

The carts are used more frequently for the fainting women than for the weary man. Women! Yes, many of them, often women of high rank and birth, aristocrats from head to foot, accustomed to being shielded from every hardship, used to every luxury money could obtain, ignorant of every sphere of life but that surrounded by wealth, love, and influence. While to any

woman that march to Siberia is an awful thing, yet to the delicately bred the association with real criminals, the daily contact with the vile and degraded beings who deserve punishment for crimes and atrocities really committed, are by far the greatest hardships of all.

A study of the faces in a convict gang shows the gamut of human passion written in deep lines upon each countenance. One sees the sullen, degraded criminal, born and bred in depravity, and the haughty, educated, sensitive aristocrat, reared in luxury and affluence. Few seem to ask your compassion, although one cannot restrain one's heart from pitying all. Some rave and curse, but the knout is applied to women as well as to men, and it soon hushes the openly rebellious into bearing the inevitable with obstinate gloom and enforced submission. They quickly learn that the best policy is to be as submissive as possible. The more the poor unfortunates bend their backs, the less trouble they give to their keepers, officers, and underlings, the better they fare.

These servants of the mighty czar are a lazy, overbearing, cruel lot of vagabonds, who treat the outcast with the same scorn and severity they themselves receive from their superiors. It is their duty to bring so many heads alive to designated places and to account for the lost as being dead. Before leaving a poor wretch on the way, the officer in charge assures himself of the utter uselessness of attempting to take the worn-out prisoner farther. Only when absolutely beyond human aid is she or he left to the mercy of the fierce and hungry wolves. It is an impossibility for any one to escape from the line. It would be madness to make the attempt. In

the breast of every convict lives the hope of escape. He imagines that if once away from his tormentors some miracle would transport him to safety. His desire to evade the life before him makes him sometimes forget chain, hunger, the knout, and all his sufferings of mind and body. But he never tries to get away, knowing the futility of an attempt, and the terrible punishment he would receive when caught and returned to the gang.

My fellow prisoner was, as I have said, a great, big, burly creature, sullen and gloomy. We were allowed to talk in an undertone as long as it pleased our keepers to permit us this privilege, and it was he who gave me the sulky and most ungracious advice, "to keep still and make the best of a bad bargain."

My thoughts were a chaos. All I knew was that my soul was filled with revengeful rage. The remembrance of my parents, my love, my home, brought pain and misery. Every sweet recollection vanished behind a blood-red cloud. As the days passed, my temper did not improve; and under the hardships we had to endure, I often wondered that I had not become insane.

The roads were bad, the chains grew heavier, the food was not fit for a dog, and long marches in snow and ice ended only with the close of each day. At night we were huddled around a fire, rolled up in our blankets, left to our maddening self-reproaches and thoughts. When sleep spread its merciful wings over us, our chain-bruised bodies were too weary to let wakefulness remind us of our misery. But as time heals all wounds, so does surrounding suffering help us to forget ourselves. After a week I commenced to take an interest in my associates. We were about forty in number. The women

would be driven out of the wagons and forced to walk for hours at a time every day. There were eight of them, all political felons. They had no balls to drag, but were chained to one another. The weakest were marched in front, but always a stronger chained with a weaker; for support, it was said, but really to lighten the keeper's task. It soon told upon the stronger one.

Many kindnesses I have witnessed among those poor wretches. I have seen them pick up a half-fainting and bleeding form and carry it a long distance. I have seen them receive the blows from the horrible knout by putting their own bodies in the way, to spare the weaker exile the stroke. I have seen them share their miserable meal, their scanty ration of water, with the more needy. I have myself received kindnesses, which solely enabled me to live, to carry out my revenge. And it was the little touches of human nature at its best that kept us from sinking to the level of our keepers. In being kind and considerate to each other we kept alive the spark of good that had not quite been beaten and kicked out of us by our brutal guards.

A KIRGHIS WARRIOR

A KIRGHIS WARRIOR

BY VASILI VASILEVICH VERESHCHAGIN

(*Russia.* 1842–1904)

THE Kirghis are a nomadic tribe who make their abode between European Russia and Western China. Their houses are semicircular tents made by stretching red cloth or felt over a light wooden framework. So expert are they in the management of these that in half an hour they can pitch a tent, arrange their furnishings, and be as much at home as if they had dwelt in the place for a year. The ground within the tent is usually covered with a felt carpet, and there is a wooden bedstead, and a chest which holds the wardrobe of the family. There must be leather bottles for kumis, of course, with a tea service, and a few utensils for cooking. These are all that the Kirghis think necessary for comfort.

These people are short and squat, with swarthy complexion and small black eyes. Their faces are broad and flat, but their hands and feet are small and well formed. Their clothing consists of flowing robes or chapans of velvet, silk, cotton, or felt, the number varying according to the season. Over the chapan they wear pantaloons of generous size, made of either silk or wool. Their boots are of black or red leather, and their high, pointed caps are of white felt. The Kirghis warrior fastens on his girdle of silk or leather, sticks into it his knife and tobacco pouch, and goes forth ready to meet the world.

In order to get his material at first hand, Vereshchagin, painter of this picture, traveled extensively in the East, served with the Russian Army in the Turkish campaign in 1877, saw the Chino-Japanese War, and was with the American army in the Philippines and the Russian troops in Manchuria. He was aboard the Russian battleship Petropavlovsk when she sank in the harbor of Port Arthur, and went down with the vessel.

IN A TARTAR TENT

[About 1909]

BY LINDON BATES, JR.

A PIERCING wind, searching and paralyzing, meets the tarantass beyond the crest at the southern border of the forest: it is Gobi's compliments to Baikal, the salute of the great desert to the great lake. The horses stumble through the drifted snow, scarcely able to walk. The driver, blinded, half-frozen, keeps to the general direction of the obliterated trail. Barely one verst an hour is made, until, under the shelter of the bald white range of hills, the road reappears and the wind is warded off.

A rolling plain between the heights is the next stretch of the way. The afternoon sun, dimly bright, creeps haloed through the lightly falling snow. Deep in the mist appears a dark moving mass. It grows, focuses, and takes shape into a shaggy beast of burden, and camel after camel emerges from the haze, loaded with square bales of tea.

"Ask if there is shelter near," you shout to the muffled head of the interpreter.

"I will ask," he replies. Then to the caravan leader: "*Sein oh!*" he cries in greeting.

The foremost camel stares stonily as its Mongol driver twitches the piece of wood which pierces its upper lip, and the whole train stops.

"*Gir orhum beine?*"

"*Ti, ti, orhum beine!*" comes the answer. "It is close at hand."

Forward the caravan slowly paces, each camel turning his head to stare as he passes out into the mist again. One of them has left a fleck of blood in each print of his broad spongy foot which the driver will cobble with leather at the next halt. Along their trail you drive southward. The mist is clearing as you rise, and the sun shines down on the snow which has crystalized in little shafts an inch high. These spear-shaped slivers have a brightness and a sheen of extraordinary brilliance, and like prisms show all the colors of the rainbow. They cast a gleam, as might a mirror, a hundred yards away. It is as if upon the great white mantle had been thrown haphazard treasuries in rubies and emeralds and diamonds and opals, — myriad ever growing rivals of Dresden regalias. The sun goes down with its necromancy. Beyond, the soft blanket enfolds the rolling hills. It drapes the rocks and weaves drooping festoons about the barren mountain-sides.

"*Mongol yurta!*" calls André, turning to point out with his whip the low dome-shaped hut, black against the darkening sky. On its unknown occupant we are to billet ourselves, sheltered by the rule of nomad hospitality. As the tarantass nears the wattled corral, the watchful ravens stir from their perches. The picketed camels turn out to stare. A gaunt black hound stalks out, with mane erect and ominous growls.

"*Nohoi,*" cries out Alexsimevich, to the inhabitants of the hut; then adds to you, "Very bad dogs! It is a Mongol proverb: 'If you are near a dog, you are near a bite.'"

Beneath an osier-built lean-to, a woman is milking a sheep, with a lamb to encourage the flow. She calls a guttural order to the dog, which slinks back. Then she comes to the wattled fence, while the sheep which had been getting milked escapes to a far corner of the yard. The woman's head is curiously framed by a triangular red hat, and silver hair-plates, which hold out like wings her black tresses. The shoulders of her magenta dress are padded up into epaulets two inches high. She is girded with a sash.

"*Sein oh!*" says Alexsimevich.

"*Sein!*" she answers, and opens the gateway to the inclosure around the hut.

André drives in among the sheep and cows, and you climb lumberingly down with cold-stiffened limbs. André puts his whip upon the felt roof, for it is a deadly breach of etiquette to bring it into the house.

"You go in," said Alexsimevich.

It is like entering a kennel, this struggle through the narrow aperture, muffled to the eyes in double furs and awkward felt boots. As you straighten up after the crawl through the entrance, a red glare from the fire just in front meets the gaze. Stinging smoke grips the throat; you choke in pain. It blinds the smarting eyes. You gasp and stagger. Then some one takes your hand and pulls you violently down on a low couch to the left, where in course of time breath and sight return. There is no chimney, nor stack for the fire of the brazier, which stands in the center of the hut. One can see the open sky through the three-foot hole above. The smoke, finding its way toward this aperture, works along the sloping wooden poles which form the framework of the felt-

covered tent, filling the whole upper section with its blinding fumes. To stand is to smother. Sitting, the head comes below the smoke-line.

With recovered vision, one can look around within the hut. The couch of refuge, raised some six inches above the floor, is the bed by night, the sitting-place by day. Against the wall at the left hand, and directly opposite the door, is a box-like cupboard, along whose top are ranged pictures of grotesque Buddhist gods, before whom are little brass cups full of offerings, millet or oil, in which is standing a burning wick. Beside the door is a shelf loaded with fire-blackened pots and kettles. Branches of birch for fuel are thrown beneath. On the far side of the room, three black lambs, fenced off by a wicker barricade, are huddled together, quietly sleeping.

Seated beside the fire close by is the girl of nineteen who has just saved you from asphyxiation. The long fur-lined working-dress, common to all ages and sexes of Mongols, is buttoned on her left side with bright brass buttons, and is belted in with a sash. She has not the padded shoulder-humps, nor the spreading hair arrangement, which gave to her mother, who welcomed us, so weird an appearance.

Her complexion is swarthy like an Indian's, not the chalky Chinese yellow, and she has red cheeks and full red lips. Her eyes are large and black. The rest of the party have stayed a moment outside to ask about hay and water. You have made this solitary and awkward entrance. The girl has no more notion than a bird who the strange man of another nation may be, who has stumbled into her home. But it does not trouble her in

the least. For a moment she looks you over calmly, with a smile of amused curiosity, rolling and wringing with her fingers a lambskin which she is softening. Then composedly she bids you the Mongol welcome, "*Sein oh!*" and holds out her hand. Her grip is as firm and frank as a Siberian's.

Now Alexsimevich comes tumbling through the door, and next André. Both are used to these huts, and artistically stoop below the smoke-line. All our impedimenta — blankets, furs, pots, kettles, bread-bag, rifles — are heaped in a mound within the space between the couch and the tethered lambs. The girl has not stirred from her work.

"They are friends of yours, then, Alexsimevich?" you ask.

"No, no, I never saw them," he answers. "Any one may take shelter in any *yurta* in Mongolia."

A small head suddenly makes its appearance from the pile of rugs on the sofa opposite on the women's side of the tent. There emerges, naked save for a bronze square-holed Chinese *cash* fastened around her neck, a little slant-eyed three-year-old. The water in the small cups offered to the *dokchits* has long been ice, and one has full need of one's inner fur coat and cap in the hut, where the entrance, opening with every visitor, sends a draft of air, forty degrees below zero, through from the door to the open hole which serves as chimney. And still this tot can step out naked and not even seem to feel it.

"The child's name?" asks Alexsimevich.

"Turunga," replies the girl.

"And your own?"

"Sibilina," she says, and smiles.

Turunga carefully inspects you, and solemnly accepts a lump of sugar, which she knows what to do with, even if it is a rare luxury offered to gods. She sits down, in an evidently accustomed spot on the warm felt before the brazier, to play with the scissor-like fire-tongs, carefully putting back the red coals that have fallen out on the earthen platform.

The tarantass driver, having piled up your impedimenta, excavates from its midst the bag of rye-bread, which he sets to thaw. He gets next the little bag of *pelmenes,* the meat-balls covered with dough-paste which you carry frozen hard. The mother comes in from under the *yurta's* flap, and, placing a blackened basin over the brazier, puts into it a little water and scours diligently with a bundle of birch-twigs. She brushes out this water on the earthen floor near the entrance. This is the picketed lambs' especial territory, to which the felt rugs before the couches and the altar do not extend. A big bag of snow which she has brought from outside is opened and the chunks are piled into the basin, where, while one watches, it melts down into water.

"*Boutzela! boutzela!*" she cries soon, holding a lighted sliver over the basin to see it by: "it boils." Into the Mongol's pot go our *pelmenes,* to brew for a few moments. An accidentally trenchant description of Siberian *pelmenes* was given on the quaintly worded French bill of fare in the hotel at Irkutsk: "Meat hashed in bullets of dough." They come out, however, a combination of hot soup and dumplings, very welcome after the long cold day's drive across the plains, the frozen marsh, and the rolling hills. The wooden Chinese bowls from the bazaar at Troitzkosavsk are filled now with our hostess's

big ladle, and the application of warmth inwardly gradually thaws the outlying regions of the body.

But there is trouble in camp. Turunga is moved by the peculiar passions of her sex and her age, curiosity and hunger. It does not matter in the least that she has home-made *pelmenes* every two or three days — she wants these particular meat-balls. The little mouth begins to pucker and the eyes to screw up. No amount of knee-riding by the mother takes the place of the *pelmenes*. We fill a heaping ladleful and André furnishes his own bowl. The mother receives it, holding out both her hands cup-fashion as is the etiquette, and Turunga is satisfied.

The mother looks kindly to the stranger and smiles at André, then throws more sticks of the precious firewood on the embers. André has caught, likewise, the not unadmiring glance of the young maid. The girl who waits in Troitzkosavsk is not the only one who appreciates our six-foot Siberian hunter.

The dog barks in the yard, but without the menace which hailed us, and the crunch of a horse's hoofs sounds on the frozen ground outside. The flap opens, with its rush of freezing air. Stooping, there enters a typical Mongolian, squat of figure, round of head, with broad sunbrowned face and a short queue of black hair. He wears a funnel-shaped hat, magenta-colored, and is enveloped in a long *shuba*, with brass buttons down one side like a fencer's jacket. About his waist is a sash with jingling knives and pouches. He is the head of the family, come in from herding his horses. He turns back the long fur-lined cuffs which have protected his gloveless hands, and stretches out both his arms for you to place

your hands over his. It is the man's ceremony of welcome. Then he produces a little porcelain snuff-bottle. This must be received in the palm of the right hand with a bow. It is to be utilized, and passed back. If the herder is out of snuff, the bottle is offered just the same and you must appreciatively pretend to take a pinch. Such is etiquette.

The soup is gone now; the pot, cleaned out for the tea, is again on the boil and leaves are thrown in. André has borrowed a hatchet from his host, and has chopped off a piece of milk, which goes in as well.

It is in order to ask the new arrival, Subadar Jay, to pass his wooden cup for some of the beverage. He takes it and the lump of sugar without a word of thanks. The Mongol language has no expression to signify gratitude. Silence does not, however, mean that he does not appreciate. The dozen pieces of Mongol sandal-sole bread which he gives you later are worth two bricks of tea in open market, and this current medium of exchange — caravan-brought tea — is worth sixty kopecks the brick. No small gift, this bread, to an interloping stranger who is brewing tea by his fire, and camping unasked on his bed. A Tibet-schooled lama knows the Buddhist maxim, "Only accomplish good deed, ask no reward." But the unlettered Mongol layman knows its practice.

Little Turunga has played naked before the fire long enough now; she is caught up; her reluctant feet are put into the boots with pointed upturned toes, and her body into a miniature sheepskin "daily," such as her mother and father wear. The little girl is as smiling and shy and coquettish as any child of white skin and complex clothes.

"Will you sell Turunga for a brick of tea?"

"No, no," says the mother, gathering the little one quickly up into her arms, while the rest of the family smile at the offer and her solicitude. "No, no, not even for ten bricks!"

Everybody laughs, Turunga with the rest, in a child's instinctive knowledge that she is the center of admiring attraction.

Far more petting than the Russian babies get is lavished on the little Mongols. Perhaps the much smaller families (only two or three children to a hut) allow more attention per capita. The mother hands Turunga over to her father, — unheard of in Siberia, — and he plays with the child, giving her pieces of sheep's tail to eat from his mouth, answering her prattle or baby-talk and endless questions. At night, about eight o'clock, the mother takes the child to the couch and they both go to sleep, Turunga cuddled warmly under her mother's *shuba*.

Meanwhile we men sit cross-legged by the fire and talk of many things, — of the pasturage for the sheep, of the snow on the road, of the beauty of the housewife's silver head-plates, of water and roads, of whether or not the Mongol *dokchits* on the altar are like the Gobi wolves that hate Chinese.

It is interesting to note how some of the words used (few, however) have a familiar sound — although there is said to be no common ancestry with the Indo-Germanic tongues; perhaps it is only the instinctive sound-imitation which makes the Mongol baby cry "Mamma" to its mother, as does the child in Chita and in Chicago. "Mine," for instance, is *mina;* "thine" is *tenei.* A horse or mare is *mari.* The word for "it is," "they are," is

beine, a fairly respectable form of the verb "to be" in Chaucer's English.

The grammar is delightfully simple. In the vernacular there is no bothering about singular or plural. "One hut" is *niger gir;* "two huts," *hayur gir*. "Milk" is *su;* and apparently the word for "water" was formed from it — *ou su*. If one wants to know whether it is time to throw in the meat-balls, he says, "*Ou su boutzela?*" with a rising inflection ("Water boils?") and the answer is, "*Boutzela*." The "moon" and a "month" are *sara*, and the years go in cycles of twelve. If one wants to compliment the host on the excellence of the sandal-shaped bread which he hands out, loaded with gray chalky cheese (*hourut*), one says, "Bread good be" (*Boba sein beine*); this gives him great pleasure.

Some of the written numbers are somewhat like ours: 2 and 3 are nearly the same, but they have fallen forward on their faces; 6 has an extra tail. When the teapot overturns, they say "*Harlab!*" to relieve their feelings. There is no word for "so good," "farewell," or "much obliged." These are just squeezed into the heartiness of the final "good" (*sein*). So when one leaves, he holds out both arms, palms up, for the host to put his own upon, and says loudly, "*Sein oh!*" A not unbarren amusement is to study out one's own derivation for some much-explained words. *Tamerlane* is often given as meaning "the lame." Why does it not rather come from *temur* (iron) and mean "man of iron," as the ruler of the Khalka tribe was called Altan Khan, the golden king? The Amur River has *khara-muren* (black water) usually given as its derivative root. Why not the Mongol word *amur*, which means simply "quiet"?

In the hut to-night, while we are comparing mother tongues, the brazier-fire has burned to red brands. The girl reaches into a basket beside the door for pieces of dried camel-dung, and puts them on, that the embers may be fed and live through the night. These *argols* do not smoke; she may close the chimney-hole with the flap of felt, and the hut will be kept somewhat warm through the night. The Mongols prepare for sleep: they take off their boots, and slip their arms from the sleeves of their fur *shubas*, in which they roll themselves up as we in our blankets. But how hardened they are to the cold: a naked arm will project and the robes become loose, but they do not wake.

We keep on all our inner clothing, and roll ourselves about with skins until we are great cocoons. André gives a good-night look to his horses; then he, too, lies down. With our heads beside the altar of the gods, we sleep, in the Mongol's *gir*.

VII

A CORONATION AND THREE WARS

HISTORICAL NOTE

During the nineteenth century Russia slowly but steadily increased her territory in Europe and in Asia. In 1853, Czar Nicholas I made war upon the Turks. France, England, and Sardinia interfered, and a fierce struggle took place in the Crimea, marked by the fall of Sebastopol in 1855. Alexander II ascended the throne in the same year. His reign will be ever memorable for the emancipation of the twenty million Russian serfs. In 1877, the Turkish abuse of Christians and the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria aroused the Powers to demand a reform. This reform Alexander undertook to enforce, and in 1877 he declared war against Turkey. In this war Russia was successful, but the fruits of her victories were greatly lessened by the other nations of Europe, who refused to allow the balance of power to be disturbed by so great gains to Russia.

The reign of Alexander II was marked by a vast expansion of Russian territory in Asia. In spite of the reforms he inaugurated, discontent was rife, and in 1881 the czar fell a victim to a nihilist's bomb.

Meanwhile Russian expansion went forward. The Trans-Siberian Railway, begun in 1891 during the reign of Alexander III, was completed in the reign of his son, Nicholas II, the present czar. A naval base was established at Port Arthur, Manchuria was occupied by Russian troops, and Russia's dream of supremacy on the Pacific seemed in a fair way to be fulfilled. Japan saw with alarm her own visions of supremacy fading before Russian aggression, and prepared for war, which at length broke out in 1904. Russia had expected an easy victory, but the splendid organization of the Japanese army and navy and the immense distance that separated Russia from the seat of warfare were handicaps too great to be overcome, and Japan was steadily successful on both land and sea. By the treaty of peace negotiated at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and signed on September 5, 1905, largely as the result of the persistent efforts of the American President, Theodore Roosevelt, Russia ceded Port Arthur and adjacent territory to Japan, promised to evacuate Manchuria, and recognized the paramount influence of Japan in Korea.

THE CORONATION OF ALEXANDER II

[1855]

BY COUNT VON MOLTKE

[In 1855 Alexander II was crowned Emperor of Russia. Count von Moltke was one of the gentlemen chosen by the German Emperor to attend the German Crown Prince to Russia to witness the festivities.

The Editor.]

The sky favored the celebration of the day by the finest weather. At seven in the morning the city was already deserted, for the crowd had flowed to the Kremlin, whose gates were still closed; they opened to us at eight o'clock.

We found in Their Majesties' antechamber an army of gold-embroidered chamberlains, the high court functionaries with their eight-foot-long golden maces, and all the ladies in the national dress. The color of the *manteaux* is different at different courts — scarlet with gold, silver, blue, amaranth, etc., so that even with the uniform cut there is an agreeable variety in the colors. The head-dress is ornamented according to the wealth and taste of the individual — with gold, diamonds, stones, or pearls.

The only chair was occupied in turn by several very old ladies, who had been standing since seven o'clock, and, from their rich toilets, may have been dressing since four.

At nine o'clock the doors of the imperial rooms were opened; the flock of the chamberlains set itself in mo-

tion; the empress-mother appeared, supported by her two youngest sons. She wore a close crown entirely of diamonds, an ermine mantle of gold material, the train of which was borne by six chamberlains, and which was fastened by a magnificent diamond chain. The slight figure, the cameo profile, the majestic carriage of the illustrious woman, the joyful seriousness of her features, called forth the unconscious admiration of every one. On the previous evening she had assembled all her children and blessed them. She was followed by the hereditary grand duke, the grand dukes and grand duchesses, Prince Frederic William, Prince Frederic of the Netherlands, Alexander of Hesse, and the other royal princes, then their suites, and after us the ladies. The procession passed through the halls of Alexander, Vladimir, and George, which together make a length of about five hundred feet. On the left paraded the Palace Grenadiers, the Chevalier Guards, the Cuirassiers, with shining breastplates, deputations from the other cavalry and infantry regiments — all with standards and flags and bright arms. To the right were all the officers.

Upon the Krasnoi Krytzow, the great outside steps, covered with scarlet cloth that leads from the old Palace of the Czars into the Court of Relics, a baldachin of gold brocade was awaiting the empress. It was supported by eight poles borne by chamberlains and adjutant-generals. It was a beautiful sight in the sun.

Behind the troops stood the bearded populace, with heads uncovered, close together, but without crowding.

The court is surrounded by three principal churches — the Ascension, Archangel, and Annunciation churches; then of Ivan Veliki and a high railing. The tribunes

for the spectators rose nearly to the height of the building, where were seated ladies and gentlemen in their best clothes. All the innumerable bells of Moscow were ringing; but the roaring of the great Wetschewoi (the giant bell of Novgorod), the clashing of the trumpets, and the endless rejoicings of the multitude inside and outside of the court, prevented us from hearing them. The noise of the cannons alone penetrated through the hubbub.

When we reached the bottom of the stairs, I was enabled to turn and get a view of the beautiful procession of ladies descending. When we reached the Uspenski Sabor, we found the diplomatic corps assembled, and took our standing-places on the tribune prepared for us, which rose upon three sides of the cathedral. The fourth side is occupied by the *ikonostase*, behind which the altar is situated. Opposite to this was the throne on a carpeted platform, with two seats under a magnificent baldachin. The empress-mother took a seat especially arranged for her to the right of the throne. The princes stood up on the left.

The church, as I have mentioned before, is small, only able to accommodate a limited number of spectators, and there was perfect order. The sun shone brightly through the windows, and was reflected by the gilding that covered all the walls and pillars up to the dome. So it was bright, and I was near enough to see all the principal transactions.

Then the regalia were brought in by the highest military and civil officials — the imperial banner with the double-eagle of Byzantium, the great seal (a great steel plate without any other ornament), the sword of the

Empire, the coronation robes of both Their Majesties, the imperial globe with a cross belt of great diamonds (Severin served it upon a *drap-d'or* cushion), the scepter with the well-known great Lazaref diamond — which stands second in size only to the Kohinoor (mountain of light), the Prince Regent, and perhaps one or two others — and, finally, the two crowns. The large one of the emperor is formed by a bow from front to back of diamonds, and trimmed with a row of very great pearls. The bow has a cross in which is a ruby of inestimable value. This stone is an inch long, about half an inch wide, and a quarter of an inch thick, but irregular and not cut. From the band around the head rise on either side two covers which fasten on to the bow, so that one sees nothing of the velvet cap that is inside. The band and the sides are entirely of diamonds, of considerable size and the finest water. It glitters with every color in the sun. The empress's crown is similar, but smaller, and it did not seem easy to keep it on the top of her head, where it was fastened with diamond hairpins.

Now the cross was carried from the church toward the approaching emperor, and the Metropolite of Moscow sprinkled his path with holy water. Their Majesties bowed three times toward the gate of the sanctuary, and then took their seats upon the throne; the high church dignitaries filled the space from the throne to the middle door of the *ikonostase;* and the choir struck up the psalm "*Misericordiam.*" I have already written you of the affecting beauty of the Russian church songs, executed by male voices without instrumental accompaniment. They are very old, and have been collected from the East, and differ widely from the poor hymns of the Prot-

estant and from the opera-music of the Catholic Church. The singers are extraordinarily trained, and one hears almost incredible bass voices, which echo with imposing strength from the firm walls and domes of this limited space.

Since Peter I incorporated the patriarchal power, the metropolite is the highest priest of this great empire, at this time the handsome but already decrepit old Philaretes, who crowned the Emperor Nicholas. It is of great importance for a high priest to have a strong bass voice: the voice of the old metropolite could scarcely be heard, when he requested the emperor to say the creed. As soon as this was done, the emperor was invested with the coronation mantle, consisting of the richest gold brocade lined with ermine. He bowed his head, and remained in this position while the metropolite laid his hands on his head and gave two long benedictions. Then the emperor called for the crown, placed it himself upon his head, took the scepter in his right hand, the imperial globe in his left, and seated himself upon the throne. Thereupon the empress stood before him and knelt down. The emperor takes the crown from his head and touches the empress with it, after which she is also invested with mantle and crown, and seats herself on the throne to the left of her spouse.

It was beautiful to see the intense interest with which the stately old empress-mother followed all the ceremonies. Meanwhile her youngest son was always at her side, supported her, wrapped the ermine about her that she might not take cold. The wife of a North American diplomat fainted near me, the Grand Duchess Hèlene fell into the grand duke's arms, but the old mother of the

emperor remained steady. Then she arose and firmly ascended the steps of the throne, the glittering crown upon her head and her gold brocaded mantle trailing behind her. Before all the world she embraced her first-born son and blessed him. The emperor kissed her hands. Then followed the grand dukes and princes with low bows; the emperor embraced them. Meanwhile the "*Domine salvum fac imperatorem*" was sung, all the church-bells were ringing, and hundreds of cannon made the windows tremble. All present bowed low three times. Then the monarch divests himself of the imperial robes, descends from the throne, and kneels to pray. After he has risen, all present kneel or bow their heads to pray for the welfare of the new emperor.

No mortal man has such power in his hands as the absolute monarch of the tenth part of all the inhabitants of the earth, whose scepter reaches over four quarters of the globe, and who rules over Christians and Jews, Mussulmans, and pagans. Why should one not pray to God heartily to enlighten the man whose will is law to sixty millions of people, whose word commands from the Chinese wall to the Weichsel, from the Arctic Ocean to Mount Ararat; for whose call a half-million soldiers wait, and who has just given peace to Europe? May he be successful in the innumerable conquests still to be made in the interior of this great empire, and may he always remain a strong supporter of lawful regulations!

Now followed the "*Te Deum*" and the long mass after the Greek ritual.

At the close of the mass, the emperor descends the steps of the throne without ornaments or arms, and enters the sanctuary through the czar's gate, where he

receives the communion exactly as the priests. The empress receives it afterward outside of the door. Then follows the anointment with oil on the forehead, eyelids, lips, ears, breast, and hands, by the Metropolite of Moscow, from a costly vessel. The Bishops of Novgorod and Moscow wipe off the traces. Their Majesties take their seat again on the throne, and resume their crowns, robes, and the great diamond chain of the Alexander Nevsky Order. From this moment they are the anointed of the Lord, and the ceremony is over.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE SERFS

[1861]

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

Again, sweet bells of the Russias,
  Your voice on the March air fling!
Ring, bells, on the Volga and Dwina,
  Ring, bells, on the Caspian, ring!
O Czar of the North, Alexander,
  Thy justice to those that were least
Now girds thee with strength of the victor,
  And makes thee the lord of the East!

It was midnight on the Finland,
  And, o'er the wastes of snow,
From the crystal lamp of winter
  The lamps of God hung low.
A sea of ice was the Neva,
  In the white light of the stars,
And it locked its arms in silence
  Round the city of the czars.

The palace was mantled in shadow,
  And, dark in the starlit space,
The monolith rose before it
  From its battle-trophied base.
And the cross that crowned the column
  Seemed reaching to the stars,

O'er the white street, wrapped in silence,
Round the palace of the czars.

The chapel's mullioned windows
Are flushed with a sullen light;
Who comes to the sacred altar
In the silence of the night?
What prince with a deep heart-burden
Approaches the altar's stair,
To take the wine and the wafer,
And bow for the help of prayer?

'T is the czar, whose word in the morning
Shall make the Russias free,
From the Neva to the Ural,
From the Steppe to the winter sea;
Who speaks, and a thousand steeples
Ring freedom to every man, —
From the serf on the white Ladoga
To the fisher of Astrakhan.

O faith in Eternal Power!
O faith in Eternal Love!
O faith that looked up to heaven
The promise of ages to prove!
The cross and the crown gleam above him;
He raises his brow from prayer,
The cross of humanity's martyr
Or crown of the hero to wear.

Slept the serf on the Neva and Volga,
Slept the fisher of Astrakhan,

Nor dreamed that the bells of the morning
  Would ring in his rights as a man.
He saw not night's crystal gates open
  To hosts singing carols on high,
He knew not a Bethlehem glory
  Would break with the morn in the sky!

The morn set its jewels of rubies
  In the snows of the turret and spire,
And shone the far sea of the Finland
  A sea of glass mingled with fire.
The Old Guard encircled the place
  With questioning look on each cheek,
And waited the word that the ukase
  To the zone-girdled empire should speak.

The voice of the Russias has spoken;
  Each serf in the Russias is free!
Ring, bells, on the Neva and Volga,
  Ring, bells, on the Caspian Sea!
O Czar of the North, Alexander,
  Thy justice to those that were least
Shall gird thee with strength of the victor,
  Shall make thee the lord of the East.

Again, sweet bells of the Russias,
  Your voice on the March air fling!
Ring, bells, on the Volga and Dwina,
  Ring, bells, on the Caspian, ring!
Thy triumphs of peace, Alexander,
  Outshine all thy triumphs of war,
And thou at God's altar wert grander
  Than throned as the conquering czar!

THE TAKING OF THE VILLAGE

[An incident of the war of 1877 with Turkey]

BY VSYEVOLOD MIKHAILOVITCH GARSHIN

[WENTZEL is drawn as a stern disciplinarian, so savage in his punishments as to be hated by his men. The author hints that they have half-planned to shoot him in the confusion of the battle.

The Editor.]

BEYOND the rising ground which we had to cross were the Turks. We reached the summit of the hill, and a broad stretch of broken ground, gradually sloping downwards, spread out before us, covered here with wheat and maize fields, there, with huge thickets of elms and medlar trees. In two posts shone white minarets; but the villages to which they belonged were hidden behind green hillocks. It was the right-hand village that we were to seize. Beyond it, on the horizon, was a barely visible white band; it was the highroad which our Cossacks had just returned from occupying. Soon the whole scene was hidden from our eyes, for we entered a dense thicket, broken here and there by little glades.

I cannot distinctly remember the beginning of the battle. When we came out on to the open ground at the hilltop, where our companies, emerging from the bushes, and forming into a long chain, were plainly visible to the Turks, we heard the sudden thunder of a cannon shot. They had rifed a grenade at us. Our men started, and all eyes turned to the already fading cloudlet of white

smoke creeping down the hillside. At that moment the sharp whizzing sound of the approaching missile made every one shrink back. It seemed to fly right over our heads, then struck into the ground close beside the company which was marching behind us. I remember the hollow sound of the explosion and the piteous cry that followed. A fragment of the grenade had torn off the leg of a sergeant. This I heard afterwards; but, at the time, I could not understand the cry; my ear received the sound mechanically, and that was all. Everything was swallowed up in that vague feeling, which no words can express, that seizes upon a man the first time he goes under fire. It is said that every one is afraid in battle; that every truthful and modest man, if asked whether he is afraid, will answer "Yes." But this fear was not the physical terror which takes possession of a man when he meets a robber in a lonely lane by night; it was a full, distinct consciousness of the closeness, the inevitableness of death. And, strange as the words sound, this consciousness neither held our men back nor made them think of flight, but led them on. There was no awakening of bloodthirsty instincts, no desire to press forwards in order to kill any one, but an irresistible desire to press forwards at any cost; and the thought in our minds of what we had to do was not — "We must kill," but, rather, "We must die."

We had to cross an open glade, and the Turks took the opportunity to fire several shots at us. Between us and them was now only one large thicket, sloping gradually upwards to the village. We entered into the brushwood, and all grew still.

It was difficult walking; the tall, often thorny, bushes

grew close together, and we had to get round them or force a passage through them. The company of riflemen, which was in front of us, had split up into a chain, and the men softly called to one another every now and then in order not to get separated. Our company, for the present, kept together. Deep silence reigned in the wood.

Suddenly the first rifle shot rang out, not very loud, like the sound of a woodcutter's axe. The Turks began to fire at random in our direction. The balls whistled high in the air in varying notes, and flew noisily through the bushes, tearing off boughs as they passed, but touching no one. The sounds of the breaking boughs grew more and more frequent, till they blended in one continuous crash. We could no longer hear the whistling and hissing of individual balls, the whole air hissed and whistled. We pressed hastily forwards; all near me were unhurt, and I myself was unhurt. This surprised me greatly.

The thicket broke off suddenly, and a deep ravine with a brook ran across the way. We stopped for a moment to rest and drink water.

At this spot the companies were separated, in order that they might fall upon the Turkish forces from both flanks; our company was left in the ravine, as a reserve. The riflemen were to go straight on, and, passing through the bushes, force their way into the village. The Turkish volleys were still crashing, as frequently as before, but louder.

Wentzel, on reaching the top of the ravine on the opposite side, drew up his forces into form. He said something to the men, which I did not catch.

"We'll do our best," answered the voices of the riflemen.

I looked up at him; he was pale, and, I thought, sad, but fairly calm. Catching sight of Ivan Platonych and Stebellov he waved his handkerchief to them, and then turned his eyes to our company, evidently looking for something. I guessed that he wanted to take leave of me, and stood up that he might see me. He smiled, nodded to me several times, and commanded his company to form into a chain. The men separated to right and left in groups of four, drew out into a long chain and, in one moment disappeared among the bushes; all except one man, who suddenly drew himself up violently, flung up his hands and dropped heavily on the ground. Two of our men ran out of the ravine and brought in the body.

Half an hour passed in weary suspense.

The battle grew hotter. The sounds of the volleys became more and more frequent, and then melted into one terrific roar. The cannon began to thunder on the right flank. Bloodstained men, walking or crawling, came out of the bushes; at first there were only a few of them, but with every moment their number increased. Our men helped them down into the ravine, gave them water, and laid them down to wait till the ambulance people should come with litters. A rifleman, with one hand torn into rags, and a face livid with pain and loss of blood, came without any help, but groaning and rolling his eyes fearfully, and sat down by the brook. Our men bound his arm up and laid him on a cloak; the bleeding stopped. He was shaking with fever; his lips were quivering, and he burst out sobbing convulsively, with a nervous catching of the breath.

"Mates. . . mates! . . . Oh, my lads!"

"Many killed?"

"Oh, so many — so many!"

"Is the commander hurt?"

"Not yet. If it weren't for him they'd have driven us back. Ours will win . . . they'll win with him," said the wounded man faintly. "He led us up three times, and they drove us back. Now he's charged again . . . the fourth time. . . . They're in the bivouac . . . their cartridges. . . . Oh . . . it's just raining bullets! . . . No!" he cried out with sudden fierceness, half rising and gesticulating with his wounded hand; "you shan't get off so! . . . You shan't!"

The man rolled his eyes frantically, shrieked out a horrible, brutal oath, and fell back insensible.

Lukin appeared at the top of the ravine.

"Ivan Platonych!" he shouted in a voice not like his own; "bring up your men."

Smoke, thundering crashes, moans, a frenzied "Hurrah!" . . . the stench of blood and powder . . . Strange, unknown, white-faced people wrapped in smoke . . . A horrible, inhuman butchery . . . God be thanked that such moments are remembered but dimly, as through a mist!

When we came up, Wentzel was leading what remained of his company for a fifth charge against the Turkish hail of bullets. That time the riflemen succeeded in forcing their way into the village. Not many of the Turks defending the spot had time to escape. The second company of riflemen lost, during two hours' fighting, *fifty-two* out of a little over a hundred; our com-

pany, which took only a small part in the action, had few losses.

We did not remain in occupation of the position gained, although the Turks were completely routed. When our general saw battalion after battalion, with masses of cavalry and long trains of cannon, come out upon the highroad, he was horror-stricken at their numbers. Evidently the Turks had not known what forces we had, as we were hidden by the bushes; had they guessed that a mere fourteen battalions had driven them from the deep-cut roads, gullies, and high fences surrounding the village, they would have come back and crushed us. Their numbers were three times greater than ours.

By evening we were back again at our old quarters. Ivan Platonych called me in to tea.

"Have you seen Wentzel?" he asked.

"Not yet."

"Go into his tent and make him come here, will you? The man 's breaking his heart. 'Fifty-two! Fifty-two!' that 's all we can get out of him. Do go to him."

Wentzel's tent was dimly lighted up by one scrap of candle. He was crouching down in a corner, with his head laid on an old box, and sobbing bitterly.

THE CAPTURE OF A REDOUBT

[An incident of the war of 1877 with Turkey]

BY VASILI VASILEVICH VERESHCHAGIN

[The Grivitsa Redoubt was one of the fortifications of Plevna. At this place the Russians were repulsed, but later were successful.

The Editor.]

The two were exchanging remarks in regard to the intended action, as they rode up the hill, when suddenly there was a cry from behind, "Make way, make way!"

The two officers had barely time to put spurs into their horses and spring aside into the bush, when the czar, seated in a carriage drawn by four black horses, dashed by at a rapid trot. He returned their salute graciously, and quickly disappeared along with his suite.

On the top of the hill there were preparations for divine service; the altar had been erected in a large green tent, and Vladimir gazed upon the scene with deep interest. The emperor and the commander-in-chief were saying their prayers at the entrance of this tent, standing out in relief against the somber background of Plevna and the other forts; behind those two were the most distinguished persons of the army, with a great following of younger officers, and stretching farther still behind these knelt the remainder absorbed in prayer.

The voice of the priest was borne to his ears mingled with the rattling of small arms and the thundering of the big guns; he besought the Almighty to send down

victory; the heavens are of the same color as lead. The rain persists; suddenly in the center of the line is heard a terrific noise of musketry, which arrests the attention of every one. How could this happen, and why so soon? Every one knew that according to the dispositions made, the battle was not to begin until three o'clock; apparently there had been some misunderstanding. The commander-in-chief called an adjutant and ordered him to ride over and find out the reason of this untimely shooting.

After the service there was a luncheon, at which the czar drank the health of his brave army — a toast which was greeted by all present with a loud shout of hurrah.

The battle-field lay blanketed under a white mist, caused by the smoke from innumerable rifles and pieces of artillery; for a time also one could notice smaller bits of smoke from the distant Turkish batteries on the left wing, but soon these also disappeared, and nothing was heard but shouts: *Hurrah, hurrah*, and *Allah, Allah!* sounds that were taken up by thousands upon thousands of voices — the signal that the butchery was going on. The commander-in-chief presented Vladimir to the czar, in order that he might report upon what he had seen in his ride to the Danube.

As he was retiring from the czar's presence, with his hand to his cap, he was arrested by the cordial greeting, "Why, my good fellow-countryman, how are you?" and his hands were seized in the affectionate grasp of the dear old Prince Suvoroff; for the family of Vladimir were also landed proprietors in the district of Novgorod, where the prince was born.

"Bless me, what an age since we have been together!"

The elder officer kissed the younger one repeatedly. He then began to tell him about Verkhovtseff, whom he knew. "A good sort; he is an excellent soldier, and sets a good example everywhere; but the fellow will not allow himself to get well; he has three wounds, but will not bandage them; the surgeon is wretched; he is an odd fish, but a thorough good fellow, and with it all would you believe that he is nothing but a scribbler?"

Immediately afterwards, his patron, Count A., who had also been standing near, greeted Vladimir, —

"Well, what news of your father?"

Vladimir gave him the affectionate greeting of his family, and the latest news.

"Only recently I had news, but he scarcely mentions you; however, reading between the lines, I see that he and your mother are much concerned about you."

Vladimir blushed, and smiled his acknowledgments. Prince Charles of Roumania, who was also at headquarters, honored him with a few words, spoke about the regiments he had seen in the field, and matters of cognate interest.

Two other generals of great influence, whom Vladimir had met at the house of Count A., shook hands cordially with him and made a few jovial remarks.

All eyes were therefore directed at Vladimir, when he returned to his comrades after having been so conspicuously noticed by the principal people at headquarters. Good will and envy were blended in the emotions he inspired; those who had already greeted him, now hastened to give him still more cordial welcome. Those who had not seen him yesterday nearly smothered him with their affectionate embraces.

The czar sat motionless upon his camp-chair; close to him and rather behind him sat on a similar chair the commander-in-chief; behind these, in two rows, the senior officers of his suite, the Generals Milyutin, Count Adlerberg, Prince Suvoroff, and others; here also was the Prince of Roumania; several of the suite seated themselves on the damp grass; all kept their glasses in constant use, and only rarely were remarks exchanged. The grand duke stood up to salute a portion of the army, consisting of reserves; the soldiers answered cheerily, "Long life to Your Imperial Majesty."

"You look like good fighters," shouted His Majesty to them.

"We are happy to serve Your Majesty."

From the point occupied by the headquarters it was not possible to see either the Roumanians or the Russian regiments of the right wing. They were attacking the fortifications of Grivitsa. Prince Charles of Roumania rode down with his officers to where he could see Grivitsa; behind them strode the old Skobeleff, with several officers, amongst whom was Vladimir. They scattered themselves in the bush, where off and on a shell exploded; they could observe distinctly the operations of the right wing, which was moving forward to the attack in a snaky line. At one time the line broke into pieces, at another it closed up once more, sometimes the inequality of the country, combined with the artillery fire, made great gaps, which closed up as the line proceeded.

Shouts of hurrah arose, and one could readily feel that this great line had a heart and that this heart was beating.

But what has happened to the works of Grivitsa?

They had remained silent so long during the bombardment of the previous day that many had been deceived on that account. Yesterday it was reported as quite certain that there was a complete want of ammunition and guns — and now suddenly the whole of that fortified place is belching forth shot and shell with deadly fury; obviously they had determined not to waste their ammunition; every moment showed a white puff of smoke there, followed by a bursting shell in the ranks of our regiments. A shell would fall; a little cloud of smoke would rise; all sprang to one side in frightened expectation that it would burst. A score of men were knocked over, some were merely stunned, and again ran forward to join the storming column; of those who were wounded by the fragments, some were able to raise themselves, and, by the aid of their rifles, drag themselves to the rear, where they found shelter; the other wounded had to wait until the ambulance men came with their stretchers.

Vladimir could see distinctly how the Roumanian regiments moved out into the open beyond the works; they advanced with loud cries. Some, with conspicuous bravery, sprang into the ditches, and even attempted to climb up the parapet; but the great mass of them did not follow. They sought shelter in the ditch, shouted and screamed, but did not go forward. The slightest movement of the head or hand brought death or serious wound, for the bullets poured down like hail.

"And so that is the way fortresses are stormed," thought Vladimir to himself. He saw this sort of thing for the first time, and felt a species of disillusion. Everything was so terribly simple and human; not at all as it had been described and as he had imagined it. And yet

he could not help congratulating himself that he had not been forced to take part in the storming of the Grivitsa, and to lead troops over this inhospitable ground which was furrowed by the furious cannonade.

He sees a few human forms standing out like black specks against the sky as a background; They are leaping out of the ditch and moving backward, some slowly, others more quickly; then followed a mass of humanity, crawling out of the big ditch for all the world like a swarm of ants. They were scrabbling with their hands and their feet, and when barely erect, rushed away down the hill to where the danger was less. The enemy follow them with their rifle shots, as rapidly as they can load. Vladimir could at first make nothing of all this; he understood it only when a loud voice near him shouted, "We are beaten." Again he thought to himself, "And so this is what is meant by being beaten; how very simple it all is; not at all according to current accounts."

He turned instinctively to Prince Charles of Roumania.

His Highness was so excited that his legs trembled beneath him.

"My horse! my horse! I must ride over there immediately; quick — bring me my horse," he commanded, jerking the words out rapidly.

"How very much excited your prince is," remarked one of our officers to the Roumanian colonel after the prince had gone.

"He knows that a retreat will be a bad thing for him," answered the colonel, without removing the field glass from his eye; "they would drive him out of Roumania."

Our regiments were literally buried under the weight of shells, and also were forced to retire without having carried the breastworks of the fortification. The heights on this side were very slippery, and our soldiers were completely exposed to the Turks.

"Shoot as you please!"

The columns moved evidently more slowly, the ranks were broken by the fire of the enemy, and, what was of more importance still, they could not quickly enough form again; the shouts of hurrah weakened; they became intermittent; in fact, they soon ceased to encourage, they acted rather as a warning. Some retired, but the greater mass stood undecided, and kept on shouting; shells fell in the midst of them and exploded with frightful effect, knocked down many soldiers, and finally sapped away their courage; all now beat a retreat, the cool heads more slowly, the frightened ones ran with all their might.

The czar soon made his appearance with his suite; the Turks, however, noticed the group immediately, and shot twice with such precision that the commander-in-chief begged His Majesty not to expose his life any further, but to retire.

About five o'clock Vladimir noticed below him on the left a horseman wearing a hat with a tremendous brim; when the smoke cleared away for a moment he was seen to dismount and come nearer; he proved to be Lieutenant Greene, the military *attaché* of the United States; he had just come from the battle-field, and reported that in that portion of the army everything had been defeated, the soldiers had retreated, worn out bodily and morally, and there was no hope to be held out that they could

again be led against the enemy with success. The forces at disposal were completely inadequate for the taking of the works, which were tremendously fortified, to say nothing of the slopes being smooth and very slippery.

He was begged to ride on and report what he had seen to His Majesty. It was now getting dark, the rattling of the small arms diminished, and the artillery also slackened. The czar left the field with his suite, the commander-in-chief decided to spend the night here in order to be near the battle-field. The firing from Grivitsa, by the way, lasted longer than that at other points.

Night came on, the fine, persistent rain fell, fires were lighted at only a few points, there was very little talk, still less laughing or joking. From the commander-in-chief down, all did their best to pass the night as well as they could; they made use of wagons and carts of every description, some even having to sleep underneath them.

Vladimir entered the wagon of Colonel Assenkan, and considered himself very lucky in the prospect of keeping warm and having a night's rest; but the gallant colonel, who up to this moment had held his peace, now commenced in a thin, piping tone, to render airs from "Traviata" and "Trovatore" — it was not the impulse of the nightingale which made the colonel tuneful at this hour. It was rather a desire to dissipate the impression of their sad situation. Vladimir, however, much as he tried, could not get to sleep. Finally, when his host had composed himself, he slipped unobserved out of the wagon and joined some officers and Cossacks at a neighboring camp fire, for he was convinced that for that night, at least, he could enjoy no sleep.

He gazed at the group lighted up by the camp fire, and thought unconsciously what a group for a painter.

Seats were improvised from all sorts of things; here a saddle, there a cloak, there a bunch of wood destined for the fire; most of them, however, lay on the grass. Those who were not reclining stood up with their faces or their backs to the fire, their legs stretched apart. There was some subdued laughing and chaffing, but pains were taken not to awaken the commander-in-chief, who lay asleep in his wagon not far off.

Suddenly a voice fell upon the ears of Vladimir — a sharp and loud one. He recognized that of General Timur.

"Your Highness."

"What do you wish?"

"The Grivitsa redoubt is taken."

COALING AT SEA

[1905]

BY COMMANDER VLADIMIR SEMENOFF, OF THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN NAVY

[COMMANDER SEMENOFF was on the Suvoroff, a vessel of the Russian fleet that rounded the Cape of Good Hope in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904–05.

The Editor.]

ON November 12, at 8 P.M., we arrived at Dakar. Colliers were awaiting us here; still, we were not able to commence coaling at once, although we were in the territory of our good allies. No sooner had we anchored than the captain of the port came off to see the admiral, but not — alas! — to welcome us and to offer us his assistance, but to propose that we should leave again at once. He informed us that Japan had protested against belligerent warships, on their way to the seat of war, being permitted to coal in neutral ports; that England had energetically supported this protest; and that the French Government had apparently *not* decided to reject this new principle in international law. At least he had orders to find some way out of this difficulty, to select and indicate to us some spot for coaling outside territorial waters, but in any case not to permit this operation to be commenced, without having previously arrived at an understanding with Paris. Personally, he placed himself entirely at our disposal, and in this he was evidently quite sincere. (This was very much like the

reception accorded to the Diana at Saigon: the warmest welcome on the part of the local authorities and cold reserve on the part of the home government.) The governor promised assistance of all kinds, offered to send us not only fresh provisions, but, if necessary, workmen — only we were to go.

Where to? To the Cape Verde Islands, for instance? There the depth of water made it possible to anchor outside territorial waters, that is, beyond three miles from the coast.

We who had just come in from sea knew very well what a swell we should find there. Under these conditions coaling was not to be thought of.

The admiral stated categorically that since coaling in the open sea was impossible, and sailing without coaling was equally impossible, the prohibition to coal in Dakar roads was equivalent to a demand for the disarming of any of the vessels belonging to one of the belligerents which might enter a neutral port; that this, however, was contrary to all declarations of neutrality. This brought things to a head.

Telegrams flew to St. Petersburg and to Paris.

In the afternoon it was announced that the negotiations were taking a favorable turn for us; we therefore took advantage of the great distance between our anchorage and the French settlement on shore, from where one could not "see clearly" what was going on in the squadron, hauled the colliers alongside, and started coaling.

The reception we met with at Vigo, and again here, in the port of an allied power, forced us to consider very

seriously what should be done as regarded the voyage of the squadron round the Cape of Good Hope. Our next stop was to be at Libreville, a French colony, forty miles north of the Equator, situated at the mouth of the Gaboon River, in which water was plentiful. If we entered it, we were as snug as in any secure port, but, unfortunately, the French local authorities had definite orders, according to information received thence, not to allow us to enter the river at all.

At the same time it was pointed out that the depth of water at a distance of over three miles from the shore (that is, outside territorial waters) was generally from ten to twelve fathoms, and that if we were to anchor there (that is, in the open sea), we should not only not be prevented from coaling, but would receive every possible assistance. That was truly French — and amiable; at the same time, it did not commit them to anything. It was just as if one said to a hungry man sitting under an apple tree: "I have no right to pick even *one* apple for you, but if one should drop off, eat it by all means; I would even peel it for you."

It must, however, be pointed out that November is the month of the most variable weather at Libreville. Calms predominate, but from time to time there are violent storms, with lightning and thunder (tornadoes), which in strength are hardly inferior to the West Indian hurricanes, and which, though they do not last so long as these, are more frequent. Apart from the danger of the tornado itself, a heavy swell continues for a long time afterwards. In short, coaling "at sea," near the Gaboon, could in no way be looked upon as a certainty.

The next stop (one thousand and odd miles south

of Gaboon) was to be in Great Fish Bay — a very large bay, which offers perfect protection against the prevailing winds and the swell. Neither on the shores of the bay, nor for hundreds of miles around, is there a tree, or a bush, or a single fresh-water spring — nothing but sand. Without doubt, one could not imagine a better place for our squadron, hunted out of every port. But in our days no "no man's land" can be found anywhere on the globe, and this desert belongs officially to the Portuguese. If an English squadron were to appear in the bay, bringing a Portuguese official, from the neighboring town of Benguela, and he were to request us to leave, then, in case we declined, the English were undoubtedly entitled to place their forces at his disposal for action against us, as we should be transgressing the neutrality rules which had recently been formulated. How would this end ? — It does not pay to foretell the future. Come what may, this place, also, could hardly be thought of for coaling purposes.

On the entire west coast of Africa, there was only one spot on which we counted with certainty: Angra Pequeña, seven hundred and odd miles south of Great Fish Bay, the only harbor of the German colony on that coast. When it is considered that our coal was delivered to us by the steamers of the Hamburg-America Line, we were surely entitled to count upon not meeting with any obstacles there (and in this we were not deceived).

After that, Madagascar. *Ni plus, ni moins*, as all other anchorages which were suitable for our purposes belonged to the English, whilst Delagoa Bay, which had been thought of when the route was being planned, belonged to Portugal, which came to the same thing.

The possibility of coaling at sea — in the regions of the southwest trades, southeast trades, and the westerly gales — was of course out of the question. The point to be decided therefore was: Should we turn back, or continue with the prospects of having to fill up the new battleships, with, say, twenty-four hundred tons of coal each, as against the normal stowage of eleven hundred? Now the Technical Committee had found that these ships, which already drew two and one-half feet more than was intended, gave cause for anxiety when their bunkers were filled up to extreme stowage, and had informed the admiral accordingly. In consequence of this communication the admiral had issued on October 14 a general memorandum, in which it was laid down that "to insure a safe metacentric height, the following was to be observed by the ships concerned: (1) To avoid stowing liquids in the free spaces in such a manner that these would be able to move when the ship rolled; thus, for instance, boiler water should be used up in rotation, that is, no water was to be taken out of one compartment, until the preceding one was empty. (2) All objects of any considerable weight were to be securely lashed. (3) Coal was to be used in such a manner, that, as it was taken out of the lower bunkers, a like amount was to be moved down from the upper to the lower bunkers. (4) In heavy weather all ports and other openings in the ship's side were to be closed."

I beg pardon of my "shore-going" readers for citing this order, which can hardly be either interesting or even intelligible to them, but which speaks volumes for those familiar with the sea.

Thus the question to be decided, put bluntly, was:

"Either turn back, for there is nothing to be had here, or risk capsizing."

Turn back — easier said than done. How was such a thing conceivable, since "the whole of Russia was looking upon us with confidence and in firm hope."

Here the enormous difference which exists between a general commanding an army, and an admiral commanding a fleet showed itself clearly. In the case of the former there cannot, under any circumstances, be any question of his personal bravery. If he were to declare that he did not consider himself justified in sending the troops confided to his care to certain destruction, one could accuse him of anything one pleased, but never of personal cowardice. With the admiral it is just the opposite. He is on board his flagship, on which the adversary concentrates his fire, in the very center of the danger, he is the first to risk his skin. If he were to say that he did not want to lead his squadron to certain destruction, it would always be possible (whether rightly or wrongly is another question) to hurl at his head the terrible words: "You are afraid!"

Now judge for yourselves; when Russia was in this mood, when it "looked with confidence and in firm hope on the Second Squadron," would it have been possible for the officer commanding this squadron to have spoken of turning back? And so he decided to go ahead, and disregarding the warning of the Technical Committee, to fill up the ships with coal — as it was expressed in the mess — not only "up to the neck, but over the ears."

At Dakar the battleships of the Borodino type were ordered to take on board twenty-two hundred tons of coal, which meant that not only the belt deck or flats,

but the main deck as well had to be used as stowage places. The admiral signed and issued a general memorandum, drafted by the constructor on the staff, in which the manner of carrying out this unusual operation was laid down very precisely, and all precautionary measures, which were considered necessary, both in taking on board and in using up this "deck cargo" were prescribed.

The constructor on the staff, P—— (an excellent messmate, who enjoyed universal sympathy), was extremely busy, went from ship to ship, and finally assembled the other constructors for a consultation on board the Suvoroff.

"Well, and what do *you* think of it?"

"If there is no help for it, then we must manage it somehow," he said.

"Shall we capsize?"

"No, at least probably not, if the maindeck ports keep out the water. Let us hope we shan't get a strong head wind, for then things will be very bad for us. When the maindeck ports no longer hold and the water pours in — then good-bye."

During the night of November 12–13, the governor received instructions from Paris to permit us to coal, but only on condition that the operation was to be completed in twenty-four hours. As a matter of course, this period commenced with the moment of receiving this decision; that was 4 A.M.

November 13 was the first day of our "coal troubles." We afterwards went through many such days, but this first one was especially heavy.

In Dakar, as in the tropics generally, all signs of life

cease between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M. The government offices are closed; the shops do not sell anything; the troops do not leave their barracks; the European workmen interrupt their work; every one not only seeks protection in the shade against the sun's scorching rays, but endeavors to move as little as possible in the shade, as every movement produces profuse perspiration. These rules were observed by people who, to a certain degree at least, had become acclimatized and accustomed to this life; but for us there were none of these conveniences. For us rapid coaling was one of the first conditions of life; every one took part in this, beginning with the captain; the ship's company worked in two watches, night and day. In a flat calm, and with the thermometer never under 90° F., the Suvoroff was completely smothered in a cloud of coal dust for twenty-nine hours on end. The sun's rays by day, those of the electric light by night, could hardly penetrate this black fog. From the bottom of the colliers' holds the sun had the appearance of a blood-red spot. Blacker than niggers, streaming with perspiration, lumps of cotton-waste between their teeth (it was necessary to breathe through the cotton-waste to avoid getting the coal dust into the lungs), officers and men were at work in this hell. And nowhere could one hear the slightest grumbling, not even a hint that after all there was some limit to human endurance. Extraordinary-looking creatures — black and streaming with moisture — ran up to the bridge every now and then, "only for one minute, for a breath of fresh air," quickly asked the signalman: "How are we getting on? How much was it for the last hour? Are we ahead of the others?" and disappeared again below at once.

And what went on in the closed-in coal-bunkers, where the coal had to be stowed, as it shot down from above? Where the temperature was 115° F.? Where the strongest and healthiest could not stand it for more than fifteen or twenty minutes! No one inquired. It was necessary, there was no help for it. The work was kept at boiling point. It happened every now and then that one of the workers could no longer keep on his legs. He was then quickly carried out, the fire hose turned on him, and when he had recovered his breath, he returned to complete his task.

VIII
LIFE IN MODERN RUSSIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

One sixth of the land surface of the world, a territory nearly three times as large as the United States exclusive of Alaska, is ruled over by the Czar of Russia. This territory contains a population of about 150,000,000.

During recent years Russia has been greatly disturbed within her own boundaries. The Russian persecutions of the Jews and the numerous massacres of these people have aroused the wrath and indignation of the world. The Government's determination to repress the ever growing desire of the people for political freedom has led to the imprisonment, exile, and execution of thousands of men and women, many of them young students. The most rigorous attempts at repression have only served to increase the discontent; the agitators, deprived of the right of speech, have fallen back on assassination, and many high officials have fallen victims to the "Terrorists." Strikes have prevailed, and when on "Red Sunday," in 1905, the strikers attempted to march to the Winter Palace and submit their grievances to the czar himself, they were fired upon by the imperial troops. All Russia seethed with discontent, and the czar and his advisers, thoroughly alarmed, conceded the right of the people to have some voice in their own government by the creation of a douma, or parliament. When brought to the test of use, the rights granted by the Government were found to be hedged about with so many restrictions as to render them of little value. Nevertheless, some degree of freedom has been obtained.

THE RACES ON THE NEVA RIVER[1]

[1870]

BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

We came down upon the ice by a broad wooden slope, between the bronze lions of the quay, whose pedestals, when the river is open, mark the landing-place.

On the day which I am describing, the sky had not that keen, intense color which it assumes when the cold reaches zero. An immense canopy of cloud of a very soft and fine pearl gray, holding snow suspended, hung over the city [St. Petersburg], and seemed to rest upon the towers and spires as upon pillars of gold. This quiet and neutral tint set off to unusual advantage the buildings with their delicate coloring relieved by fillets of silvery snow. In front we saw across the river, looking like a valley half filled by avalanches, the columns of red granite ornamented with prows of ships, which stand near the classic exchange. At the point of the island which divides the Neva into two streams, the needle of the fortress raised its aspiring golden point, rendered yet more vivid by the gray tint of the sky.

The course — with its board stands, and its track marked out by ropes attached to stakes set in the ice, and by artificial hedges of fir branches — stretched diagonally across the river. The crowd of people and carriages is immense. Privileged persons occupied the

[1] From Gautier's *A Winter in Russia*, by permission of Henry Holt and Company.

stands, if it be a privilege to remain stationary in the cold in an open gallery! Around the track are crowded, two or three deep, sledges, troikas, open carriages, and even simple telegas, and other vehicles more or less primitive; for no restriction seems to hamper this public amusement: the river is free to all. Men and women, in order to have a better view, turn out their coachmen, and stand upon the seats and the boxes. Nearer the barriers are the mujiks in their sheepskin touloupes and felt boots, soldiers in gray capotes, and other persons who have not been able to secure a better place. All this crowd, astir like a mighty ant-hill on the icy floor of the Neva, was a scene not to be witnessed without anxiety, — by me at least; for I could not forget that a deep river, as large, at least, as the Thames at London Bridge, flowed beneath this frozen crust, two or three feet deep at most, upon which was the weight of thousands of people closely crowded together, and a great number of horses, not to mention equipages of every description. But the Russian winter is to be depended on — it never plays the trick of opening trapdoors under the crowd and swallowing them up.

Outside the course, jockeys were exercising the horses who had not yet been on the track; or leading about, to cool them gradually under their Persian rugs, the noble animals who had furnished their share of the day's amusement.

The track is a kind of lengthened ellipse; the sledges do not start abreast, but are stationed at equal intervals; these intervals diminishing or increasing according to the speed of the horses. Two sledges take their position in front of the stands, and two others at the extremities

of the ellipse, awaiting the signal of departure. Sometimes a man on horseback gallops at the side of the horse to stimulate him through rivalry to the utmost exertion. The horse in the sledge only trots, but his pace is sometimes so rapid that the other can hardly keep up with him, and once under good headway, abandons him to his own impulse. Many drivers, sure of their animals, scorn to employ this resource, and make the race alone. Any horse who breaks into a gallop loses his chance, if he makes more than six bounds before being brought back to the prescribed gait.

It is marvelous to see these splendid creatures, for whom wild prices are often paid, spin along over the level ice, which, swept clear of snow, is like a belt of dull-colored glass. The vapor comes from their scarlet nostrils in long jets; their flanks are bathed in a kind of mist, and their tails seem powdered with diamond dust. The nails in their shoes bite into the level and slippery surface, and they devour the distance with the same proud security with which they would tread the best-kept roads of a park. The drivers, leaning backward, grasp the reins with their utmost strength; for horses so powerful as these, having only a light weight behind them, and not allowed to break into a gallop, require to be restrained rather than urged. And they find, too, in this tension, a point of support which allows them to abandon themselves to their headlong pace. What prodigious steps these creatures take, looking as if they would bite their knees!

I could not discover that any special conditions regarding age or weight were imposed upon the contestants, only an amount of speed in a fixed time, measured

by a chronometer, — or, at least, so it appeared to me. Occasionally, troikas enter the lists against sledges having one or two horses. Each man selects the vehicle and number of horses which seem best to suit him. Sometimes even a spectator, who has been sitting in his sledge and looking on, will take a fancy to try his luck, — and forthwith he enters the lists.

At the race which I am describing, a very picturesque incident occurred. A mujik, — from Vladimir, it was said, — who had come into the city bringing wood or frozen provisions, stood looking on from the height of his rustic troika. He was clad in the usual greasy touloupe, with an old matted fur cap, and felt boots white with hard service; a beard unkempt and lusterless bristled upon his chin. He had a team of three little horses, disheveled, wild-looking, shaggy as bears, frightfully filthy, with icicles hanging down underneath them, carrying their heads low, and biting at the snow heaped up in masses on the river. A douga like a Gothic window, painted with glaring colors in stripes and zigzags, was the part of the equipage on which most care had been bestowed — doubtless was the work of the mujik's own hatchet.

This wild and primitive equipage offered the strangest possible contrast to the luxurious sledges, the triumphant troikas, and all the other elegant vehicles which stood drawn up along the edges of the track. More than one laughing glance ridiculed the humble troika. And, to tell the truth, in this brilliant scene it had much the same effect as a spot of wheel-grease on an ermine mantle.

But the little horses, whose hair was all matted with

frozen sweat, looked out scornfully through their stiffened, shaggy forelocks at the high-bred animals that seemed to shrink away from contact with them, — for animals — like the rest of us! — feel a contempt for poverty. A gleam of fire shone in their somber eyes, and they struck the ice with the small shoes attached to their slender, sinewy legs, bearded like an eagle's quills.

The mujik, standing upon the seat, contemplated the course, without appearing in the least surprised by the prowess of the horses. Now and then, even, a faint smile gleamed below the frozen crystals of his mustache, his gray eyes sparkled mischievously, and he seemed to say: "We, too, could do as much."

Taking a sudden resolve, he entered the lists to try his luck. The three little unlicked bears shook their heads proudly, as if they understood that they were to maintain the honor of the poor horse of the steppes, and, without being urged, they went off at such a pace that everybody else on the track began to take the alarm; they went like the wind, with their little, slender limbs, and they carried off the victory from all the others, — thoroughbreds of English race, barbs, and Orloff horses, — by a minute and some seconds! The mujik had not presumed too much upon his rustic steeds.

The prize was adjudged to him, a magnificent piece of chased silver by Vaillant, the most fashionable goldsmith in St. Petersburg. This triumph excited a noisy enthusiasm among the crowd usually so silent and so calm.

As the conqueror came off, he was surrounded by amateurs, proposing to buy his three horses; they went so far as to offer him three thousand rubles apiece, an

enormous sum for beasts and man both. To his credit be it said, the mujik persistently refused. He wrapped his piece of silver in a fragment of old cloth, climbed upon his troika, and went back as he came, not willing at any price to part from the good little creatures who had made him for the moment the lion of St. Petersburg.

A LITTLE JEWISH GIRL IN RUSSIA

BY MARY ANTIN

["THE PALE" is a strip of land stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, running chiefly through the Polish provinces. Save by special privilege, no Jew is allowed to make his home elsewhere than within this Pale.

The Editor.]

THE Gentiles used to wonder at us because we cared so much about religious things — about food and Sabbath and teaching the children Hebrew. They were angry with us for our obstinacy, as they called it, and mocked us and ridiculed the most sacred things. There were wise Gentiles who understood. These were educated people, like Fedora Pavlovna, who made friends with their Jewish neighbors. They were always respectful, and openly admired some of our ways. But most of the Gentiles were ignorant. There was one thing, however, the Gentiles always understood, and that was money. They would take any kind of bribe, at any time. They expected it. Peace cost so much a year, in Polotzk. If you did not keep on good terms with your Gentile neighbors, they had a hundred ways of molesting you. If you chased their pigs when they came rooting up your garden, or objected to their children maltreating your children, they might complain against you to the police, stuffing their case with false accusations and false witnesses. If you had not made friends with the police, the case might go to court; and there you lost before the trial was called, unless the judge had reason to befriend you.

The cheapest way to live in Polotzk was to pay as you went along. Even a little girl understood that.

In your father's parlor hung a large colored portrait of Alexander III. The czar was a cruel tyrant — oh, it was whispered when doors were locked and shutters tightly barred, at night — he was a Titus, a Haman, a sworn foe of all Jews — and yet his portrait was seen in a place of honor in your father's house. You knew why. It looked well when police or government officers came on business.

The czar was always sending us commands, — you shall not do this and you shall not do that, — till there was very little left that we might do, except pay tribute and die. One positive command he gave us: You shall love and honor your emperor. In every congregation a prayer must be said for the czar's health, or the chief of police would close the synagogue. On a royal birthday every house must fly a flag, or the owner would be dragged to a police station and be fined twenty-five rubles.[1] A decrepit old woman, who lived all alone in a tumble-down shanty, supported by the charity of the neighborhood, crossed her paralyzed hands one day when flags were ordered up, and waited for her doom, because she had no flag. The vigilant policeman kicked the door open with his great boot, took the last pillow from the bed, sold it, and hoisted a flag above the rotten roof.

The czar always got his dues, no matter if it ruined a family. There was a poor locksmith who owed the czar three hundred rubles, because his brother had escaped from Russia before serving his time in the army. There

[1] A ruble is worth fifty-one and one half cents.

was no such fine for Gentiles, only for Jews; and the whole family was liable. Now the locksmith never could have so much money, and he had no valuables to pawn. The police came and attached his household goods, everything he had, including his bride's trousseau; and the sale of the goods brought thirty-five rubles. After a year's time the police came again, looking for the balance of the czar's dues. They put their seal on everything they found. . . .

Many bitter sayings came to your ears if you were a little girl in Polotzk. "It is a false world," you heard, and you knew it was so, looking at the czar's portrait, and at the flags. "Never tell a police officer the truth," was another saying, and you knew it was good advice. That fine of three hundred rubles was a sentence of lifelong slavery for the poor locksmith, unless he could free himself by some trick. As fast as he could collect a few rags and sticks, the police would be after them.

Business really did not pay, when the price of goods was so swollen by taxes that the people could not buy. The only way to make business pay was to cheat — cheat the government of part of the duties. Playing tricks on the czar was dangerous, with so many spies watching his interests. People who sold cigarettes without the government seal got more gray hairs than banknotes out of their business. The constant risk, the worry, the dread of a police raid in the night, and the ruinous fines, in case of detection, left very little margin of profit or comfort to the dealer in contraband goods. "But what can one do?" the people said, with that shrug of the shoulders that expresses the helplessness of the Pale. "What can one do? One must live."

It was not so easy to live, with such bitter competition as the congestion of population made inevitable. There were ten times as many stores as there should have been, ten times as many tailors, cobblers, barbers, tinsmiths. A Gentile, if he failed in Polotzk, could go elsewhere, where there was less competition. A Jew could make the circle of the Pale only to find the same conditions as at home. Outside the Pale he could only go to certain designated localities, on payment of prohibitive fees, which were augmented by a constant stream of bribes; and even then he lived at the mercy of the local chief of police.

Artisans had the right to reside outside the Pale on fulfillment of certain conditions which gave no real security. Merchants could buy the right of residence outside the Pale, permanent or temporary, on conditions which might at any time be changed. I used to picture an uncle of mine on his Russian travels, hurrying, hurrying, to finish his business in the limited time; while the policeman marched behind him, ticking off the days and counting up the hours. That was a foolish fancy, but some of the things that were done in Russia really were very funny.

Perhaps I should not have had so many foolish fancies if I had not been so idle. If they had let me go to school — but of course they did n't. There was one public school for boys, and one for girls, but Jewish children were admitted in limited numbers — only ten to a hundred; and even the lucky ones had their troubles.

First, you had to have a tutor at home, who prepared you, and talked all the time about the examination you would have to pass, till you were scared. You heard on

all sides that the brightest Jewish children were turned down if the examining officers did not like the turn of their noses. You went up to be examined with the other Jewish children, your heart heavy about that matter of your nose. There was a special examination for the Jewish candidates, of course: a nine-year-old Jewish child had to answer questions that a thirteen-year-old Gentile was hardly expected to answer. But that did not matter so much; you had been prepared for the thirteen-year-old test. You found the questions quite easy. You wrote your answers triumphantly — and you received a low rating, and there was no appeal.

I used to stand in the doorway of my father's store munching an apple that did not taste good any more, and watch the pupils going home from school in twos and threes; the girls in neat brown dresses and black aprons and little stiff hats, the boys in trim uniforms with many buttons. They had ever so many books in the satchels on their backs. They would take them out at home, and read and write, and learn all sorts of interesting things. They looked to me like beings from another world than mine. But those whom I envied had their troubles, as I often heard. Their school life was one struggle against injustice from instructors, spiteful treatment from fellow students, and insults from everybody. They were rejected at the universities, where they were admitted in the ratio of three Jews to a hundred Gentiles, under the same debarring entrance conditions as at the high school: especially rigorous examinations, dishonest marking, or arbitrary rulings without disguise. No, the czar did not want us in the schools.

THE FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

[During the Middle Ages, great fairs were held in all the countries of Europe. The most famous one that is still in existence is that of Nijni-Novgorod, or Lower Novgorod, in Russia. This began, no one knows when, in an old custom of Russian merchants and merchants from the East meeting on the Volga River to exchange goods. The place of meeting moved from one site to another, and about one hundred years ago it was permanently settled at Nijni-Novgorod. When the time of the fair draws near, the Volga River swarms with boats, and the quays for ten miles along the river front are heaped up with goods, protected as best they may be by sheds until they can be removed to the shops made ready for them. There are about six thousand of these shops, most of them built of stone. To this fair Asia sends tea, cotton, silk, madder, and various manufactured wares, made chiefly of leather. Western Europe sends groceries, wines, and manufactured articles. Russia herself provides four fifths of the goods sold; and she makes a fine display of iron, grain, salt, furs, and pottery. The fair continues for a month. It is estimated that the value of the goods sold there each year now amounts to about three hundred million dollars.

The Editor.]

Now, by the Tower of Babel,
    Was ever such a crowd?
Here Turks and Jews and Gypsies,
    There Persians haughty-browed;
With silken-robed Celestials,
    And Frenchmen from the Seine,
And Khivans and Bokhariotes, —
    Heirs of the Oxus plain.

THE FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD

Here stalk Siberian hunters;
    There tents a Kirghiz clan
By mournful-eyed Armenians
    From wave-girt Astrakhan;
And Russ and Pole and Tartar,
    And mounted Cossack proud, —
Now, by the Tower of Babel,
    Was ever such a crowd?

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

I

FROM THE TARTAR INVASION TO THE REFORMATION

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the southwestern part of what is now Austria lies the land that was the foundation of the Austrian Empire. Over it swept one wild race after another, — Vandals, Goths, Huns, Avars, and others. The Hungarians, or Magyars, came in the ninth century from the Eastern Carpathians with Arpad as their leader, and seized upon what is now Hungary. They burned, pillaged, and slaughtered, but were finally subdued and obliged to give up their wandering life. Thereupon they embraced Christianity, and progressed rapidly in commerce and industry. In 1241, the Tartars invaded Hungary and swept over the land with terrible destruction and slaughter; but on a second invasion, a year or two later, they were driven back to Asia by the valor of King Bela I and his little army.

In the thirteenth century, an emperor of Germany was to be elected. No one cared to have too powerful an emperor, and therefore Rudolf of Hapsburg was chosen, chiefly because his possessions were so small that there was no fear of his becoming too strong. He proved, however, so bold and resolute that his power increased rapidly, and when Ottocar, the powerful Duke of Austria, refused to recognize his authority, Rudolf wrested his duchy from him and added it to his own domains. Thereafter the power of Austria and of the House of Hapsburg grew side by side, and before the sixteenth century was half over, this powerful family had become, either by marriage, by warfare, or by diplomacy, ruler of Austria, Tyrol, Corinthia, Franche-Comté, Flanders and the Low Countries, Spain, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, Bohemia, and Hungary. Furthermore the Emperor of Germany was always selected from among its members.

THE COMING OF THE TARTARS

[1240]

BY LOUIS FELBERMANN

[It is interesting to know what the people of the thirteenth century thought of these savage visitors. One monkish chronicler wrote of them as follows: "Anno Domini, 1240, the detestable people of Satan, to wit, an infinite number of Tartars, broke forth like grasshoppers covering the face of the earth, spoiling the eastern confines with fire and sword, ruining cities, cutting up woods, rooting up vineyards, killing the people both of city and country. They are rather monsters than men; clothed with ox-hides, armed with iron plates, in stature thick and short, well-set, strong in body, in war invincible, in labor indefatigable, drinking the blood of their beasts for dainties."

The Editor.]

The Tartars, not being content with their enormous territory in Asia, resolved to conquer the whole world. They crossed the Caucasus Mountains, under Batu Khan, with a million and a half of men, conquered Russia and Poland, and burned down all the places that came in their way. They eventually invaded Hungary. At the time perfect disorder prevailed in that country, the magnates fighting against each other, and the king was left desolate, without an army or men; but on the approach of the dangerous enemy, of whose terrorism and barbarism King Bela III had been already told by those rulers who had lost their crowns and taken refuge in Hungary, the king summoned his nobles to an assembly

outside Pesth, sent envoys to his various neighbors for assistance, and in the mean time dispatched a small force to meet the enemy at the frontier. The king, when appearing at the assembly, found to his horror that the envoys had returned without any promise of assistance from the neighboring states. Only a few of the magnates that he summoned appeared, and those who did come would not promise any support and only abused him. The king was quite in despair and implored the assembly to assist him, when all of a sudden Hédervåry, the palatine, appeared and said, "Sire, you and our country are lost. The Tartars have defeated our forces and are quickly approaching." The assembly, on hearing this, got alarmed and were in great terror, excepting the king, who called his friend Vanisa Mihály, and gave him the crown of St. Stephen and asked him to take it, together with the national treasures, out of the country, and pulling out his sword said, "The fate of the nation is in the hands of God, but its honor is in mine. Those who wish to die with glory for their country, let them follow me — but those who wish to live in disgrace can remain at home!"

At this moment thousands of people who previously were against the king, pulled out their swords, saying, "We will follow you wherever you may lead us. Long live the king! Hail to the country!" The people poured in from all parts of the country to the assistance of the king; but, alas! it was too late. The Tartars approached with the greatest speed, took one fort after another, and the flames of the burning towns and villages were already to be seen in Pesth, while the cries of the people whom the Tartars were slaughtering were loudly heard.

A short time afterwards a million Mongols faced the small Hungarian army of six thousand men, and tried to cross the river Sajó, but the Hungarians strongly opposed them.

The Magyars fought very bravely, and the king was always to be seen in the midst of the greatest danger. His generals fell one after another. The king, seeing that he could not resist the overwhelming number of the Mongols, retreated, taking refuge with his soldiers in a cave, which the enemy, who were hunting for him all over the country, failed to discover.

In the mean time the Mongols were devastating the land, killing everybody who came in their way and setting fire to the places of worship and the nunneries where the women had taken refuge. Only those were saved who escaped to the Snow Alps, or who hid in some unknown caves. The Tartars were running over Hungary, Servia, and Bulgaria, but they did not find anything more that they could destroy, or any more people to kill, as the country was like a desert. It was then that the news reached Batu Khan that Octai Khan had died. He ordered at once his troops back to Asia, and so Hungary was saved from further destruction.

It was in the autumn, the corn was ripening, but there was nobody to gather it; the cattle were running about with no one to look after them, and for miles and miles, nothing could be seen but the ruins of what had been before towns and villages. The people, hiding in the mountains, lived on grass and the flesh of their dead brethren. Bela, as soon as he heard that the Tartars had gone, left his hiding-place and appeared on the soil. He went about for many days with a few of his

followers trying to find traces of the villages, and collected together all the people that were left, whom he asked to rebuild their houses. He invited German settlers to his country, and a year or so after, when the country had almost resumed its usual appearance, the Tartars were again approaching. He at once directed his troops to move towards the Carpathian Mountains, where he defeated them, they losing 52,000 men, whilst the remainder fled back to Asia.

HOW RUDOLF THE FIRST BECAME EMPEROR

[1273]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

In the small canton of Aargau, in Switzerland, on a rocky bluff of the Wulpelsburg, there still remains an old baronial castle, called Hapsburg, or Hawk's Castle. It was reared in the eleventh century, and was occupied by a succession of warlike barons, who have left nothing to distinguish themselves from the feudal lords whose castles, at that period, frowned upon almost every eminence of Europe. In the year 1232, this castle was occupied by Albert, fourth Count of Hapsburg. He had acquired some little reputation for military prowess, the only reputation any one could acquire in that dark age, and became ambitious of winning new laurels in the war with the infidels in the Holy Land. Religious fanaticism and military ambition were then the two great powers which ruled the human soul.

With the usual display of semi-barbaric pomp, Albert made arrangements to leave his castle to engage in the perilous holy war against the Saracens, from which few ever returned. A few years were employed in the necessary preparations. At the sound of the bugle the portcullis was raised, the drawbridge spanned the moat, and Albert, at the head of thirty steel-clad warriors, with nodding plumes, and banners unfurled, emerged from the castle, and proceeded to the neighboring convent of Mari. His wife, Hedwige, and their three sons, Ru-

dolf, Albert, and Hartman, accompanied him to the chapel where the ecclesiastics awaited his arrival. A multitude of vassals crowded around to witness the imposing ceremonies of the Church, as the banners were blessed, and the knights, after having received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, were commended to the protection of God. Albert felt the solemnity of the hour, and in solemn tones gave his farewell address to his children.

"My sons," said the steel-clad warrior, "cultivate truth and piety; give no ear to evil counselors, never engage in unnecessary war, but when you are involved in war, be strong and brave. Love peace better than your own personal interests. Remember that the Counts of Hapsburg did not attain their heights of reputation and glory by fraud, insolence, or selfishness, but by courage and devotion to the public weal. As long as you follow their footsteps, you will not only retain, but augment, the possessions and dignities of your illustrious ancestors."

The tears and sobs of his wife and family interrupted him while he uttered these parting words. The bugles then sounded. The knights mounted their horses; the clatter of hoofs was heard, and the glittering cavalcade soon disappeared in the forest. Albert had left his ancestral castle, never to return. He had but just arrived in Palestine, when he was taken sick at Askalon, and died in the year 1240.

Rudolf, his eldest son, was twenty-two years of age at the time of his father's death. Frederic II, one of the most renowned monarchs of the Middle Ages, was then emperor of that conglomeration of heterogeneous states

called Germany. Each of these states had its own independent ruler and laws, but they were all held together by a common bond for mutual protection, and some one illustrious sovereign was chosen as Emperor of Germany, to preside over their common affairs. The Emperor of Germany having influence over all these states, was consequently, in position, the great man of the age.

Albert, Count of Hapsburg, had been one of the favorite captains of Frederic II in the numerous wars which desolated Europe in that dark age. He was often at court, and the Emperor even condescended to present his son Rudolf at the font for baptism. As the child grew, he was trained to all athletic feats, riding ungovernable horses, throwing the javelin, wrestling, running, and fencing. He early gave indications of surprising mental and bodily vigor, and, at an age when most lads are considered merely children, he accompanied his father to the camp and to the court. Upon the death of his father, Rudolf inherited the ancestral castle, and the moderate possessions of a Swiss baron. He was surrounded by barons of far greater wealth and power than himself, and his proud spirit was roused, in disregard of his father's counsels, to aggrandize his fortunes by force of arms, the only way then by which wealth and power could be attained. He exhausted his revenues by maintaining a princely establishment, organized a well-selected band of his vassals into a military corps, which he drilled to a state of perfect discipline, and then commenced a series of incursions upon his neighbors. From some feeble barons he won territory, thus extending his domains; from others he extorted money, thus enabling him to reward his troops, and to add to their

number by engaging fearless spirits in his service wherever he could find them.

In the year 1245, Rudolf strengthened himself still more by an advantageous marriage with Gertrude, the beautiful daughter of the Count of Hohenberg. With his bride he received as her dowry the castle of Oeltingen, and very considerable territorial possessions. Thus in five years Rudolf, by that species of robbery which was then called heroic adventure, and by a fortunate marriage, had more than doubled his hereditary inheritance. The charms of his bride and the care of his estates seem for a few years to have arrested the progress of his ambition; for we can find no further notice of him among the ancient chronicles for eight years. But, with almost all men, love is an ephemeral passion, which is eventually vanquished by other powers of the soul. Ambition slumbered for a little time, but was soon roused anew, invigorated by repose.

In 1253, we find Rudolf heading a foray of steel-clad knights, with their banded followers, in a midnight attack upon the city of Basle. They break over the defenses, sweep all opposition before them, and in the fury of the fight, either by accident or as a necessity of war, sacrilegiously set fire to a nunnery. For this crime Rudolf was excommunicated by the Pope. Excommunication was then no farce. There were few who dared to serve a prince upon whom the denunciations of the Church had fallen. It was a stunning blow, from which few men could recover. Rudolf, instead of sinking in despair, endeavored, by new acts of obedience and devotion to the Church, to obtain the revocation of the sentence.

In the region now called Prussia, there was then a barbaric pagan race, against whom the Pope had published a crusade. Into this war the excommunicated Rudolf plunged with all the impetuosity of his nature; he resolved to work out absolution, by converting, with all the potency of fire and sword, the barbarians to the Church. His penitence and zeal seem to have been accepted, for we soon find him on good terms again with the Pope. He now sought to have a hand in every quarrel, far and near. Wherever the sounds of war are raised, the shout of Rudolf is heard urging to the strife. In every hot and fiery foray, the steed of Rudolf is rearing and plunging, and his saber-strokes fall in ringing blows upon cuirass and helmet. He efficiently aided the citizens of Strasburg in their war against their bishop, and received from them in gratitude extensive territories, while at the same time they reared a monument to his name, portions of which still exist. His younger brother died, leaving an only daughter, Anne, with a large inheritance. Rudolf, as her guardian, came into possession of the counties of Kyburg, Lentzburg, and Baden, and other scattered domains.

This rapidly increasing wealth and power did but increase his energy and his spirit of encroachment. And yet he adopted principles of honor which were far from common in that age of barbaric violence. He would never stoop to ordinary robbery, or harass peasants and helpless travelers, as was constantly done by the turbulent barons around him. His warfare was against the castle, never against the cottage. He met in arms the panoplied knight, never the timid and crouching peasant. He swept the roads of the banditti by whom they

were infested, and often espoused the cause of citizens and freemen against the turbulent barons and haughty prelates. He thus gained a widespread reputation for justice, as well as for prowess, and the name of Rudolf of Hapsburg was ascending fast into renown. Every post of authority then required the agency of a military man. The feeble cantons would seek the protection of a powerful chief; the citizens of a wealthy town, ever liable to be robbed by bishop or baron, looked around for some warrior who had invincible troops at his command for their protection. Thus Rudolf of Hapsburg was chosen chief of the mountaineers of Uri, Schweitz, and Underwalden; and all their trained bands were ready, when his bugle note echoed through their defiles, to follow him unquestioningly and to do his bidding. The citizens of Zürich chose Rudolf of Hapsburg as their prefect or mayor; and whenever his banner was unfurled in their streets, all the troops of the city were at his command.

The neighboring barons, alarmed at this rapid aggrandizement of Rudolf, formed an alliance to crush him. The mountaineers heard his bugle call and rushed to his aid. Zürich opened her gates, and her marshaled troops hastened to his banner. From Hapsburg, and Rheinfelden, and Suabia, and Brisgau, and we know not how many other of the territorial possessions of the count, the vassals rushed to the aid of their lord. They met in one of the valleys of Zürich. The battle was short, and the confederated barons were put to utter flight. Some took refuge in the strong castle of Balder, upon a rocky cliff washed by the Albis. Rudolf selected thirty horsemen and thirty footmen.

"Will you follow me," said he, "in an enterprise where the honor will be equal to the peril?"

A universal shout of assent was the response. Concealing the footmen in a thicket, he, at the head of thirty horsemen, rode boldly to the gates of the castle, bidding defiance, with all the utterances and gesticulations of contempt, to the whole garrison. Those on the ramparts, stung by the insult, rushed out to chastise so impudent a challenge. The footmen rose from their ambush, and assailants and assailed rushed pell-mell in at the open gates of the castle. The garrisons were cut down or taken captive, and the fortress demolished. Another party had fled to the castle of Uttleberg. By an ingenious stratagem, this castle was also taken. Success succeeded success with such rapidity that the confederate barons, struck with consternation, exclaimed,—

"All opposition is fruitless. Rudolf of Hapsburg is invincible."

They consequently dissolved the alliance, and sought peace on terms which vastly augmented the power of the conqueror.

Basle now incurred the displeasure of Rudolf. He led his armies to the gates of the city, and extorted satisfaction. The Bishop of Basle, a haughty prelate of great military power, who could summon many barons to his aid, ventured to make arrogant demands of this warrior flushed with victory. The palace and vast possessions of the bishop were upon the other side of the unbridged Rhine, and the bishop imagined that he could easily prevent the passage of the river. But Rudolf speedily constructed a bridge of boats, put to flight the troops that opposed his passage, drove the peasants of

the bishop everywhere before him, and burned their cottages and their fields of grain. The bishop, appalled, sued for a truce, that they might negotiate terms of peace. Rudolf consented, and encamped his followers.

He was asleep in his tent when a messenger entered at midnight, awoke him, and informed him that he was elected Emperor of Germany. The previous Emperor, Richard, had died two years before, and after an interregnum of two years of almost unparalleled anarchy, the electors had just met, and, almost to their own surprise, through the fluctuations and combinations of political intrigue, had chosen Rudolf of Hapsburg as his successor. Rudolf himself was so much astonished at the announcement that for some time he could not be persuaded that the intelligence was correct.

To wage war against the Emperor of Germany, who could lead almost countless thousands into the field, was a very different affair from measuring strength with the comparatively feeble Count of Hapsburg. The news of his election flew rapidly. Basle threw open her gates, and the citizens, with illuminations, shouts, and the ringing of bells, greeted the new Emperor. The bishop was so chagrined at the elevation of his foe that he smote his forehead, and, looking up to heaven, profanely said,

"Great God, take care of your throne, or Rudolf of Hapsburg will take it from you!"

STORIES OF RUDOLF, FOUNDER OF THE HOUSE OF HAPSBURG

[Thirteenth century]

BY WILLIAM COXE

RUDOLF was above the ordinary stature, being more than six feet in height, but extremely slender; his head was small and almost bald, his complexion pale, his nose large and aquiline. His natural aspect was grave and composed; but he no sooner began to speak than his countenance brightened into animation. His manners were so captivating, and he possessed the art of persuasion in so eminent a degree, that, to use the expression of Dornavius, one of his panegyrists, "he fascinated persons of all ranks, as if with a love lotion." He was plain, unaffected, and simple in his dress, and was accustomed to say that he considered the majesty of a sovereign as consisting rather in princely virtue than in magnificence of apparel.

In an age of superstition, the piety of Rudolf was pure and ardent; and he was punctual and devout in attending the services of the Church. He esteemed and honored the humble minister of religion, but chastised the insolence of the haughty prelates, who forgot the meekness of the Gospel, in the splendor and exercise of temporal dominion. Although he recovered estates and advocacies which the hierarchy had usurped from the Empire, and resisted all claims of exemption from the public charges, which religious establishments arrogated

to themselves, yet he supported the dignity and privileges of the sacerdotal order, and enforced, by his own example, respect and deference for every member of the Church. The contemporary chronicles, among numerous anecdotes, record an instance of his courteous demeanor towards the inferior clergy, and of his unfeigned respect for the forms of religion. Being engaged in hunting, he met between Fahr and Baden a priest on foot, carrying the Host to a sick person; and as the road was extremely dirty and the torrents swollen with rain, he alighted, and gave his horse to the priest, saying, it ill became him to ride while the bearer of Christ's body walked on foot; at the same time he expressed his gratitude and veneration of the Supreme Being, who had raised him from the huts of his ancestors to the throne of the Empire.

Of his magnanimity several instances are recorded. At the conclusion of the victory in the March field, the nobleman who had killed his horse and dismounted him, being taken prisoner, was brought before him, in order to be executed. Rudolf instantly restored him to liberty, adding, "I have been a witness to his intrepidity, and should never forgive myself if so courageous a knight should be put to death." Being casually wounded by an arrow at a tournament, the man who shot the arrow was seized and condemned to lose his right hand. Rudolf forbade the execution of the sentence by saying, "If he had before lost his right hand, he would not have wounded me; but what advantage can I now derive from the infliction of the punishment?"

After he was Emperor, being at Mainz in the midst of his officers, he saw Müller, the citizen of Zürich who

had rescued him in the battle against the Count of Regensberg. He instantly rose up to meet him, received him with the warmest demonstrations of friendship and regard, and conferred on him the honor of knighthood. Being asked why he lavished such favors on a person of no rank, he replied, "When I was Count of Hapsburg, and fell into the hands of my enemies, this man rescued me, and mounted me on his own horse; and by his assistance I was delivered from almost inevitable destruction. It is my duty, therefore, to pay him every mark of distinction in my power, to whom, next to God, I owe the preservation of my life."

During the Bohemian War, when his troops were suffering from the scarcity of water, a flagon was presented to him, which he declined. "I cannot," he said, "drink alone, nor can I divide so small a quantity among all; I do not thirst for myself, but for my whole army." But at the same time that he was kindly attentive to the wants of his soldiers, he was not the less exact in enforcing discipline, and in mortifying those who would not practice that abstinence and self-denial of which he was the first to set an example. Having secretly collected a body of troops to make an irruption into the enemy's territory, he invited them to partake of some refreshment, and laid before them coarse rye bread and indifferent wine. Some of the soldiers, discontented with the meanness of their fare, purchased whiter bread and more palatable wine, with which they began to regale themselves. Rudolf, observing their fastidiousness, rose from table, and dismissed them from his service, declaring that he would retain none who could not content themselves with such fare as satisfied their superiors.

He was by nature warm and choleric; but as he advanced in years he corrected this defect. Some of his friends expressing their wonder that since his elevation to the imperial dignity he had restrained the vehemence of his temper, he replied, "I have often repented of being passionate, but never of being mild and humane." His heart was neither steeled nor corrupted by power, and the goodness of his disposition rose superior to the paltry considerations of his own private interest. To the tax-gatherers he said, "The cry of distress has reached my ears; you compel travelers to pay duties which they ought not to pay, and to bear burdens which they cannot support. Do not unjustly seize what belongs to others, but take only your due. It is my duty to employ vigilance, and to promote justice and tranquillity, which I consider as the greatest blessings under heaven." He was also easy of access, even to persons of the lowest condition. To his soldiers, who endeavored to prevent the approach of some poor men, he observed, "For God's sake, let them alone; I was not elected Emperor to be secluded from mankind."

Bred up in war and educated in camps, Rudolf found no leisure to cultivate letters; yet he always testified respect for the arts and sciences and patronized men of learning. Being presented by a citizen of Strasburg with a manuscript, describing the wars of the Romans against the Germans, and the virtues of a general, he bestowed on the author a gold medal and chain, which he was accustomed to wear round his neck. One of his relations expressing his dissatisfaction at the gift, because money was wanting to pay the troops, Rudolf mildly answered, "My good friend, be contented that

men of learning praise our actions, and thereby inspire us with additional courage in war. Would to God I could employ more time in reading, and could expend some of that money on learned men which I must throw away on so many illiterate knights!"

He seems to have been no less distinguished for playful wit and pleasantry. Being at Mainz in 1288, he walked out early in the morning, dressed as usual in the plainest manner, and as the weather was cold, entered a baker's shop to warm himself. The mistress, unacquainted with his person, peevishly exclaimed, "Soldiers ought not to come into poor women's houses." — "Do not be angry, good woman," returned the King of the Romans with great complacency, "I am an old soldier, who has spent all his fortune in the service of that rascal, Rudolf, and he suffers me to want, notwithstanding all his fine promises." — "As you serve," rejoined the woman, "that fellow who has laid waste the whole earth and devoured the poor, you have deservedly incurred all your misfortunes." She then virulently abused the King of the Romans, adding with great bitterness, that she and all the bakers in the town, except two, were ruined by his means; and compelled him to depart, by throwing a pail of water on the fire, which filled the room with smoke and vapor.

Rudolf, on sitting down to dinner, ordered his hostess to convey a boar's head and a bottle of wine to her neighbor, the baker's wife, as a present from the old soldier who had warmed himself in the morning by her fire, and then related the anecdote with much humor. When thus apprised of her mistake, the woman was greatly terrified, and, approaching the table, entreated forgive-

ness in the most suppliant manner. Rudolf consented on condition that she would repeat her abusive expressions, with which the woman faithfully complied, to the amusement and laughter of all who were present.

HOW NAUMBURG WAS SAVED

HOW NAUMBURG WAS SAVED

BY JAROSLAV CERMAK

(*Bohemian artist*, –1878)

AFTER the burning of Huss, his Bohemian followers took a terrible revenge upon the Catholics, and for fifteen years the kingdom was in a state of bloody anarchy. The inflexible general Procopius ravaged Austria, Hungary, Silesia, Saxony, and Franconia. The picture represents a scene in his warfare. He had besieged Naumburg, and it was about to surrender in despair, when a gentle old man, the schoolmaster, came to its rescue. He brought together the little children of the place and sent them to the stern commander. They were so gentle, so fearless, so beautiful, that the wrath of the fierce soldier was overcome; and as the little ones held up their arms to him and begged him not to destroy their homes, the unyielding Procopius yielded for once, and so the town was saved.

THE DELIVERANCE OF PRAGUE

[1420]

BY E. H. GILLETT

[Wyclif, an English religious reformer, preached doctrines which were much like the later teachings of Luther. These were eagerly embraced and preached by the Bohemian John Huss. In 1414, he was ordered to appear before the Council of Constance, an important council of the Church. Sigismund, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, granted him a safe-conduct to the council; but in spite of this he was arrested and burned at the stake as a heretic. Immediately after his death, his followers formed an organization which was not only religious but also political, and from 1419 to 1434 a most furious civil war was waged. Zisca was the chief of the Hussite leaders.

The Editor.]

All eyes were now directed anxiously toward Prague. As the capital of the kingdom, its possession was of the greatest importance to each party. On the 12th of June the news arrived that the Emperor was on his march, accompanied with an overwhelming force of more than 100,000 men. The citizens pressed the siege of the Vissehrad, and endeavored to increase the number of their allies. Among these came Hinko Krussina, with his Horebites. These were the most fierce and cruel of all the Hussite force. They breathed vengeance against all priests and monks, and seemed to find no satisfaction equal to that of torturing, mangling, insulting, and murdering them. Merciless as they were desperate, Prague

needed them, with all their fanatic thirst of blood, to defend her against the hosts of the crusading army. They were received with congratulations and shouts of welcome. Krussina was made one of the chief commanders of the city.

The Emperor had sent forward a body of 11,000 men to the relief of his party in Prague. He stopped himself for a short time at Königgrätz, where he had met a friendly reception, and sent an embassy to Prague, reminding the city of its promise of fealty, and requiring it to keep its word. He demanded that the citizens should give up their arms, and deposit them in the Vissehrad.

This message was delivered on the 24th of June, the Emperor meanwhile resuming his march, and advancing toward Prague. His conduct was marked by a vindictive cruelty. Under pretense of retaliation, he drowned twenty-four Hussites in the Elbe. The monasteries fared little better in his hands than in those of Zisca. He plundered them to pay his troops. Some of them were immensely wealthy, and invited spoliation. The Hussites might rob them as enemies, but it was hard that they should experience the same fate from the hands of one who came as their avenger. Yet the pillage of churches and convents was the resource of both parties, and the immense wealth of the Church furnished fuel for the fire that consumed it.

The number of monasteries destroyed by Zisca has been reckoned by historians at more than five hundred. None had manifested a more bigoted hostility to reform and to the communion of the cup, no class had become more corrupt, and none could be more properly regarded as implicated in compassing the death of Huss, by in-

vective and false accusation, than the monks; and Zisca's memory treasured the affront that had been offered to his own sister — an affront to be expiated by blood alone. His vengeance was terrible. By flying marches he swept the country, and spread on every side the terror of his name. Convents and monasteries were sacked and burned, sometimes with all who resided within the walls. Krussina, with his Horebites, did not yield to Zisca in the promptitude and energy of a cruel vengeance. The Cistercian monastery of Graditz fell into their hands, and was utterly destroyed. The monastery of Cromau was possessed of such wealth and splendor as to be an object of attractive curiosity to travelers. They turned aside to behold it. The Taborites paid it a visit — curious also in their way to see what it contained — and only its ruins were left to invite the curiosity of the pilgrim. At Prague, the Cistercian monastery of the royal court was doomed to a similar fate. One of its inmates, James, a scholastic of wonderful eloquence, and former rector of the university, was spared by Zisca only at the earnest intercession of the senate. Truly it might be still said, as it had been months before, that "the cart drew the horse." Laws were silent in the midst of arms. Zisca was the dictator of Prague.

The Emperor's army in all recklessness and cruelty was fully equal to that of Zisca. It was only inferior in strong religious conviction, fanatic feeling, and desperate courage. It was a conglomerate of all the refuse of Christendom, though led by kings, margraves, dukes, barons, princes, and knights, and accompanied by archbishops, bishops, doctors, prelates, and a host of ecclesiastics. Some twenty years before, Cardinal d'Ailly had

expressed his wish that the Pope would proclaim a crusade as a means of drawing off the festering masses of corruption, and relieving the Church by the *Sangrado* prescription of letting of blood. His wish was now realized. With all the splendor of the Empire, the scum of the nations accompanied and mainly composed the imperial armies. Almost every tribe and nation of Europe was represented in the motley host. Bohemians and Moravians in arms against their countrymen, Hungarians and Croatians, Dalmatians and Bulgarians, Wallachians and Servians, Sclavonians and Thuringians, Bavarians and Austrians, met in the same host with the men of England, France, Brabant, Westphalia, Switzerland, Aragon, Spain, Portugal, Poland, and Italy. The East and West joined hands for the plunder and vengeance of a crusade. There was a Babel of nations and of tongues. If the Council of Constance could claim to be œcumenical, much more might Sigismund's army. Such was the host which had been marshaled to maintain the cause of the Papacy, and put down a cause that vainly had challenged the council to confute it from Scripture. How well it performed its task, the sequel will show.

Bohemia presented, certainly, between the two contending parties, a strange picture of anarchy, rapine, cruelty, and sacrilege. Here we shall find the tombs of kings profaned, their dust no longer protected by coffins, the golden plates of which could pay the wages of a ruffian soldiery. There the fragments of marble altars, and pavements on which the knees of devout pilgrims had rested, are used to charge the catapults of the invading host. The carcasses of the slain putrefy and poison

the air, or are flung piecemeal into besieged towns, till pestilence helps famine to do its work. Indiscriminate massacre involves the innocent and guilty, friend and foe, in one common doom. Retaliation and vengeance, sometimes, though rarely, conducted under legal forms, supply each party with its hosts of martyrs. "Dreadful traditions have perpetuated the memory of so many frightful scenes: near Toplitz, it was said, might be seen a pear tree, which blossomed every year, and never yielded fruit — a tree accursed from the streams of blood that had saturated its roots. At Commotau, near a church where thousands of victims perished, slaughtered by Zisca, it was asserted that the soil was formed of the remains of bones, and that at whatever depth search was made, nothing could be found but human teeth."

Sigismund himself acted as if he considered Bohemia a land doomed and accursed. The progress of his march was signalized by new atrocities, and deeds of reckless cruelty. He, as well as Zisca, would inspire terror. But in his case the project failed. There was alarm, but there was resentment and desperation also. The soldiers of Zisca were ready to be martyrs. The soldiers of Sigismund showed but a feeble faith, and a weak desire for that eternal glory awarded to those that fell, by the bull of the Pope. The heterogeneous mass of plunderers and robbers lacked the spirit that animated the terrible soldiers who took the cup for a banner.

It was on the 30th of June, that the Emperor with the body of his army approached the neighborhood of Prague. He was fortunate in finding any part of the city still retaining its allegiance. Czenko, by a double

treason, — or perhaps, and more probably, by stratagem, — had preserved for him the castle of Wenzel. He had pretended to surrender it to the demands of the citizens who closely besieged it, and who offered him his choice, to proclaim the freedom of the communion of the cup, or withdraw from the castle. He assumed to yield to the last demand, and, it was said, withdrew with a large treasure to his own château. He had, however, secretly informed the Emperor of the step which he had taken, urging his speedy advance, and by his connivance or treachery the castle was still held; or, if it had been surrendered, was regained for the Emperor. The first step, therefore, of the latter was, if possible, to raise the siege of the Vissehrad. A single day only remained for the term of its surrender to expire. The approach of the imperial army to its relief was announced by drums and trumpets and bells, while strains of martial music mingled with the hymns and songs of the clergy, as they accompanied the Emperor in grand procession to the royal castle. The army itself encamped on the wide plain about Bruska and Owenecz, ready to commence the siege of the city. Its numbers, if not its strength, received continually new accessions, till the pride of superiority, and the taunts of bigotry, found vent in insults that would more wisely have been reserved for a vanquished foe.

From day to day the soldiers of the imperial army, from a height on the bank of the river overlooking the city, and over against the Monastery of the Holy Cross and the Church of St. Valentine, uttered their howls and barkings like dogs, accompanied by sneers and taunting words, and cries of "Huss, Huss! Heretic, Heretic!" If

a Bohemian fell into their hands, unless speedily rescued by parties of his friends who still maintained themselves in roving about the precincts of the imperial army, he was mercilessly burned, without regard to the fact of his favoring the doctrine of the communion of the cup. His nationality was accounted a sufficient crime. Skirmishes were of frequent occurrence. Small bands of Taborites, issuing from the city, would sometimes rout great numbers of the foe. With their favorite weapon, an iron flail, they threshed down the invaders, armed in all the pride and pomp of war. The enemy attempted to take or burn the machines by which the citizens hurled masses of stone upon those who approached the walls, but all their attempts were vain. They were repulsed with loss upon all occasions.

Sigismund soon perceived that in order to reduce the city, the only method which promised success was to starve it to surrender. For this purpose it was necessary for him to occupy some position which would command the Moldau, by which provisions were still brought into the city. He determined, therefore, to take possession with a strong force of the high steep hill Witkow, or Galgenberg (Gibbet Hill), as it is called. Zisca had either had some intimation of his purpose, or discerned the danger to which the city was evidently exposed. Sigismund in possession of Witkow would, moreover, be able to invest Prague upon three sides at once.

Anticipating his movements, the Hussite general promptly seized upon the height, and fortified it, by wooden intrenchments, a fosse, and walls of stone and earth. The extreme promptitude with which Zisca acted, prevented any measures of opposition from the imperial

forces being taken till his intrenchments were nearly complete. An assault was made upon the city (July 13), in which the citizens, although they repulsed the enemy, suffered some loss. But on the next day (July 14), preparations were made for an attack upon the Galgenberg, which it was determined to carry by storm. The city, moreover, was to be assaulted at the same time from three different directions, mainly with the purpose of rendering any measure of sending aid from the city to Zisca impracticable. From the castle it was ordered that there should be a sortie against the palace of the Duke of Saxony, which the citizens had strongly fortified, and 16,000 men were detailed for this purpose. From the Vissehrad a like sortie was to be made against the new city, while from the plain on which the army lay encamped, a force was to march to the assault of the old city.

While these arrangements were taking effect, 8000 cavalry of Misnia, led by their margrave, and strengthened by a large force from the imperial army, marched to storm the Galgenberg. They ascended the hill at a quickstep and with sound of trumpets, and took possession of some of the advanced works. A defensive roofed tower was taken, which was abandoned by all but twenty-six men and three women, who emulated one another in the courage and energy with which for a time they repelled the assailants. They defended themselves with stones and pikes. One of the women, though herself destitute of defensive armor, encouraged her associates by refusing to fly, and exhorting them not to yield. "A Christian believer," she said, "ought not to give ground to Antichrist." She fell fighting at her post. Zisca him-

self was at one time in great danger. He had lost his footing and had fallen to the ground, when his friends with their flails rushed to his rescue, and saved him from being captured by the enemy.

The city itself was meanwhile full of alarm. All human help seemed vain, and the greatest apprehension was felt lest the combined assault should prove successful. At this moment a strange sight presented itself. The citizens gathered with the women and children in sad groups, and with tears and groans supplicated aid from Heaven. While fathers and brothers stood by the walls or marched to the terrible encounter, those who were left behind commended them to the God of armies. The voice of prayer mingled with the clash of arms, and at the critical moment a priest, filled with enthusiastic courage, and bearing with him the holy sacrament, rushed forth from the gates, followed by only fifty bowmen and a crowd of peasants armed with flails. The bells rang, and the shouts of the people echoed far beyond the walls, as the little band issued from the gate of the city to face thousands of the invading host. A sudden panic seized the imperialists, who probably imagined that the whole force of the city was marching out against them. Zisca and his soldiers were inspirited by this opportune aid. The enemy were driven back from the intrenchments, and hurled headlong down the steep rocks. Horse and rider perished alike by the fall, and in a single hour several hundred were slain, beside many fatally wounded, or carried off as captives. The rout was complete. The Emperor, from a high point on the banks of the Moldau, witnessed the defeat of his most cherished hopes. Overwhelmed with grief, indignation, and shame, he with-

drew from the field, and led the army back to the camp.

The citizens regarded their success as a deliverance wrought out for them by the hand of God. They knelt down upon the field of battle, and sang their *Te Deum* with grateful joy. In long processions they marched through the streets of the city, ascribing their success to the interposition of Heaven. It was not by their own strength, but by the wonderful power of God (*miraculose*), that a small band had won such a victory over a numerous host. Hymns and songs filled the air with the music of triumph. Grief was turned into joy, and the whole city echoed with exultant praise. The little children sang hymns which were composed on the occasion, and which breathed the spirit of the song of Moses over the defeat of the Egyptian host. The scene of the battle was made memorable by the name of the great general whose skill and courage had foiled the power and designs of the Emperor. The hill, formerly known as Galgenberg or Witkow, was now known as Ziscaberg.

A FUNERAL MENU OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

[1509]

FROM THE OLD CHRONICLES

[The following is a copy of the bill of fare at the funeral of Albert IV, Duke of Bavaria. This dinner was served to the princes, royal envoys, and counselors. Other guests were entertained according to their rank, at the different inns.

The Editor.]

First

The first age of the world, namely, Adam and Eve in the garden, and between them a green tree; around it, the serpent with an apple in its fangs, which it held out to Eve, and mushrooms and toadstools made of sugar and almonds.

Second

A boar's head stewed and then browned on a spit.

Third

Stewed meat with capon, and chicken and meat in a gravy.

Fourth

An image of the second age, namely, Noah's Ark with wafers baked of sugar.

Fifth

Hot dishes of fish like salmon-trout, umber, and other good varieties.

Sixth

A sauerkraut and what goes with it.

Seventh

The third age, namely, the figure of Abraham about to offer up his son, and therewith a tower of sugar and almonds.

Eighth

A high transparent jelly with fish in it.

Ninth

Fresh and salted venison with peppers.

Tenth

The fourth age, namely, the little king David standing against Goliath, the giant, with his sling in his hand and sweet crumpets of sugar and almonds.

Eleventh

A vegetable.

Twelfth

A stewed or pickled sturgeon.

Thirteenth

The fifth age, namely, the Tower of Babel, standing with some other buildings in a vegetable.

Fourteenth

A pie with stewed birds in it.

Fifteenth

A roast of venison with cold chicken in vinegar.

Sixteenth

The sixth age, namely, the birth of Christ. Mary and the Child and Joseph and the asses, oxen, and manger made of white almond paste.

Seventeenth

A pie of pears and other vegetables.

Eighteenth

Stewed birds.

Nineteenth

The seventh and last age, namely, the Last Judgment, with the Saviour sitting under a rainbow. The Virgin, as suppliant, on his right, and St. John kneeling at his left, and marzipan of sugar and almonds.

Twentieth

Carp and waller fish.

Twenty-first

Roast pheasant, grouse, partridge, birds, and other good game.

Twenty-second

The gravestone of our gracious lord, Duke Albrecht of blessed memory, with all the flags and banners of the land and kingdom, just as it stood in Unser Frauen. Upon the stone, a man in full armor lay, holding a banner in his right hand and a naked sword in his left, and two shields were at his feet, one painted with Bavarian (coat of arms), the other with the eastern countries. Thereby filled wafers.

That was the dinner of ceremony on the funeral day. There had been one, the day before, and there was another, the day after, at which it is explicitly stated, "A pastry in the form of tiles of a stove was served, out of which living birds flew."

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN RECEIVING THE VENETIAN EMBASSY

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN RECEIVING THE VENETIAN EMBASSY

BY KARL LUDWIG FRIEDRICH BECKER

(*German artist*, 1820–1900)

In 1508, an alliance called the League of Cambrai was formed between Louis XII of France, the Emperor Maximilian I of Austria, and Pope Julius II. Its object was the partition of the Venetian territories. The Venetians made ready to hold the line of the Mincio River, but at the first discouragement they lost heart. Verona especially knew not what to do. No orders had come from Venice, and the Veronese hesitated whether to defend their city or to abandon it. King Louis with seventy thousand men was at hand; and at length the terrified Veronese sent an embassy to offer him the city. The League had agreed that, in the projected division of the Venetian territory, all land east of the Mincio should go to Maximilian; therefore, Louis bade the ambassadors go to him. This they willingly did, for they greatly preferred having as a ruler the weak Maximilian to the powerful Louis. So it was that Verona passed into the hands of the Emperor.

When peace was made, in 1516, the Emperor presented Verona to his nephew, Charles of Spain. Six weeks later, Charles gave it to Francis I of France, and he for a consideration of some 36,000 florins, gave it to the Venetians. All this was done in order to save the pride of the Emperor. Maximilian did much for the universities of his country, and encouraged art, literature, and science. One specially wise act of his was having copies made of ancient chronicles. He was so frank and generous and possessed so many accomplishments that he has been called "The Last of the Knights."

II

THE RELIGIOUS WARS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1618, the Thirty Years' War broke out in Bohemia between Protestants and Catholics. At first the Protestants were successful and a Bohemian army threatened Vienna, but the vigor and adroitness of the Emperor, Ferdinand II, saved the Catholic party; Frederick V, the Bohemian King, was driven from the country, and the Protestant states of Germany that had allied themselves with him were invaded. As the field of war broadened, it became less a religious contest than a struggle for territory. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden at length took the lead of the Protestant forces, and Wallenstein of those of the Emperor. One country after another was brought into this war, and all Europe rejoiced when, in 1648, it was ended by the Peace of Westphalia. The Emperor still held on to his title, but he had lost authority over Protestant northern Germany, and indeed over all lands except those belonging to the House of Austria.

Not many years after the close of this war, the Hungarians rebelled against the severity of the Emperor, Leopold I. The Turks assisted them, and in 1683 they besieged Vienna. Then John Sobieski, King of Poland, came to the aid of the inefficient Emperor and rescued the city. As a result of this war, the Hungarians were forced to make their kingdom hereditary in the Hapsburg family.

THE DEVASTATION OF ST. VITUS'S CHURCH

[1619–1620]

BY MARIE HAY

[FREDERICK V, elector or ruler of the Palatinate, a former German state, married Elizabeth of England, daughter of James I. In 1619, Frederick accepted the crown of Bohemia at the hands of the Protestants. He was thus forced to battle with the Catholic League of Germany, and in 1620 was routed in the decisive battle of the White Mountains. Bohemia then lay in the power of Ferdinand II of Austria, who gave it over into the hands of the Jesuits. Frederick was supported during the rest of his life by the charity of his friends. He was derisively called "the Winter King."

The Editor.]

ONE chill December morning Master Scultetus and a crowd of black-cloaked men, followed by a gang of workmen, entered the ancient Church of St. Vitus, which adjoins the Hradcány Palace. The church lay in gloom, no light glimmered before the high altar, no lamps shed their radiance before the shrines of St. Vitus and of St. John Nepomuk. For three hundred years these lights had burned before the relics of those holy martyrs; for three hundred years the Czechish people had prayed God to hear their petitions through the intercession of these his chosen ones. Even when the Bohemians had broken away from their ancient cult, in pious memory they had still venerated these shrines, and Lutheran and Papist alike had seen in the honoring of Bohemia's great dead a

sacred national custom. A few days before the new king, the hero who was to deliver Bohemia, came to Prague, the Cathedral of St. Vitus had been taken from the priests, and since then the church had been deserted; the flowers had withered upon the altars, and in the untended lamps the little flames had flickered and sunk to death. There were many among the populace who had bitterly resented this harsh dealing. Had not Frederick promised religious freedom to Bohemia? Not alone the Papists were moved to anger; the Lutherans, too, resented this act of Calvinistic tyranny. It was a dangerous thing to affront the revered "Domherren," the priests of the Church of St. Vitus; and though each priest was paid a few thalers a week, this scanty pension could not appease their anger nor assuage their horror at the injustice of Freedom's champion dispossessing them of their church. Quietly the well-known "Domherren" glided through the streets of Prague, whispering their bitterness into the ears of Lutheran and Catholic alike. These priests had been in the crowd which had stood round the doors of the Vitus Church during the coronation; and though the feasting populace, in the excitement of the rejoicings, had scarce noticed the whispers, some of the poison had slipped into their thoughts, and afterwards, when the merrymaking was past, they had remembered the priests' words, and a pulse of sullen resentment, a quaver of suspicion, had lived in the people's hearts against their Calvinistic ruler.

Master Scultetus and his followers stood gazing into the dark church. High over the rood-screen the stone crucifix seemed an appeal so potent that it was almost a menace, and on the many altars in the aisles the carven

figures of the saints loomed like quiet watchers. All around, a majestic company of silent witnesses to their country's vanished greatness, lay Bohemia's mighty dead — keeping watch they, too, in the desolate church: emperors and kings and dukes of Bohemia, their names recording dynasties long dead; and beside them lay the proud nobles of the land: Lobkowitz and Duba, Wlaschin and Rozmital, Pardubitz and Wratislaw von Pernstein, knights and princes of the Church. Verily, it was a sumptuous court gathered round the King of Pain and Humility upon the cross.

The deserted church was a sanctuary of stillness and of memory, and even Scultetus paused on the threshold. Then, with a fierce gesture, like a cruel hunter setting his hounds at a fallen prey, he flung out his arm.

"See! The accursed dolls, the hideous idols!" he cried. "See the graven images before which the people are wont to offer sacrilegious prayer! Away with these sham gods! We are come to cleanse God's church! Down with these wanton effigies!"

The black-cloaked company rushed into the church. Like madmen they broke open the wrought-iron railings before the tombs of Bohemia's nobles, and with fury they attacked the altars, trampling under foot the silken hangings, strewing the withered flowers upon the ground, and hurling down the golden altar vases. Half a hundred German masons and artisans, and a band of mercenary soldiers whom Scultetus had summoned to perform this foul task, set to work upon the stone figures of the saints, dealing blow after blow with their hammers upon the serene faces of the sacred statues. A flood of ribaldry broke loose as the madness of destruc-

tion rose in the hearts of these rough men, half-drunken already from the raw spirits which the Calvinist had caused to be served to them ere they followed him into the church.

"Come, here's Peter with his key-bunch! I would it could open the priests' cellar," shouted another, while he hacked with his heavy axe into the gilded statue of St. Peter.

"See, comrades! I've found a blessed saint's pate," roared a drunken Saxon, lurching from a side-chapel. "Here! catch it, then! I'll warrant 't will make a good ball!" He flung the skull into a group of workers who toiled to shatter the delicate stone tracery of the chancel gate.

The ravagers warmed to their work. Scultetus stood with folded arms gazing on the ghastly sight with a smile of exultation. He laid no touch upon the wrecked church, but he gloated over each blow dealt to those accursed popish images. The church was like some mad dream of a devastated feasting-hall; the ground was strewn with silken hangings, with velvets, with embroideries of gold and silver thread; golden vases rolled on the stone floor; waxen limbs from the lesser shrines lay grotesque and horrible, in the folds of the altar-cloths; gilt and silver candlesticks, bent and twisted, lay about; and jeweled reliquaries, despoiled of their precious stones, were mixed into the gorgeous refuse of spoiled beauty; and everywhere, like symbols of death, lay the withered flowers from the altars. The thunderous noise of hammers upon the stone rang out unceasingly, while ever and anon a deafening crash told that another statue had been felled. A knot of men made it

their especial task to empty the reliquaries, and with obscene jests the sacred dust was flung about, and the brittle bones of the long dead were broken and thrown into the air with lewd shouts for their last requiem mass.

Still, over all, the crucified King remained inviolate, high above the wrecked rood-screen. Only two things had been spared by the destroyers — the crucifix and the royal oratory, that quaint fifteenth-century gallery which clung to the church wall like a swallow's nest, high above the ravagers' reach. But it was not for this reason that the oratory had been spared; Scultetus, the low-born preacher, had commanded his men to lay no touch upon this sacred place of royal prayer; and thus, although the aureoled figures of saints were mingled with the emblems of monarchy in the ornaments of the oratory, they had remained scathless.

The crimson curtain in the royal gallery was thrust aside, and Frederick, King of Bohemia, looked down and saw how his new country's beloved cathedral was turned into the shambles of beauty and a fearful picture of outraged reverence. Scultetus saw him and pointed at the destruction.

"As the Lord purged the Temple, so have I cleansed this church of the dross of idolatry," he said sternly. The wreckers, seeing King Frederick, paused in their abominable work.

"On, my friends!" cried Scultetus. "Pull down the last vestige of the heathen's worship!" His glance rested on the crucifix. "Ah! here is work for you!" he cried. "Break me that profane thing of the image-worshipers! Down! Down!"

Among the gentry who had accompanied Scultetus, indeed, those who had led the work of destruction, were six Bohemians of the lesser nobility; these were Bushuslav, Berkha, Budowitz, young Michaelowitz, Berbistorf, and Daniel Secreta. Calvinists and sworn enemies of the priests, they had joyed in the havoc, but even they hung back before the wrecking of the crucifix. It was Bohemia's most venerated shrine, this great crucifix of St. Vitus, and a most beauteous work of the twelfth century.

"It is pity to break that, master," muttered Berkha hesitatingly. "It cannot harm to leave that."

"You are not earnest for the Faith, sir! Root and branch shall this church be cleansed of the defilement of filthy idols," cried Scultetus, and to the masons he shouted: "On to your task! I will pay a double wage to those who break down yonder heathen image." His words renewed the workmen's ardor, and in an instant they had roped the head of Christ, and sixteen men dragged at the cords, while a score hewed and hammered at the base of the cross.

With a thunderous crash the mass of stone fell to the ground, and for a moment the wreckers drew back in superstitious awe, for the whole church rocked, as if the mighty edifice shuddered at the sacrilege. The fall had broken the stone cross, and, among the crimson velvets of a heap of altar-cloths, the Figure of the Crucified lay prone, strangely real and piteous like a newly slain victim. The awestruck workmen stood huddled together, but Berbistorf, recovering from his momentary fear, sprang forward and touched the prone Figure with his foot.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, laughing gruffly. "Ha! Thou who hast claimed to save sinners, prove now Thy power, save Thyself! Ho, ho! He cannot! See, comrades, the idol is broken down!" Scornfully the blasphemer spurned the fallen Christ. "Wretched doll whom fools have worshiped!" he cried, and spat into the tranquil Face beneath the crown of thorns. It is well known how wit is sharpened by approval, and the workmen's rough laughter again inspired Berbistorf.

"Bring me that image of John," he called; and two-score of eager hands obeyed him. The statue of the beloved Apostle was dragged from its resting-place against the shattered gates of the royal tomb of Bohemia.

"Here! lay the thing beside the woman Mary," cried Berbistorf; and as the willing, well-paid hirelings laid the statue next to that of the blessed Virgin, Berbistorf rolled the sculptured saint against Our Lady's statue, and laughing aloud, cried out: —

"Ye loved each other upon earth; there, I've put you together again so that ye may be free to love once more!"

There was a moment's silence wherein the clink of the metal rings which held the velvet hangings of the royal oratory window was clearly heard. Frederick, King of Bohemia, had closed the curtain, and had disappeared from the sight of his supporters, who were doing such glorious work for Bohemia and the Faith in the name of God.

Seeing that the king had fled before this insult to womanhood in the person of God's Blessed Mother, Scultetus smiled. Really, His Majesty was too faint-hearted; but it mattered not, he, Scultetus, was at hand

to battle for the pure Faith of Calvin; and he, at least, would never waver, never recoil before God's service.

. . . .

The king left the royal oratory, and hurried through the long corridors of the rambling palace to the queen's apartments. In the antechamber he met Count Schlick and Bernard Thurn. Both men were in the grip of strong emotion, and Schlick poured forth a stream of soft, swift Czech when he saw the king.

"Sire!" cried Thurn, silencing his voluble companion, for he remembered that Frederick understood no word of Czech, "there is terrible work afoot in the Vitus Church! You cannot know what your preacher is doing, but, for God's sake, stop this sacrilege! It will turn the heart of every Bohemian against you. I implore you —"

Frederick stopped him with a haughty wave of the hand. "My young Lord of Thurn," he said coldly, "you are forever trying to teach me my duty. You forget who I am, and also that I am an older man than you; you should learn respect for my riper experience!"

"You may be a hundred years older than I, sire," cried Thurn hotly, "but I know the Bohemian people as you cannot know them yet. The experience of one country is useless in another, and your German experience cannot aid you in Bohemia. There is no time to be lost, sire, I pray you — I pray you, stop this ruthless man, who will wreck your kingdom —"

"Silence, sir! You speak of your superior in age and knowledge!" answered the king pompously.

Thurn spoke to Schlick in Bohemian. The old man caught the king's arm, and addressed him in a choking

voice. Frederick looked at him. In spite of himself he was impressed by Schlick's manner.

"Translate what the count says," he ordered Thurn.

"Andreas Schlick tells Your Majesty what each Bohemian will say in his heart to-day when he hears that our country is in the hands of a man who knows no reverence for Bohemia! Count Schlick says thus: 'The die is cast!'" Thurn replied sternly.

"You are traitors," began the king furiously.

"Nay, sire, we are no traitors; but we know that he who wounds the trust of Bohemians will receive but half-hearted service from them in his dire need," young Thurn said.

"Arrest this gentleman!" called the king to a guard, who stood at the door of the antechamber. Thurn unfastened his sword-belt, and, kneeling, presented his sword to Frederick.

With one of those quick changes of mood to which the undecided are liable, the king pushed aside the proffered sword-hilt.

"Nay; you meant well. Keep your sword, and learn that you cannot browbeat a king," he said grandiloquently, and passed into the queen's apartments.

"Alas for Bohemia!" exclaimed Schlick. "We have chosen a pretty boy who can play at being king in a masquerade; but we wanted either a strong man to rule us, or a puppet to obey us. King Frederick is neither of these, and Bohemia is doomed."

In the town of Prague the news of the wrecking of St. Vitus was received with strange indifference. It seemed as though Schlick and Thurn had miscalculated the people's love for their ancient church, and Frederick,

seeing this, felt himself the more secure, more than ever the master of his people. They had made no murmur against the enforcement of his will in this most vital thing. How should they? he argued, since, having chosen a Calvinist for their king, they must have always understood that, though as champion of religious freedom he would permit the Lutherans, the Bohemian Brethren, and even the few remaining Taborites to worship as they listed, no such leniency could be shown to Papists.

How could Frederick know that he owed his people's calmness to the Domherren? He did not dream that the priests, gliding through the narrow streets, whispered patience to the people. Patience! for had not the Holy Father, the Pope himself, said that Frederick was but a king of snows? Like to the snow-men that children built in winter, he and his dominion would melt away and vanish in a little time. The priests wished for no premature revolt, ending in bloodshed and ultimate submission. They waited, knowing that the imperial army was still too far away to aid them; knowing right well, too, that Maximilian of Bavaria's disciplined troops would brush away like dust the feeble resistance of the ill-paid, under-fed, half-hearted Bohemian army. But the time was not yet, and the priests bade the people to wait quietly, and they were obeyed; for though many to whom they spoke were Lutherans, from early youth they had known the priests, whereas the Calvinists were strangers to them. Also, the priests spoke to them in their own tongue — that soft, well-beloved language, of which, as the priests reminded the people, neither Frederick, Elizabeth, nor their court knew a single word.

WALLENSTEIN, THE DEPOSED GENERAL

[1630]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[WALLENSTEIN was a rich man who offered to raise an army of 20,000 men for the Emperor at the time of the Thirty Years' War, and to provide for their support. He succeeded in doing this, but by most dishonest means, for he led his troops to wealthy parts of the country, and then harassed and threatened until the people were forced to give him immense sums of money. It was nothing to him whether these people were Protestants or Catholics, and finally the Catholics insisted that the Emperor should dismiss him. This was done. In the following extract Schiller has described Wallenstein's dismissal, and his mode of life immediately following that event.

The Editor.]

WALLENSTEIN was at the head of an army of nearly a hundred thousand men who adored him, when the sentence of his dismissal arrived. Most of the officers were his creatures — with the common soldiers his hint was law. His ambition was boundless, his pride indomitable, his imperious spirit could not brook an injury unavenged. One moment would now precipitate him from the height of grandeur into the obscurity of a private station. To execute such a sentence upon such a delinquent seemed to require more address than it cost to obtain it from the judge. Accordingly, two of Wallenstein's most intimate friends were selected as heralds of these evil tidings, and instructed to soften them as much as possible, by

flattering assurances of the continuance of the Emperor's favor.

Wallenstein had ascertained the purport of their message before the imperial ambassadors arrived. He had time to collect himself, and his countenance exhibited an external calmness, while grief and rage were storming in his bosom. He had made up his mind to obey. The Emperor's decision had taken him by surprise before circumstances were ripe, or his preparations complete, for the bold measures he had contemplated. His extensive estates were scattered over Bohemia and Moravia; and, by their confiscation, the Emperor might at once destroy the sinews of his power. He looked, therefore, to the future for revenge; and in this hope he was encouraged by the predictions of an Italian astrologer, who led his imperious spirit like a child in leading-strings. Seni had read in the stars that his master's brilliant career was not yet ended; and that bright and glorious prospects still awaited him. It was, indeed, unnecessary to consult the stars to foretell that an enemy, Gustavus Adolphus, would ere long render indispensable the services of such a general as Wallenstein.

"The Emperor is betrayed," said Wallenstein to the messengers: "I pity, but I forgive him. It is plain that the grasping spirit of the Bavarian dictates to him. I grieve that, with so much weakness, he has sacrificed me, but I will obey." He dismissed the emissaries with princely presents; and in a humble letter besought the continuance of the Emperor's favor, and of the dignities he had bestowed upon him.

The murmurs of the army were universal, on hearing

of the dismissal of their general; and the greater part of his officers immediately quitted the imperial service. Many followed him to his estates in Bohemia and Moravia; others he attached to his interests by pensions, in order to command their services when the opportunity should offer.

But repose was the last thing that Wallenstein contemplated when he returned to private life. In his retreat he surrounded himself with a regal pomp, which seemed to mock the sentence of degradation. Six gates led to the palace he inhabited in Prague, and a hundred houses were pulled down to make way for his courtyard. Similar palaces were built on his other numerous estates. Gentlemen of the noblest houses contended for the honor of serving him, and even imperial chamberlains resigned the golden key to the Emperor, to fill a similar office under Wallenstein. He maintained sixty pages, who were instructed by the ablest masters. His antechamber was protected by fifty life-guards. His table never consisted of less than one hundred covers, and his seneschal was a person of distinction. When he traveled, his baggage and suite accompanied him in a hundred wagons, drawn by six or four horses; his court followed in sixty carriages, attended by fifty led horses. The pomp of his liveries, the splendor of his equipages, and the decorations of his apartments, were in keeping with all the rest. Six barons and as many knights were in constant attendance about his person, and ready to execute his slightest order. Twelve patrols went their rounds about the palace, to prevent any disturbance. His busy genius required silence. The noise of coaches was to be kept away from his residence, and the streets leading to it were fre-

quently blocked up with chains. His own circle was as silent as the approaches to his palace: dark, reserved, and impenetrable, he was more sparing of his words than of his gifts; while the little that he spoke was harsh and imperious. He never smiled, and the coldness of his temperament was proof against sensual seductions. Ever occupied with grand schemes, he despised all those idle amusements in which so many wasted their lives. The correspondence he kept up with the whole of Europe was chiefly managed by himself, and, that as little as possible might be trusted to the silence of others, most of the letters were written by his own hand. He was a man of large stature, thin, of a sallow complexion, with short, red hair, and small, sparkling eyes. A gloomy and forbidding seriousness sat upon his brow; and his magnificent presents alone retained the trembling crowd of his dependents.

In this stately obscurity did Wallenstein silently, but not inactively, await the hour of revenge. The victorious career of Gustavus Adolphus soon gave him a presentiment of its approach. Not one of his lofty schemes had been abandoned; and the Emperor's ingratitude had loosened the curb of his ambition. The dazzling splendor of his private life bespoke high-soaring projects; and, lavish as a king, he seemed already to reckon among his certain possessions those which he contemplated with hope.

WALLENSTEIN AND THE CUIRASSIERS

[1634]

BY JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

[After the dismissal of Wallenstein, Tilly was put in command of the Emperor's forces. He was slain, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, leader of the Protestant armies, was pressing forward upon the Austrian dominions, and in his necessity the Emperor recalled Wallenstein. Two years later, Wallenstein entered into negotiations with the enemies of the Emperor, namely, Sweden, Saxony, and France, whether traitorously or in an attempt to deceive them is not certain. The following scene from Schiller's drama, "The Death of Wallenstein," is laid at this time. The Emperor has charged him with being a traitor, and ten cuirassiers, representatives of a regiment, have come before him, determined to stand by him if he can convince them of his faithfulness.

The Editor.]

Scene XIV

Wallenstein, Illo, Terzky

(*To them enters* Neumann, *who leads* Terzky *aside, and talks with him*)

Terzky

What do they want?

Wallenstein

What now?

Terzky

Ten cuirassiers

From Pappenheim request leave to address you
In the name of the regiment.

WALLENSTEIN (*hastily to* NEUMANN)

Let them enter.

[*Exit* NEUMANN.

This
May end in something. Mark you. They are still
Doubtful, and may be won.

SCENE XV

WALLENSTEIN, TERZKY, ILLO

(*Ten cuirassiers, led by an anspessade,*[1] *march up and arrange themselves, after the word of command, in one front before the Duke, and make their obeisance. He takes his hat off, and immediately covers himself again*)

ANSPESSADE

Halt! Front! Present!

WALLENSTEIN (*after he has run through them with his eye, to the anspessade*)

I know thee well. Thou art out of Brüggen in Flanders:
Thy name is Mercy.

ANSPESSADE

Henry Mercy.

WALLENSTEIN

Thou wert cut off on the march, surrounded by the

[1] A soldier inferior to a corporal, but above the sentinels.

Hessians, and didst fight thy way with an hundred and eighty men through their thousand.

ANSPESSADE

'T was even so, General!

WALLENSTEIN

What reward hadst thou for this gallant exploit?

ANSPESSADE

That which I asked for: the honor to serve in this corps.

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a second*)

Thou wert among the volunteers that seized and made booty of the Swedish battery at Altenburg.

SECOND CUIRASSIER

Yes, General!

WALLENSTEIN

I forget no one with whom I have exchanged words. (*A pause.*) Who sends you?

ANSPESSADE

Your noble regiment, the Cuirassiers of Piccolomini.

WALLENSTEIN

Why does not your colonel deliver in your request, according to the custom of service?

ANSPESSADE

Because we would first know *whom* we serve.

WALLENSTEIN

Begin your address.

ANSPESSADE (*giving the word of command*)

Shoulder your arms!

WALLENSTEIN (*turning to a third*)

Thy name is Risbeck; Cologne is thy birthplace.

THIRD CUIRASSIER

Risbeck of Cologne.

WALLENSTEIN

It was thou that broughtest in the Swedish colonel, Dübald, prisoner in the camp at Nüremberg.

THIRD CUIRASSIER

It was not I, General.

WALLENSTEIN

Perfectly right! It was thy elder brother: thou hadst a younger brother, too: where did he stay?

THIRD CUIRASSIER

He is stationed at Olmütz, with the imperial army.

WALLENSTEIN (*to the anspessade*)

Now then — begin.

ANSPESSADE

There came to us a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us —

WALLENSTEIN (*interrupting him*)
Who chose you?

ANSPESSADE
Every company
Drew its own man by lot.

WALLENSTEIN
Now! to the business.

ANSPESSADE
There came to hand a letter from the Emperor
Commanding us collectively, from thee
All duties of obedience to withdraw,
Because thou wert an enemy and traitor.

WALLENSTEIN
And what did you determine?

ANSPESSADE
All our comrades
At Braunau, Budweiss, Prague, and Olmütz have
Obey'd already; and the regiments here,
Tiefenbach and Toscano, instantly
Did follow their example. But — but we
Do not believe that thou art an enemy
And traitor to thy country, hold it merely
For lie and trick, and a trumped-up Spanish story!
[*With warmth.*
Thyself shalt tell us what thy purpose is,
For we have found thee still sincere and true:

No mouth shall interpose itself betwixt
The gallant General and the gallant troops.

WALLENSTEIN

Therein I recognize my Pappenheimers.

ANSPESSADE

And this proposal makes thy regiment to thee:
Is it thy purpose merely to preserve
In thine own hands this military scepter,
Which so becomes thee, which the Emperor
Made over to thee by a covenant!
Is it thy purpose merely to remain
Supreme commander of the Austrian armies? —
We will stand by thee, General! and guarantee
Thy honest rights against all opposition.
And should it chance that all the other regiments
Turn from thee, by ourselves will we stand forth
Thy faithful soldiers, and, as is our duty,
Far rather let ourselves be cut to pieces.
Than suffer thee to fall. But if it be
As the Emperor's letter says, if it be true,
That thou in traitorous wise wilt lead us over
To the enemy, which God in heaven forbid!
Then we too will forsake thee, and obey
That letter —

WALLENSTEIN

Hear me, children!

ANSPESSADE

Yes, or no!

There needs no other answer.

WALLENSTEIN

Yield attention.
You're men of sense, examine for yourselves;
Ye think, and do not follow with the herd:
And therefore have I always shown you honor
Above all others, suffer'd you to reason;
Have treated you as free men, and my orders
Were but the echoes of your prior suffrage. —

ANSPESSADE

Most fair and noble has thy conduct been
To us, my General! With thy confidence
Thou hast honor'd us, and shown us grace and favor
Beyond all other regiments; and thou seest
We follow not the common herd. We will
Stand by thee faithfully. Speak but one word —
Thy word shall satisfy us, that it is not
A treason which thou meditatest — that
Thou meanest not to lead the army over
To the enemy; nor e'er betray thy country.

WALLENSTEIN

Me, me are they betraying. The Emperor
Hath sacrificed me to my enemies,
And I must fall, unless my gallant troops
Will rescue me. See! I confide in you.
And be your hearts my stronghold! At this breast
The aim is taken, at this hoary head.
This is your Spanish gratitude, this is our
Requital for that murderous fight at Lützen!
For this we threw the naked breast against
The halbert, made for this the frozen earth

Our bed, and the hard stone our pillow! never
stream
Too rapid for us, nor wood too impervious;
With cheerful spirit we pursued that Mansfeldt
Through all the turns and windings of his flight:
Yea, our whole life was but one restless march:
And homeless, as the stirring wind, we travel'd
O'er the war-wasted earth. And now, even now,
That we have well-nigh finish'd the hard toil,
The unthankful, the curse-laden toil of weapons,
With faithful, indefatigable arm
Have roll'd the weary war-load up the hill,
Behold! this boy of the Emperor's bears away
The honors of the peace, an easy prize!
He'll weave, forsooth, into his flaxen locks
The olive branch, the hard-earn'd ornament
Of this gray head, grown gray beneath the helmet.

ANSPESSADE

That shall not be, while we can hinder it!
No one but thou who hast conducted it
With fame shall end this war, this frightful war.
Thou ledd'st us out to the bloody field
Of death; thou and no other shalt conduct us home,
Rejoicing, to the lovely plains of peace —
Shalt share with us the fruits of the long toil —

WALLENSTEIN

What! Think you then at length in late old age
To enjoy the fruits of toil? Believe it not.
Never, no, never, will you see the end
Of the contest! you and me, and all of us,

This war will swallow up! War, war, not peace,
Is Austria's wish; and therefore, because I
Endeavor'd after peace, therefore I fall.
For what cares Austria how long the war
Wears out the armies and lays waste the world!
She will but wax and grow amid the ruin
And still win new domains.

[*The cuirassiers express agitation by their gestures.*

Ye're moved — I see
A noble rage flash from your eyes, ye warriors!
Oh that my spirit might possess you now
Daring as once it led you to the battle!
Ye would stand by me with your veteran arms,
Protect me in my rights; and this is noble!
But think not that *you* can accomplish it,
Your scanty number! to no purpose will you
Have sacrificed you for your General.

[*Confidentially.*

No! let us tread securely, seek for friends;
The Swedes have proffer'd us assistance, let us
Wear for a while the appearance of good will,
And use them for your profit, till we both
Carry the fate of Europe in our hands,
And from our camp to the glad jubilant world
Lead Peace forth with the garland on her head!

ANSPESSADE

'T is then but mere appearances which thou
Dost put on with the Swede! Thou'lt not betray
The Emperor? Wilt not turn us into Swedes?
This is the only thing which we desire
To learn from thee.

WALLENSTEIN

What care I for the Swedes?
I hate them as I hate the pit of hell,
And under Providence I trust right soon
To chase them to their homes across their Baltic.
My cares are only for the whole: I have
A heart — it bleeds within me for the miseries
And piteous groanings of my fellow-Germans.
Ye are but common men, but yet ye think
With minds not common; ye appear to me
Worthy before all others, that I whisper ye
A little word or two in confidence!
See now! already for full fifteen years,
The war-torch has continued burning, yet
No rest, no pause of conflict. Swede and German,
Papist and Lutheran, neither will give way
To the other, every hand's against the other.
Each one is party and no one a judge.
Where shall this end? Where's he that will unravel
This tangle, ever tangling more and more.
It must be cut asunder.
I feel that I am the man of destiny,
And trust, with your assistance, to accomplish it.

SCENE XVI

To these enter BUTLER

BUTLER (*passionately*)

General! This is not right!

WALLENSTEIN

What is not right?

BUTLER

It must needs injure us with all honest men.

WALLENSTEIN

But what?

BUTLER

It is an open proclamation
Of insurrection.

WALLENSTEIN

Well, well — but what is it?

BUTLER

Count Terzky's regiments tear the Imperial Eagle
From off the banners, and instead of it
Have rear'd aloft their arms.

ANSPESSADE (*abruptly to the cuirassiers*)

Right about! March!

WALLENSTEIN

Cursed be this counsel, and accursed who gave it!
[*To the cuirassiers, who are retiring.*
Halt, children, halt! There's some mistake in this;
Hark! — I will punish it severely. Stop!
They do not hear. (*To* ILLO.) Go after them, assure them,
And bring them back to me, cost what it may.
[ILLO *hurries out.*
This hurls us headlong. Butler! Butler!
You are my evil genius: wherefore must you
Announce it in their presence? It was all
In a fair way. They were half won! those madmen

With their improvident over-readiness —
A cruel game is Fortune playing with me.
The zeal of friends it is that razes me,
And not the hate of enemies.

HOW JOHN SOBIESKI SAVED VIENNA FROM THE TURKS

[1683]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the Hungarians asked aid from the Turks against the despotism of Leopold, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. The Duke of Lorraine, who commanded Leopold's forces, was at length shut up in Vienna, and the Emperor was in despair, when Sobieski came to the rescue.

The Editor.]

The banners of the advance guard of the Turkish army were seen from the walls of Vienna. Soon the whole mighty host, like an inundation, came surging on, and, surrounding the city, invested it on all sides. The terrific assault from innumerable batteries immediately commenced. The besieged were soon reduced to the last extremity for want of provisions, and famine and pestilence, rioting within the walls, destroyed more than the shot of the enemy. The suburbs were destroyed, the principal outworks taken, several breaches were battered in the walls, and the terrified inhabitants were hourly in expectation that the city would be taken by storm. There cannot be, this side of the world of woe, anything more terrible than such an event.

The Emperor, in his terror, had dispatched envoys all over Germany to rally troops for the defense of

Vienna and the Empire. He himself had hastened to Poland, where, with frantic entreaties, he pressed the king, the renowned John Sobieski, whose very name was a terror, to rush to his relief. Sobieski left orders for a powerful army immediately to commence their march. But, without waiting for their comparatively slow movements, he placed himself at the head of three thousand Polish horsemen, and, without encumbering himself with luggage, like the sweep of the whirlwind traversed Silesia and Moravia, and reached Tulen, on the banks of the Danube, about twenty miles above Vienna. He had been told by the Emperor that here he would find an army awaiting him, and a bridge constructed by which he could cross the stream. But, to his bitter disappointment, he found no army, and the bridge unfinished. Indignantly he exclaimed, —

"What does the Emperor mean? Does he think me a mere adventurer? I left my own army that I might take command of his. It is not for myself that I fight, but for him."

Notwithstanding this disappointment, he called into requisition all his energies to meet the crisis. The bridge was pushed forward to its completion. The loitering German troops were hurried on to the rendezvous. After a few days the Polish troops, by forced marches, arrived, and Sobieski found himself at the head of sixty thousand men, experienced soldiers, and well supplied with all the munitions of war. On the 11th of September the inhabitants of the city were overjoyed, in descrying from the towers of the city, in the distance, the approaching banners of the Polish and German army. Sobieski ascended an elevation, and long and carefully

scrutinized the position of the besieging host. He then calmly remarked, —

"The grand vizier has selected a bad position. I understand him. He is ignorant of the arts of war, and yet thinks that he has military genius. It will be so easy to conquer him that we shall obtain no honor from the victory."

Early the next morning, the 12th of September, the Polish and German troops rushed to the assault, with such amazing impetuosity, and guided by such military skill, that the Turks were swept before them as by a torrent. The army of the grand vizier, seized by a panic, fled so precipitately that they left baggage, tents, ammunition, and provisions behind. The garrison emerged from the city, and coöperated with the victors, and booty of indescribable value fell into their hands. As Sobieski took possession of the abandoned camp, stored with all the wealth and luxuries of the East, he wrote, in a tone of pleasantry, to his wife, —

"The grand vizier has left me his heir, and I inherit millions of ducats. When I return home, I shall not be met with the reproach of the Tartar wives, 'You are not a man, because you have come back without booty.'"

The inhabitants of Vienna flocked out from the city to greet the king as an angel deliverer sent from heaven. The next morning the gates of the city were thrown open, the streets were garlanded with flowers, and the King of Poland had a triumphal reception in the streets of the metropolis. The enthusiasm and gratitude of the people passed all ordinary bounds. The bells rang their merriest peals; files of maidens lined his path, and acclamations, bursting from the heart, greeted him every

step of his way. They called him their father and deliverer. They struggled to kiss his feet and even to touch his garments. With difficulty he pressed through the grateful crowd to the cathedral, where he prostrated himself before the altar, and returned thanks to God for the signal victory. As he returned, after a public dinner, to his camp, he said, "This is the happiest day of my life."

Two days after this, Leopold returned, trembling and humiliated, to his capital. He was received in silence, and with undisguised contempt. His mortification was intense, and he could not endure to hear the praises which were everywhere lavished upon Sobieski. Jealousy rankled in his heart, and he vented his spite upon all around him. It was necessary that he should have an interview with the heroic king who had so nobly come to his rescue. But instead of meeting him with a warm and grateful heart, he began to study the punctilios of etiquette, that the dreaded interview might be rendered as cold and formal as possible.

Sobieski was merely an elective monarch. Leopold was a hereditary king and an emperor. Leopold even expressed some doubt whether it were consistent with his exalted dignity to grant the Polish king the honor of an audience. He inquired whether an *elected monarch* had ever been admitted to the presence of an *Emperor;* and if so, with what forms, in the present case, the king should be received. The Duke of Lorraine, of whom he made the inquiry, disgusted with the mean spirit of the Emperor, nobly replied, "With open arms."

But the soulless Leopold had every movement punctiliously arranged according to the dictates of his ignoble

spirit. The Polish and Austrian armies were drawn up in opposite lines upon the plain before the city. At concerted signal the Emperor and the king emerged from their respective ranks, and rode out upon the open plain to meet each other. Sobieski, a man of splendid bearing magnificently mounted, and dressed in the brilliant uniform of a Polish warrior, attracted all eyes and the admiration of all hearts. His war-steed pranced proudly as if conscious of the royal burden he bore, and of the victories he had achieved. Leopold was an ungainly man at the best. Conscious of his inability to vie with the hero in his personal presence, he affected the utmost simplicity of dress and equipage. Humiliated also by the cold reception he had met and by the consciousness of extreme unpopularity in both armies, he was embarrassed and dejected. The contrast was very striking, adding to the renown of Sobieski, and sinking Leopold still deeper in contempt.

The two sovereigns advanced, formally saluted each other with bows, dismounted and embraced. A few cold words were exchanged, when they again embraced and remounted to review the troops. But Sobieski, frank, cordial, impulsive, was so disgusted with this reception, so different from what he had a right to expect, that he excused himself, and rode to his tent, leaving his chancellor Zaluski to accompany the Emperor on the review. As Leopold rode along the lines, he was received in contemptuous silence, and he returned to his palace in Vienna, tortured by wounded pride and chagrin.

III

FROM MARIA THERESA TO THE DOWNFALL OF NAPOLEON

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Emperor Charles V, last of the male line of the Hapsburgs, was determined that his daughter Maria Theresa should succeed him. Before he died in 1740 he secured the consent of the European Powers to this arrangement, but Frederic the Great of Prussia violated this agreement, and his example was followed by other nations. In the War of the Austrian Succession that followed, Maria Theresa, firmly supported by the nation, showed herself a match for her opponents, but was forced to cede Silesia to the adroit Frederic. This rankled in the proud queen's heart, and in 1756 she induced France, Russia, Saxony, and Sweden to join with her in crushing the ambitious Prussian monarch. For seven years this powerful alliance contended in vain against the little state of Prussia and thousands of lives were sacrificed before the Austrian queen would acknowledge that Silesia was lost forever. It was during the reign of Maria Theresa that the first partition of Poland took place, and Austria managed to obtain a share of the spoils.

In the time of the French Revolution, Austria joined with Prussia against the Republic. Then it was that the battles of Marengo and Hohenlinden were fought. In 1804, Napoleon became Emperor of France, but with England, Austria, Russia, and Sweden leagued against him. He overthrew the Austrians at Ulm, and both Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz. Austria was then forced to give up to Italy large districts about the head of the Adriatic Sea. Sixteen German states now formed themselves into a league called the Confederation of the Rhine, and chose Napoleon as Protector. The great stretch of country which Charlemagne had given to his son Lewis was no longer a kingdom. Francis II, who had borne the title of Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, held after 1806 only that of Emperor of Austria. In 1813, Austria assisted in the overthrow of Napoleon, and at the Congress of Vienna, held in the following year to restore the equilibrium of Europe, much of the territory which she had lost in her recent wars with France was returned to her.

HOW MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA BECAME *KING*

[1740]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[Never was a sovereign in more pressing difficulties. As has been said: —

"Seldom has a kingdom been in a more deplorable condition than was Austria on the morning when the scepter passed into the hands of Maria Theresa. There were not forty thousand dollars in the treasury; the state was enormously in debt; the whole army did not amount to more than thirty thousand men, widely dispersed, clamoring for want of pay, and almost entirely destitute of the materials for war. The vintage had been cut off by the frost, producing great distress in the country. There was a famine in Vienna, and many were starving for want of food. The peasants, in the neighborhood of the metropolis, were rising in insurrection, ravaging the fields in search of game; while rumors were industriously circulated that the Government was dissolved, that the succession was disputed, and that the Duke of Bavaria was on the march, with an army, to claim the crown. The distant provinces were anxious to shake off the Austrian yoke. Bohemia was agitated; and the restless barons of Hungary were upon the point of grasping their arms, and, under the protection of Turkey, of claiming their ancestral hereditary rights. Notwithstanding the untiring efforts of the Emperor to obtain the assent of Europe to the Pragmatic Sanction,[1] many influential courts refused to recognize the

[1] The "Pragmatic Sanction" was a decree of Charles VI that, as he was the last of the Hapsburg males, the crown should now pass to the female line, that is, to Maria Theresa. In some countries of Europe only a male could be the "legitimate heir"; in others it might be either a male or a female; in Austria, the custom varied.

right of Maria Theresa to the crown. The ministers were desponding, irresolute, and incapable. Maria Theresa was young, quite inexperienced, and in delicate health."

Besides these troubles, Frederic of Prussia demanded a large slice of the Austrian domain, and had taken steps to enforce his demand with his sword.

The Editor.]

The cause of Maria Theresa was now, to human vision, desperate. Immense armies were invading her realms. Prague was invested; Vienna threatened with immediate siege; her treasury was empty; her little army defeated and scattered; she was abandoned by her allies, and nothing seemed to remain for her but to submit to her conquerors. Hungary still clung firmly to the queen, and she had been crowned at Presburg with boundless enthusiasm. An eyewitness has thus described this scene: —

"The coronation was magnificent. The queen was all charm. She rode gallantly up the Royal Mount, a hillock in the vicinity of Presburg, which the new sovereign ascends on horseback, and waving a drawn sword, defied the four corners of the world, in a manner to show that she had no occasion for that weapon to conquer all who saw her. The antiquated crown received new graces from her head; and the old tattered robe of St. Stephen became her as well as her own rich habit, if diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of precious stones can be called clothes."

She had but recently risen from the bed of confinement, and the delicacy of her appearance added to her attractions. A table was spread for a public entertainment, around which all the dignitaries of the realm were

assembled — dukes who could lead thousands of troops into the field, bold barons with their bronzed followers, whose iron sinews had been toughened in innumerable wars. It was a warm summer day, and the cheeks of the youthful queen glowed with the warmth and with the excitement of the hour. Her beautiful hair fell in ringlets upon her shoulders and over her full bosom. She sat at the head of the table all queenly in loveliness, and imperial in character. The bold, high-spirited nobles who surrounded her could appreciate her position, assailed by half the monarchies of Europe, and left alone to combat them all. Their chivalrous enthusiasm was thus aroused.

The statesmen of Vienna had endeavored to dissuade the queen from making any appeal to the Hungarians. When Charles VI made an effort to secure their assent to the Pragmatic Sanction, the war-worn barons replied haughtily, "We are accustomed to be governed by men, not by women." The ministers at Vienna feared, therefore, that the very sight of the queen, youthful, frail, and powerless, would stir these barons to immediate insurrection, and that they would scorn such a sovereign to guide them in the fierce wars which her crown involved. But Maria Theresa better understood human nature. She believed that the same barons who would resist the demands of the Emperor Charles VI would rally with enthusiasm around a defenseless woman, appealing to them for aid. The cordiality and ever-increasing glow of ardor with which she was greeted at the coronation and at the dinner encouraged her hopes.

She summoned all the nobles to meet her in the great hall of the castle. The hall was crowded with as bril-

liant an assemblage of rank and power as Hungary could furnish. The queen entered, accompanied by her retinue. She was dressed in deep mourning, in the Hungarian costume, with the crown of St. Stephen upon her brow, and the regal scimitar at her side. With a majestic step she traversed the apartment, and ascended the platform or tribune from whence the Kings of Hungary were accustomed to address their congregated lords. All eyes were fixed upon her, and the most solemn silence pervaded the assemblage.

The Latin language was then, in Hungary, the language of diplomacy and of the court. All the records of the kingdom were preserved in that language, and no one spoke, in the deliberations of the Diet, but in the majestic tongue of ancient Rome. The queen, after a pause, of a few moments, addressing them in Latin, said: —

"The disastrous situation of our affairs has moved us to lay before our dear and faithful states of Hungary, the recent invasion of Austria, the danger now impending over this kingdom, and a proposal for the consideration of a remedy. The very existence of the kingdom of Hungary, of our own person, of our children and our crown, is now at stake. Forsaken by all, we place our sole resource in the fidelity, arms, and long-tried valor of the Hungarians; exhorting you, the states and orders, to deliberate without delay in this extreme danger, on the most effectual measures for the security of our person, of our children and of our crown, and to carry them into immediate execution. In regard to ourself, the faithful states and orders of Hungary shall experience our hearty coöperation in all things which may promote

the pristine happiness of this ancient kingdom, and the honor of the people."

The response was instantaneous and emphatic. A thousand warriors drew their sabers half out of their scabbards, and then thrust them back to the hilt with a clangor like the clash of swords on the field of battle. Then with one voice they shouted, "Moriamur pro nostra rege, Maria Theresa," — *We will die for our sovereign* [*king*], *Maria Theresa.*

The queen, until now, had preserved a perfectly calm and composed demeanor. But this outburst of enthusiasm overpowered her, and, forgetting the queen, she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and burst into a flood of tears. No manly heart could stand this unmoved. Every eye was moistened, every heart throbbed with admiration and devotion, and a scene of indescribable enthusiasm ensued. Hungary was now effectually roused, and Maria Theresa was queen of all hearts. Every noble was ready to march his vassals and to open his purse at her bidding. All through the wide extended realm, the enthusiasm rolled like an innundation. The remote tribes on the banks of the Save, the Theiss, the Drave, and the lower Danube flocked to her standards. They came, semi-savage bands, in uncouth garb, and speaking unintelligible tongues — Croats, Pandours, Slavonians, Warusdinians, and Tolpaches. Germany was astounded at the spectacle of these wild, fierce men, apparently as tameless and as fearless as wolves. The enthusiasm spread rapidly all over the states of Austria. The young men, and especially the students in the universities, espoused the cause of the queen with deathless fervor. Vienna was strongly fortified, all hands engag-

ing in the work. So wonderful was this movement that the allies were alarmed. They had already become involved in quarrels about the division of the anticipated booty.

Frederic of Prussia was the first to implore peace. The Elector of Bavaria was a rival sovereign, and Frederic preferred seeing Austria in the hands of the queen rather than in the hands of the elector. He was, therefore, anxious to withdraw from the confederacy, and to oppose the allies. The queen, as anxious as Frederic to come to an accommodation, sent an ambassador to ascertain his terms. In laconic phrase, characteristic of this singular man, he returned the following answer: —

"All lower Silesia; the river Neiss for the boundary. The town of Neiss as well as Glatz. Beyond the Oder the ancient limits to continue between the duchies of Brieg and Oppelon. Breslau for us. The affairs of religion *in statu quo*. No dependence on Bohemia; a cession forever. In return we will proceed no further. We will besiege Neiss for form. The commandant shall surrender and depart. We will pass quietly into winter quarters, and the Austrian army may go where they will. Let the whole be concluded in twelve days."

These terms were assented to. The king promised never to ask any further territory from the queen, and not to act offensively against the queen or any of her allies. Though the queen placed not the slightest confidence in the integrity of the Prussian monarch, she rejoiced in this treaty, which enabled her to turn all her attention to her other foes.

THE COMMAND OF MARIA THERESA

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[The chief sovereigns of Europe had agreed to the Pragmatic Sanction, and at her father's death Maria Theresa assumed the throne; but owing to counter-claimants the War of the Austrian Succession broke out. During this war, Marshal Belleisle of France captured Prague. Finding that he could not hold the city, he retreated to Eger. In 1743, all Bohemia except Eger was in the hands of Maria Theresa.

The Editor.]

Marshal Belleisle was in command of the French and Bavarian troops, which were besieged in Prague. The force rapidly gathering around him was such as to render retreat impossible. The city was unprepared for a siege, and famine soon began to stare the citizens and garrison in the face. The marshal, reduced to the last extremity, offered to evacuate the city and march out of Bohemia, if he could be permitted to retire unmolested, with arms, artillery, and baggage. The Duke of Lorraine, husband of Maria Theresa, to avoid a battle which would be rendered sanguinary through despair, was ready and even anxious to assent to these terms. His leading generals were of the same opinion, as they wished to avoid a needless effusion of blood.

The offered terms of capitulation were sent to Maria Theresa. She rejected them with disdain. She displayed a revengeful spirit, natural, perhaps, under the circumstances, but which reflects but little honor upon her character.

"I will not," she replied, in the presence of the whole court; "I will not grant any capitulation to the French army. I will listen to no terms, to no proposition from Cardinal Fleury. I am astonished that he should come to *me* now with proposals for peace; *he* who endeavored to excite all the princes of Germany to crush me. I have acted with too much condescension to the court of France. Compelled by the necessities of my situation I debased my royal dignity by writing to the cardinal in terms which would have softened the most obdurate rock. He insolently rejected my entreaties; and the only answer I obtained was that his most Christian majesty had contracted engagements which he could not violate. I can prove, by documents now in my possession, that the French endeavored to excite sedition even in the heart of my dominions; that they attempted to overturn the fundamental laws of the Empire, and to set all Germany in a flame. I will transmit these proofs to posterity as a warning to the Empire."

The ambition of Maria Theresa was now greatly roused. She resolved to retain the whole of Bavaria which she had taken from the elector. The duchy of Lorraine, which had been wrested from her husband, was immediately to be invaded and restored to the Empire. The dominions which had been torn from her father in Italy were to be reannexed to the Austrian Crown, and Alsace upon the Rhine was to be reclaimed. Thus, far from being now satisfied with the possessions she had inherited from her father, her whole soul was roused, in these hours of triumph, to conquer vast accessions for her domains. She dreamed only of conquest, and in her elation parceled out the dominions of

France and Bavaria as liberally and as unscrupulously as they had divided among themselves the domain of the House of Austria.

The French, alarmed, made a great effort to relieve Prague. An army, which on its march was increased to 60,000 men, was sent 600 miles to cross rivers, to penetrate defiles of mountains crowded with hostile troops that they might rescue Prague and its garrison from the besiegers. With consummate skill and energy this critical movement was directed by General Mallebois. The garrison of the city were in a state of great distress. The trenches were open and the siege was pushed with great vigilance. All within the walls of the beleaguered city were reduced to extreme suffering. Horseflesh was considered a delicacy which was reserved for the sick. The French made sally after sally to spike the guns which were battering down the walls. As Mallebois, with his powerful reinforcement, drew near, their courage rose. The Duke of Lorraine became increasingly anxious to secure the capitulation before the arrival of the army of relief, and proposed a conference to decide upon terms, which should be transmitted for approval to the courts of Vienna and of Paris. But the imperious Austrian queen, as soon as she heard of this movement, quite regardless of the feelings of her husband, whom she censured as severely as she would any corporal in the army, issued orders prohibiting, peremptorily, any such conference.

"I will not suffer," she said, "any council to be held in the army. From Vienna alone are orders to be received. I disavow and forbid all such proceedings, *let the blame fall where it may.*"

She knew full well that it was her husband who had proposed this plan; and he knew, and all Austria knew, that it was the Duke of Lorraine who was thus severely and publicly reprimanded. But the husband of Maria Theresa was often reminded that he was but the subject of the queen. So peremptory a mandate admitted of no compromise. The Austrians plied their batteries with new vigor, the wan and skeleton soldiers fought perseveringly at their embrasures; and the battalions of Mallebois, by forced marches, pressed on through the mountains of Bohemia, to the eventful arena. A division of the Austrian army was dispatched to the passes of Satz and Caden, which it would be necessary for the French to thread, in approaching Prague. The troops of Mallebois, when they arrived at these defiles, were so exhausted by their long and forced marches, that they were incapable of forcing their way against the opposition they encountered in the passes of the mountains. After a severe struggle, Mallebois was compelled to relinquish the design of relieving Prague, and storms of snow beginning to encumber his path, he retired across the Danube, and throwing up an intrenched camp, established himself in winter quarters. The Austrian division, thus successful, returned to Prague, and the blockade was resumed. There seemed to be now no hope for the French, and their unconditional surrender was hourly expected. Affairs were in this state, when Europe was astounded by the report that the French general, Belleisle, with a force of 11,000 foot and 3000 horse, had effected his escape from the battered walls of the city and was in successful retreat.

It was the depth of winter. The ground was covered

with snow, and freezing blasts swept the fields. The besiegers were compelled to retreat to the protection of their huts. Taking advantage of a cold and stormy night, Belleisle formed his whole force into a single column, and, leaving behind him his sick and wounded, and every unnecessary encumbrance, marched noiselessly but rapidly from one of the gates of the city. He took with him but thirty cannon and provisions for twelve days. It was a heroic but an awful retreat. The army, already exhausted and emaciated by famine, toiled on over morasses, through forests, over mountains, facing frost and wind and snow, and occasionally fighting their way against their foes, until on the twelfth day they reached Eger, on the frontiers of Bavaria, about 120 miles east from Prague.

Their sufferings were fearful. They had nothing to eat but frozen bread, and at night they sought repose, tentless, and upon the drifted snow. The whole distance was strewn with the bodies of the dead. Each morning mounds of frozen corpses indicated the places of the night's bivouac. Twelve hundred perished during this dreadful march. Of those who survived, many, at Eger, were obliged to undergo the amputation of their frozen limbs. General Belleisle himself, during the whole retreat, was suffering from such a severe attack of rheumatism, that he was unable either to walk or ride. His mind, however, was full of vigor and his energies unabated. Carried in a sedan chair he reconnoitered the way, pointed out the roads, visited every part of the extended line of march, encouraged the fainting troops, and superintended all the minutest details of the retreat. "Notwithstanding the losses of his army," it is recorded,

"he had the satisfaction of preserving the flower of the French forces, of saving every cannon which bore the arms of his master, and of not leaving the smallest trophy to grace the triumph of the enemy."

In the citadel of Prague, Belleisle had left 6000 troops, to prevent the eager pursuit of the Austrians. The Prince Sobcuitz, now in command of the besieging force, mortified and irritated by the escape, sent a summons to the garrison demanding its immediate and unconditional surrender. Chevert, the gallant commander, replied to the officer who brought the summons, —

"Tell the prince that if he will not grant me the honors of war, I will set fire to the four corners of Prague, and bury myself under its ruins."

The destruction of Prague, with all its treasures of architecture and art, was too serious a calamity to be hazarded. Chevert was permitted to retire with the honors of war, and with his division he soon rejoined the army at Eger. Maria Theresa was exceedingly chagrined by the escape of the French, and in the seclusion of her palace she gave vent to the bitterness of her anguish. In public, however, she assumed an attitude of triumph and great exultation in view of the recovery of Prague. She celebrated the event by magnificent entertainments. In imitation of the Olympic games, she established chariot races, in which ladies alone were the competitors, and even condescended herself, with her sister, to enter the lists.

All Bohemia, excepting Eger, was now reclaimed. Early in the spring Maria Theresa visited Prague, where, on the 12th of May, 1743, with great splendor she was crowned Queen of Bohemia. General Belleisle, leaving

a small garrison at Eger, with the remnant of his force crossed the Rhine and returned to France. He had entered Germany a few months before, a conqueror at the head of 40,000 men. He retired a fugitive with 8000 men in his train, ragged, emaciated, and mutilated.

HOHENLINDEN

[1800]

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

[AFTER the execution of King Louis XVI of France, coalitions were formed by other nations of Europe in the determination to restore the monarchy and repress the plans of Napoleon. During what was known as the Second Coalition, the Austrians were defeated at Marengo by Napoleon, then at Hohenlinden by Moreau. This brought about a treaty of peace with Austria and Germany in 1801.

The Editor.]

ON Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious each charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

HOHENLINDEN

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ

[1805]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

[The peace that followed Hohenlinden was of short duration. England, Austria, Russia, Sweden, and afterwards Prussia, united against Napoleon in the Third Coalition. Napoleon won one great victory at Ulm and another at Austerlitz. This brought about the Peace of Presburg in 1805.

The Editor.]

The night was cold and clear. A dense fog, however, settled upon the lower grounds, enveloping friend and foe in an impenetrable sea of obscurity. The horizon was illumined for leagues around with the bivouac fires of the antagonistic hosts. Gradually the unreplenished piles burned out, and silence and darkness brooded over the sleeping armies. At four o'clock Napoleon was on horseback. A confused murmur, piercing the dense fog, revealed to his experienced ear that the Russian columns were in full march to surprise him, by the attack he had anticipated upon his flank. By this movement the Allies weakened their center, and exposed it to the concentrated attack which Napoleon was prepared to make. The bugles sounded. The French soldiers sprang from the frozen ground, and, as by magic, formed themselves in battle array. Every officer knew the part he was to perform. Every soldier was impatient for the conflict. The stars still shone brightly in the wintry sky, and not a ray of light dawned in the east.

Gradually the stars disappeared. A ruddy glow illumined the horizon, and the sun rose unclouded and brilliant, gilding the hill-tops and penetrating the ocean of vapor which rolled in the valleys. It was the "Sun of Austerlitz." Its gorgeous rising produced a deep impression upon the imagination of Napoleon. Often in after years he apostrophized the sun as his guiding star. The marshals surrounding the emperor were burning with impatience as they awaited the signal of attack.

"How long," said Napoleon to Marshal Soult, "would it take you, from hence, to reach the heights of Prutzen?" This was one of the heights in the center of the allied army which the enemy were deserting in their flank march.

"Less than twenty minutes," replied the marshal. "My troops are in the bottom of the valley, covered with mist and with the smoke of their bivouacs. The enemy cannot see them."

"In that case," said Napoleon, "let us wait twenty minutes. When the enemy is making a false movement, we must take good care not to interrupt him."

Soon the heavy booming of artillery announced that the Russians had commenced a furious attack upon the right. "Now, then," said Napoleon, "is the moment." The marshals instantly galloped in all directions to head their respective corps. Napoleon, plunging his spurs into his steed, galloped to the front ranks of the foremost columns. As he rode along the line, he exclaimed, "Soldiers! the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your blows. We shall finish this war with a clap of thunder."

With resistless impetuosity, the solid columns of the

French pierced the weakened center of the Allies. The conflict was desperate and most sanguinary. But nothing could resist the headlong valor of the assailants. The allied army was pierced and cut entirely in twain. Horsemen and footmen were trampled beneath the tread of the proud victors. The field was filled with a rabble of fugitives flying in wild dismay, as the cavalry of the Imperial Guard rode over them and sabered them mercilessly. Napoleon, leaving a few battalions to prevent the right wing from coming to the rescue of the left, turned with nearly his whole force upon the left, and destroyed it. He then directed the terrible onset upon the right wing of the Allies, and it was no more.

A division of the ruined army, consisting of many thousand men and horse, sought to escape by crossing, with artillery and cavalry, a frozen lake which adjoined their line of march. The surface began to yield beneath the enormous load, when a few balls and shells from the French batteries broke the ice, and the whole mass was plunged into the freezing waves. A fearful cry, resounding above the roar of battle, ascended from the lake, as the frantic host struggled for a few moments in the agonies of death. But soon the icy waves closed silently over them all, and those unhappy victims were sepulchered forever. From a neighboring eminence the Emperors of Russia and Austria witnessed the entire discomfiture of their armies. Accompanied by a few followers, in the deepest dejection they joined the fugitives and the stragglers, and fled from the field of disaster. In the profound darkness of the ensuing night, they retreated precipitately and almost alone over the plains of Moravia. Thus terminated the battle of Austerlitz.

HOW THE FRENCH HONORED JOSEPH HAYDN

[1805]

BY "LOUISA MÜHLBACH" (KLARA M. MUNDT)

[JOSEPH HAYDN, the Austrian composer, was born in 1737. At the time of the novel from which the following selection is taken he had reached the height of his fame after a long struggle with adverse circumstances, and was known and loved by all the people of Vienna. At the moment the selection opens the inhabitants of Vienna are anxiously awaiting news of the outcome of a battle that has just been fought between the Austrians and the invading army of Napoleon.

The Editor.]

WHILE thousands had gathered around the embassy building, other thousands strolled out toward Möhringen, and stared breathlessly down the road, hoping to behold the longed-for messenger who would announce to them at length the great victory that had been won.

All at once something in the distance commenced stirring on the road; at times glittering objects, resembling twinkling stars, were to be seen, and then motley colors were discerned; it came nearer and nearer. No doubt it must be a column of soldiers; perhaps some of the heroic regiments which had defeated the French army were already on their homeward march.

Ah, the proud and sanguine people of Vienna regretted now exceedingly that there were no longer any French regiments in the capital, and that they had left their city

only a week ago and rejoined Napoleon's army. Now there would have been an opportunity for them to take revenge for the hospitality which they had been compelled for the last two weeks to extend to the French. Now they would have chased the French soliders in the most ignominious manner through the same streets through which they had marched hitherto with so proud and confident a step.

The soldiers drew nearer and nearer; the people hastened to meet them like a huge boa constrictor with thousands and thousands of movable rings and thousands and thousands of flashing eyes.

But all at once these eyes became fixed and dismayed; the joyful hum, which hitherto had filled the air as though it were a vast multitude of gnats playing in the sun, died away.

Those were not the uniforms of the Austrians, nor of the Russians either! Those were the odious colors of France. The soldiers marching toward Vienna were French regiments!

And couriers appeared, too, the longed-for couriers! But they were no Austrian couriers; the tricolored sash was wrapped around their waists; they did not greet the people with German words and with fraternal German salutations. They galloped past them and shouted, "*Victoire! victoire! Vive l'Empereur Napoléon!*"

The people were thunderstruck; they did not stir, but stared wildly and pale with horror at the regiments that now approached to the jubilant music of their bands, and treated the Viennese to the notes of the "Marseillaise" and the air of "Va-t-en-guerre"; they stared at the sullen, ragged men, who marched in the midst of the soldiers,

like the Roman slaves before the car of the *Triumphator*. These poor, pale men wore no French uniforms, and the tricolored sash was not wrapped around their waists, nor did they bear arms; their hands were empty, and their eyes were fixed on the ground. They were prisoners, prisoners of the French, and they wore Russian uniforms.

The people saw it with dismay. The good Viennese had suddenly been hurled from their proud hopes of victory into an abyss of despair, and they were stunned by the sudden fall, and unable to speak and to collect their thoughts. They stood on the road, pale and breathless, and witnessed the spectacle of the return of the victorious columns with silent despondency.

All at once the brilliant column, which had filed through the ranks of the people, halted, and the band ceased playing. An officer galloped up and exchanged a few words with the colonel in command. The colonel made a sign and uttered a few hurried words, whereupon four soldiers stepped from the ranks, and forcing a passage through the staring crowd, walked directly toward a small house situated solitary and alone on the road, in the middle of a garden.

Every inhabitant of Vienna knew this house and the man living in it, for it was the residence of Joseph Haydn.

When the four soldiers approached the door of the popular and well-known *maestro*, the people seemed to awake from their stupefaction, a unanimous cry of rage and horror resounded, and thousands and thousands of voices shouted and screamed, "Father Haydn! They want to arrest Father Haydn!"

But, no. The four soldiers stopped at the door, and remained there as a guard of honor.

And the band of the next regiment, which had just come up, halted on the road, too, and, in stirring notes, the French musicians began to play a melody which was well known to everybody, the melody of the great hymn from the "Creation," "In verdure clad."

It sounded to the poor Viennese like a cruel mockery to hear a band of the victorious French army play this melody composed by a German *maestro*, and tears of heartfelt shame, of inward rage, filled many an eye which had never wept before, and a bitter pang seized every breast.

The French musicians had not yet finished the tune, when a window in the upper story of the house was opened, and Joseph Haydn's venerable white-haired head appeared. His cheeks were pale, and his lips trembled, for his footman, who had just returned home, had brought him the news that the French had been victorious again, and that Napoleon had defeated the two emperors at Austerlitz.

Joseph Haydn, the *old man*, was pale and trembling, but Joseph Haydn, the *genius*, was courageous, joyful, and defiant, and he was filled with noble anger when he heard that the trumpeters of the French conqueror dared to play his German music.

This anger of the eternally-young and eternally-bold genius now burst forth from Haydn's eyes, and restored to his whole bearing the vigor and elasticity of youth.

Leaning far out of the window, he beckoned the people with both arms, while they were looking up to him and waving their hats to salute him.

"Sing, people of Vienna!" he shouted, "oh, sing our favorite hymn!"

The music had just ceased, and Joseph Haydn now commenced singing in a loud, ringing voice, —

"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!"

And thousands of voices sang and shouted all at once, —

"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!"

Joseph Haydn stood at the window, and moved his arm as though he were standing before his orchestra and leading his choir.

The people sang their favorite hymn louder and more jubilantly, and to the notes of this prayer of a whole people, of this jubilant hymn, by which the Viennese honored their unfortunate, vanquished emperor in the face of the conquering army, the French marched up the road toward the interior of the city.

Joseph Haydn was still at the window; he led the choir no longer; he sang no more. He had folded his hands and listened to the majestic anthem of the people, and the tears, filling his eyes, glistened like diamonds.

The people continued shouting and singing, in spite of the French, the hymn of

"Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz!"

And the victorious French marched silently through the opened ranks of the people.

ANDREAS HOFER RALLYING THE TYROLEAN MOUNTAINEERS

ANDREAS HOFER RALLYING THE TYROLEAN MOUNTAINEERS

BY FRANZ VON DEFREGGER

(*Austrian painter*, 1835–   )

The Peace of Pressburg, in 1805, ended the war between France and Austria. By the terms of this peace, the Tyrol, which had formerly belonged to Austria, passed into the hands of Bavaria. The Tyrol had no love for Bavaria; and in 1808 Andreas Hofer was sent as a deputy to discuss the Tyrolean grievances with the Archduke John of Vienna. By his advice the Tyrolese armed themselves against Bavaria under the lead of Hofer. As the Bavarian troops were marching through narrow valleys, Hofer and his men fell upon them, and within a week the land was free, and some 10,000 troops of France and Bavaria had been destroyed. Napoleon sent a greater army to subdue the revolt, but Hofer, nothing daunted, rallied the mountaineers, defeated the French and Bavarian forces at Mount Isel (1809) and forced them to evacuate the country. The Tyrol then declared itself independent, and made Hofer its ruler.

When the Peace of Vienna left Napoleon's hands free, he sent an overwhelming force against the Tyroleans. Hofer was defeated after a heroic struggle and retired to the mountain fastnesses. His hiding place was betrayed to the French, by whom he was captured and conveyed to Mantua, where, after a summary trial, he was shot by order of Napoleon.

In 1814 the Tyrol was restored to Austria, and a few years later the emperor indemnified the great patriot's family for its losses and ennobled his son.

IV
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

HISTORICAL NOTE

It came to pass that in the sixteenth century the sovereign of Austria, a member of the Hapsburg family, was chosen ruler of Hungary. This united the two countries under one government; but Hungary was not happy in the union. In the nineteenth century, the Hungarians determined to restore a separate monarchy. Their leader was a brilliant orator named Kossuth. The Austrian Emperor finally agreed to their demands; but he soon abdicated in favor of his nephew Francis Joseph, and the promises were not kept. Russia now came into the field. Poland was trying to free herself from Russia; and if Hungary became independent, it was probable that Poland, too, would win her freedom. Therefore Russia hastened to the aid of Austria; by the treachery of a trusted commander, the Hungarians were betrayed, the revolt was crushed, and many of the noblest of the nation were put to death.

Since the downfall of Napoleon, Austria had been at the head of the Confederation of German States, but under the able guidance of Bismarck, Prussia's strength had increased until she was no longer content to remain in a subordinate position. In 1866, the rivalry of these two states led to the Seven Weeks' War. The Austrian army was completely defeated at the battle of Sadowa, and Austria was compelled to turn over the leadership of the German states to Prussia and to cede Venice to Italy. To gain the support of Hungary in this crisis her demands of 1848–49 were conceded. In Austria-Hungary, since 1867, neither country has been subordinate to the other, and their relation is "the permanent union of two nations for certain international purposes."

AFTER THE BATTLE OF SZOLNOK

[1849]

BY MAURUS JOKAI

[The battle of Szolnok took place during the revolt of 1848-49. The Austrian troops were led by Karger; the Hungarian by Damjanics and Vecsey.

In the story from which the following extract is taken, the two sisters, Aniko and Ilka, are betrothed to two noble youths who have ranged themselves on opposite sides. Victory for one means defeat for the other. The hopeful Aniko prepares a dress of white for the home-coming; but Ilka, with many forebodings, makes ready one of black.

The Editor.]

It was the night before the battle of Szolnok.

"Singular!" muttered the general, as he paced up and down his tent; "my spirits were wont to rise before a battle, and now I feel as anxious as if the thought of to-morrow were unwelcome!" And he strove to solve in his own mind the cause of such unusual gloom.

Sometime after, an *officer de corps* remarked within the general's hearing that to-morrow they should have the famous harangue.

"The Tartar take it!" exclaimed the general; "it was that made me feel as if I could creep out of my skin. But never fear — they shall have it, and the enemy shall pay for it!"

The general had finished his plans of battle in a quarter of an hour — the speech was not ready late in the morning.

Having arranged his troops in order, he rode out before them. They all knew that he was to harangue them that day, and they knew that it was as great a sacrifice on his part as if he were to deliver up his battery to a parliamentary tribunal for half a day.

Halting before the standard of the Ninth Battalion, he lifted his shako, grew very pale, and began: —

"Comrades!"

At that instant, the guns thundered across the Theiss.

The general's countenance suddenly brightened — diction and phraseology were forgotten; and drawing his sword, he cried in a voice of thunder — "There is the enemy! Follow me!" which was answered by a tremendous cheer, while the whole army dashed after their gallant leader towards the cannon's roar.

Meanwhile, Vecsey's *corps d'armée* stormed the ramparts on the opposite side of the Theiss.

The attack, however, was only apparent: the maneuver of either party frustrated the other.

The imperial troops endeavored to entice the enemy within their cross-fire by charges of cavalry and feint retreats; while the hussars, seeing the cuirassiers turn in good order, gave the command, "Right about!" and quietly returned to their stations.

And now the Hungarians prepared to storm the intrenchments; and when the battalions were almost within gunshot, they advanced their cannon, and without any impediment poured a vigorous fire on the ramparts — appearing to expend their whole strength before the enemy, while their real aim was totally different.

They were only answered here and there by a gun

from the ramparts; but the battery concealed in the wood did not give the slightest intimation of its existence, it being expected that the enemy would make an attack, as the place was apparently feebly defended, and the imperialists engaged on all sides, and, purposely, giving them every advantage.

But the attack was not made. This continued till about noon. The distant spectator could observe nothing but the continual motion of regular masses. One or two troops of heavy cavalry marched quietly up to the field of action, their helmets gleaming in the bright sun of a cloudless day. A division of hussars galloped by with drawn swords: long lines of infantry suddenly formed into squares, and fired on the passing cavalry. At another point, the treacherous gleam of bayonets in the moat betrayed the stealthy approach of troops, upon which the adjacent battery suddenly galloped to a little eminence, from whence they began to fire. But no regular engagement had taken place; the "On, Magyar! on!" and the hussars' "Ha! on!" were not yet heard. The whole was a mere animated play of arms. Trumpets sounded, drums beat, cannon fired; but they were unaccompanied by battle-cries or dying groans — death still greedily awaited the onset.

Suddenly the great guns thundered across the Theiss.

Swift and unexpected, like the descent of lightning from heaven, was Damjanics' appearance at Szolnok, and it was hailed by a tremendous cheer from the besieging party — life announcing death! Again the cannon roared.

The besiegers did not find the imperial army unpre-

pared, although this attack was unexpected; but there were not many troops on that side of the ramparts, which was principally protected by cannon.

The Hungarians advanced in a semicircle, the Szeged battalion in the center, composed chiefly of recruits armed with scythes, on the right the red-caps, and the hussars on the left.

The enemy's guns opened a deadly fire from every side, and yet they advanced like the tempest-cloud through which the lightning passes, changing its form without impeding its course. The balls made fearful inroads among them — they fell right and left, covering the place with the dead and wounded; and many a dying soldier, raising his head for the last time, gazed long and earnestly after his standard, till it disappeared amidst the fire of the enemy — when, cheering yet again, he sank to rise no more.

The Szeged battalion came up first with the foe, rushing impetuously on — for their arms were useless till face to face with their enemy. They stormed the battery of the terminus, from which the cannon fired incessantly — one ball sweeping off fourteen at a time; but they only hastened the more furiously over the dead bodies of their comrades. One moment more — several guns opened at once, and a hundred mangled bodies and headless trunks rolled in the dust and smoke. The next instant, the troops which guarded the battery were scattered on every side: the artillery stood valiantly by their guns to the last man. As the besiegers advanced they were assailed by a hot fire from the windows of the houses, and from behind the barricades. The conflict was long and desperate. At last, the tricolored banner

waving from the windows announced that the besiegers were victorious.

This was the first action in which the Szeged battalion had been engaged, and for numbers among them it was the last.

Meanwhile the red-caps marched steadily on to the flying bastions. Unlike the young corps, these troops knew how to give place to the enemy's balls, and never fired in vain; nor did they cover their eyes from the fearful carnage around them, as most of the young troops did, for death was familiar to them in all its forms. This was their seventeenth engagement, and in each they had been foremost in the attack.

The intrenchments were guarded by a body of *chasseurs*, who kept up a constant harassing fire on the advancing troops.

The latter quickly thinned their lines, and forming into chain, rushed on the intrenchments, heedless of the musket fire — their standard-bearer foremost in the attack. A musket ball cut the staff of the standard in two, and the soldier, placing the colors on his sword, rushed on as before — another ball, and the standard-bearer fell mortally wounded, holding up the colors with his last strength, till a comrade received it on the point of his bayonet.

They reached the bulwarks, and, climbing on each other's shoulders, their bayonets soon clashed with those of the enemy. An hour later, they were in possession of the ramparts. The *chasseurs*, repulsed by their desperate attack, retreated to the bridge, where they rallied, under cover of some troops which had come to their assistance. The red-caps were soon engaged with these fresh

troops, and their battle-cry was heard on the opposite side.

Meanwhile Vecsey's troops advanced impetuously to the redoubt, part of the garrison of which had hurried towards Szolnok, where the action had begun; but the most desperate engagement was below the chapel. A regiment of *chasseurs* were drawn up in a square on the plain, and were twice charged by the hussars, and twice repulsed; the third time they succeeded in breaking the square, the horses dashing in among the bayonets, and in an instant all was confusion. The *chasseurs* retreated to the chapel bulwarks, where they endeavored to rally, but were pursued by the artillery, and, cut off from all possible retreat to the town, they fled in disorder, and were pursued to the Zagyva; there, although the most desperate once more made a stand, the rest were driven into the stream, and many an empty shako was borne down the blood-stained water.

Suddenly a cuirassier regiment was seen galloping from the opposite side, towards the scene of action, their helmets and swords gleaming through clouds of dust. The hussars quickly formed to receive the new enemy, and, without waiting for their attack, dashed forward to the encounter.

It was like the meeting of two hurricanes: one a mighty, moving bastion advancing in such exact order, it seemed as if the thousand men and steed had but one pulse; the other troops, light and swift as the wind, as if each wished to be first in the encounter; the various colored pelisses and plumes of their riders tossed about in the wind, and their swords flashing over their heads.

"Hurrah! hurrah! — Rajta! rajta!"

The mutual collision broke the order at once. The troops on either side divided into parties, fighting man to man; here a cuirassier was surrounded by the hussars, and there a hussar in the midst of cuirassiers, the attacking party now advancing, now retreating, as the antagonists on either side gained strength.

For some time only the two standards waved high above, and here and there a soldier's face, and the gleam of straight and curved swords, were seen through the smoke and dust; and now the wind blew the dust aside, and exposed the bright helmets, the excited countenances, the maddened horses, many of which galloped about with empty saddles, while their riders lay trodden on the field.

The clash of swords resounded on all sides, mingled with cries of victory and the groans of death.

A tall and powerful cuirassier galloped about like the genius of battle — death seemed in each flash of his sword; he rode his third horse, two having already been shot under him.

Clouds of dust and smoke again veiled the combatants, and nothing could be seen but the two banners — now pressing forward, now retarded, but slowly approaching, and cutting a deadly passage towards each other.

Old Gergo was engaged with two cuirassiers, his ardor unmingled with the impetuosity of youth; and even in the midst of the fray he found time to instruct the young recruit, illustrating his theory by many a prompt example.

A troop of hussars now dashed forward and were met by an equal number of cuirassiers; their leaders, being

on the right of their troops, had not yet met face to face, but, foremost to the charge, they showed a good example, while each man fought as if he alone were responsible for the honor of his party. The right flank on either side pressing back the foe's left, they both turned round the center like a stiff axle — the hussars occupying the place of the cuirassiers, and the latter that of the hussars.

In the heat of the action, their leaders recognized each other — Laszlo and Gejza! But the discovery produced no wavering — both were determined to conquer or to die.

Meanwhile another troop came up to the assistance of the cuirassiers, and the hussar captain was obliged to cut his way out from between two fires, and thus came face to face with his antagonist.

"Surrender, comrade!" cried Laszlo.

"Never!" cried the hussar, as he galloped to the charge.

The sword of death was raised in either hand, their glances darted fire; for a moment they remained motionless, as if spellbound, their swords still raised — the next both turned with one accord upon the nearest foes. Laszlo's sword pierced the heart of a hussar, while Gejza dealt such a blow on a cuirassier's helmet that he fell without a groan, and then, without turning, he cut his way through the enemy's ranks — "Hurrah! hurrah! — rajta!" And the battle-cry mingled with the clash of swords and the groans of the dying.

Meanwhile a division of cuirassiers marched rapidly through Szolnok to take the hussars in the rear.

Suddenly, at the turn of a street, two hundred red-

caps stood before them. Both parties were taken by surprise at the unexpected encounter. It was but a moment. The next, an engagement took place of which we find few instances in history, namely, infantry attacking cavalry. The two hundred red-caps suddenly fired on the cuirassiers, and then, shouting wildly, rushed upon them with their bayonets; and the veteran troops, who had stood so many fires, whose valor alone had turned the day at Mor, were obliged to retreat before the fearful attack.

This circumstance occurred but twice during the whole campaign.

Görgei was the first who attempted it, with the Inczed battalion, at the time of his first retreat; that same battalion (eleventh) which so gallantly defended the bridge of Piski, where more than half their number fell.

An old Polish soldier who witnessed the combat, made the following remark: "I have seen the battles of the Old Guard, and fought with the Polish legion, but I never saw men fight like the red-caps!"

By this attack the cuirassiers were cut off from their head forces; and, pressed by Vecsey on the opposite side, they retreated hastily, without having time to save their cannon or destroy the bridge after them.

The imperial forces, thus pressed between two fires, were obliged to evacuate Szolnok, and retreat among the Zagyva morasses.

After their desperate conflict with the red-caps, the cuirassiers were again routed by a fresh regiment of hussars, and driven into the Zagyva; but few of the weary horses had strength to struggle through the water, and

their heavy armor prevented the men from swimming: thus many sank in the stream.

It was evening when the battle was over. Horses without riders were galloping about the plain, while here and there a wounded steed neighed mournfully, as if searching for his master. Powder-wagons and cannon lay overturned on the field, which was strewed with the dead and dying.

The trumpet sounded the retreat, and the hussars assembled from every side, their horses rearing and prancing as if they had come out for the first time that day.

An hour afterwards, the sound of music was heard in every *guinguette*, and the hussars' spurs clinked to the gay cymbal and clarionet. The battle was forgotten; it was now the time for mirth.

Old Gergo treated his comrades. He was rich enough — for he had killed an officer of rank; and though his pupil the recruit could scarcely keep his feet, he continued to treat him in spite of his resistance.

"But if we drink it all now, corporal, we shall have nothing left for to-morrow."

"Don't argue with me, but drink; that's the order now, and to-morrow will take care of itself." And the soldiers drank on, while their companions danced and shouted to the gay sounds. All was feasting and revelry within the town.

But without, upon the battle-field, what painful sounds hailed the fall of evening? — it was the fearful groans of the dying! What sad thoughts called forth those sighs from the parting spirit! Home, glory,

mother, and beloved ones, — never to meet again! The evening breeze bears them away: whither?

An officer of hussars went over the field with a military surgeon, while his soldiers bore the wounded away on their arms.

The young officer turned mournfully from one sad spectacle to another. Here lay a young soldier in the bloom of youth, the point of a sword had pierced through his cuirass and come out behind; and from whose hand had that thrust come? A little farther lay another, whose face was so cut, and disfigured by the dust, that none could have recognized it! and now his eye rested on a young hussar who lay on his back, his outstretched arm still grasping his sword, over which the fingers were closed so stiffly that it was impossible to release it; near him an old soldier had died, with his arm around the neck of his horse, which had been killed along with him, like two old comrades whom death could not part.

The young officer carefully surveyed the field, and his quick eye passed none over. He had reached a little knoll, where, half concealed among some bushes, a white form seemed to move. It was a young cuirassier officer, who lay with his face buried in the long grass.

The hussar knelt down to raise his head, and called for assistance.

"Thanks, comrade!" said the dying youth faintly, as he turned his face towards him.

The last rays of the setting sun shone on the handsome, pale countenance, the closing eyes, and the deep wound just below the heart.

"Laszlo!" groaned the hussar, "is it thus we meet?"

"Lay me on the grass, brother; I am dying," said

the cuirassier faintly. "Alas! my bride will wait in vain!"

The surgeon examined the wound, and pronounced it mortal; he had but a few moments to live.

"Tell my bride," said the young man, in scarcely audible accents, "that my last thought was of her — and bury me where she may come and —"

The young hussar sobbed bitterly beside his dying friend. "Alas! that we must part — that one of us must die!"

"God bless you, brother — be happy!" murmured Laszlo, convulsively grasping Gejza's hand; "poor Aniko!" — and his head sank on his comrade's breast.

The sun's last rays had set, and the pale moon rose, shedding her quiet beams on the closed eyes and silent lips!

The long-looked-for day had come and gone; that day so full of hope and fear for the young sisters.

It had brought grief and joy; but the joy was not for the hopeful, nor the tear for the trembling heart, though one stood at the altar, and the other at the lonely grave; and one, indeed, wore the white and the other the black dress, but neither wore that which she had prepared.

THE UNLUCKY WEATHERCOCK

[1849]

BY MAURUS JÓKAI

[At the close of 1848 and early in 1849, the Hungarians were fighting against the Austrians, and their war-cry was constitutional liberty. Before the close of the first imprisonment of the poor Viennese, in March, 1849, the ancient Hungarian constitution had been abolished, and the imperial armies of Austria were in power. But when June had come, the Hungarians were making a last decisive struggle for freedom and a republic. Before September, the struggle had come to an end, and the captured leaders had been severely punished.

The Editor.]

It seems as if Fortune delighted in extending her hand favorably towards some individuals, while to others she only puts it forth to deceive and buffet them through life. Her caprices have furnished us with a lively example in both manners of dealing. We relate the simple facts as we heard them, without adding a word.

Towards the close of 1848, war was the only theme in vogue. In Pesth, especially, the word *peace* was quite out of fashion. The hotels were filled with guests who met for the purpose of discussing the favorite topic; martial music was heard from morning till night: the European war was preparing.

Two personages were sitting together before a small table at the hotel "Nagy Pipa" (great pipe), to whom

the German saying might have been applied, "Der eine schweigt, der andere hört zu,"[1] for one of these two personages seemed attentively considering the probable or possible cause of his companion's silence, casting, from time to time, a scrutinizing glance on his countenance, intended to penetrate whatever dark project might be passing within.

This observant individual was no other than the humane Master Janos, police-corporal, and vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth; and when we inform our readers that he occupied this post during Metternich's time, and that, notwithstanding that minister's overthrow, he still retained his position, unlike the usual fate of the adherents of a fallen ministry, they will surely admit that the favorite of Fortune could not be better personified than by the same Master Janos; nor can it be denied that the individual opposite was no less persecuted by the fickle goddess, not only because he was the object of honest Master Janos's suspicious glances; but more especially because a nailsmith's apprentice from Vienna could think of coming to Hungary of all places on earth — a country where the craft is carried on wholesale at the corner of every village, by the Wallachian gypsies.

Master Janos had not studied Lavater, but long experience had led him to conclude, after minute examination of the man's countenance, that some counter-revolutionary scheme was turning in his head.

Consequently he drew his chair nearer, and determined to break the silence.

"Where do you come from, sir, if I may presume to ask?" he inquired, with a wily glance at his companion.

[1] One is silent, the other listens to him.

"*Hyay!* from Vienna," sighed the stranger, looking into the bottom of his glass.

"And what news from that city?"

"*Hyay!* nothing good."

"Eh, what? Nothing good! — what bad, then?"

"*Hyay!* war is much feared."

"Feared! what audacity! — how dare they fear?"

"*Hyay!* sir, I do not fear either at thirty leagues' distance; but once I heard from the cellar how they were bombarding the streets, and I found nothing agreeable in it."

Master Janos found still greater reason for suspicion. He resolved to make him drink, and he would probably come on the traces of some dangerous plot.

How much does a nailsmith's stomach require? At the second pitcher his head sank slowly back, and his tongue moved with difficulty.

"Now for it!" thought Master Janos, filling his glass. "*Eljen!* liberty!" he exclaimed, waiting for the nailsmith to strike glasses.

The latter was not long in responding to the invitation, and echoed the "*Eljen!*" as far as his thickening tongue permitted.

"Now it is your turn to give a toast," said the vice-jailer, slyly eying his victim.

"Indeed, I am not used to give toasts, sir; I only drink them."

"Come, don't play the egotist, but drink to whomever you consider the greatest man in the world!"

"In the whole world?" replied the nailsmith, reflecting that the world was very large, and that he knew very little about it.

"Yes, in the whole world! — the whole round earth!" pursued Master Janos confidently.

The nailsmith hesitated, scratched his nose, scratched his ear, scratched his whole head, and, finally, cried out, "Success to Master Slimak!"

The vice-jailer shuddered at this public demonstration. It was quite clear that this Master Slimak was some gunpowder-sworn commander-in-chief — there was no doubt of it, and, without any further ado, he seized the nailsmith by the collar, and, *brevi manu*, escorted him to the town-hall, where he dragged him into a narrow, ominous-looking chamber, before a stout, red-faced gentleman.

"This man is a suspicious character," he exclaimed. "In the first place, he has the audacity to fear war; in the next place, he sat from seven o'clock until half-past nine, two whole hours and a half, without opening his lips; and finally, he was impious enough to give a public toast to a certain Master Slimak, who is probably quite as suspicious a character as himself."

"Who is this Master Slimak?" asked the stout, red-faced gentleman sternly.

"Nobody, indeed," replied the trembling Viennese, "but my former master, an honest nailsmith, whom I served four years, and would be serving still, had his wife not beaten me."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the fat, red-faced gentleman. "It is not customary to give public toasts to such personages."

"But I don't know what the custom is here."

"If you wished to give a toast, why did you not drink to constitutional liberty, to the upper and lower

Danube armies, or to freedom of the press, and such toasts?"

"*Hyay*, sir! I could not learn that in a month!"

"But in three months I dare say you will be able to learn it well enough. Master Janos, take that man into custody."

The humane Master Janos again seized the delinquent by the collar, *ut supra*, and escorted him to the place appropriated to such malefactors, where he had time to consider why he was put there.

The three months passed slowly enough to the nailsmith. It was now the middle of March.

Master Janos punctually released his prisoner, and the honest man, in order to prove the reform in his sentiments, and thereby rise in Master Janos's opinion, greeted him with, "Success to liberty, and the Hungarian arms!"

Master Janos stumbled against the wall in speechless horror, and as soon as he had regained his equilibrium, he seized the astonished nailsmith, who, when he had recovered his terrified senses, found himself again in the narrow, ominous chamber; but now, instead of the stout, red-faced gentleman, he stood before a lean, black gentleman, who, when he understood the charge against the prisoner, without permitting any explanation, condemned him to three months' imprisonment, informing him that henceforth, unless he wished to fare worse, he would exclaim, "Success to the imperial armies, the great constitution, and the one and powerful Austria!"

And the nailsmith, having made three steps beyond

his prison door, was brought back to renew his captivity, and ponder over his strange fate.

The three months had again passed over. It was some time in June.

The humane Master Janos did not fail to release his captive. The poor man began at his prison door to declaim the redeeming words of "Long live Prince Windischgrätz! success to glorious Austria!"

Master Janos laid his hand upon his sword, as if to protect himself from this incorrigible man.

"What! was it not enough to imprison you twice? Have you not yet learned what you should say? Have the goodness to step in here."

And for the third time they entered the narrow chamber.

Instead of the meager, black gentleman, it was again the fat, red-faced gentleman before whom our victim was called in question for his repeated crime.

"Obstinate traitor!" he exclaimed; "are you aware of the extent of your offense, and that if I did not condemn you to an imprisonment of three months on my own responsibility, instead of giving you up to justice, you would be cut into four quarters, as you deserve?"

The unhappy nailsmith must needs rejoice, in his extreme terror, at the mildness of the punishment.

"But what should I have said?" he asked his lenient judge, in a voice of despair.

"What should you have said? Why, 'Success to the republic! Success to democracy! Success to revolution!'"

The poor man repeated the three injunctions, and

promising faithfully to attend to them, he resigned himself patiently to a new lease of his dark abode.

During the ensuing three months, everything had changed except the good fortune of Master Janos. Neither time nor chance could succeed in displacing him, as they had so many others. He was still vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth, as he had formerly been.

It was now September. The nailsmith's penalty was out, and Master Janos called him forth.

The prisoner's countenance expressed something unusually important, and no sooner did the vice-jailer approach than, seizing his hand, he exclaimed between his sobs, "Oh, Master Janos, tell the black gentleman that I humbly kiss his hand, and wish him from the bottom of my heart, 'Success to the Republic!'"

As the hungry wolf pounces upon the lamb, Master Janos once more seized the nailsmith by his ill-used collar; and indeed, so shocked was the worthy jailer that, having brought his prisoner into the narrow chamber, it was some time before he could recover himself sufficiently to explain the circumstance to the lean, black gentleman, who once more occupied the place of the fat, red-faced one; and great was his vexation when this individual, instead of sentencing the delinquent to be broken on the wheel, merely awarded him three months' more imprisonment!

On the 3d of November, 1849, all who had been imprisoned for slight political offenses were released from their confinement, and among others, the nailsmith.

As Master Janos opened the door, the unfortunate

man stopped his mouth with his pocket-handkerchief, giving the humane jailer by this pantomime to understand that he would henceforth keep his demonstrations to himself.

It might have been some consolation to him to know that he was not the only one who cried out at the wrong time!

KOSSUTH'S FAREWELL

[1849]

[At the close of the Hungarian struggle of 1848–49, Kossuth fled to Turkey. Both Russia and Austria tried their best to get possession of him, but the sultan refused to give him up. Kossuth was invited to come to America as the guest of the nation. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm, but he did not succeed in winning what he wanted, namely, the support of the United States in a second effort to gain the freedom of his country.

When he was about to leave his beloved land forever, he knelt upon the soil which was so dear to him, kissed the sod, and then bade his fatherland a thrilling farewell. The following were his closing words.

The Editor.]

Thou art fallen, truest of nations! Thou art thrust down under thine own blow! not the weapon of a foreign enemy, which has dug thy grave; not the cannon of the many nations, brought up against thee — they have tottered back at thy Love to thy Fatherland! not the Muscovites, who crawled over the Carpathians, have compelled thee to lay down thine arms. O no! sold, thou wast, dear Fatherland. Thy sentence of death, beloved Fatherland, was written by him whose love for his country I never questioned for a single moment. In the bold flight of my thoughts, I would rather have doubted the existence of a good man than I should have thought he could have become the traitor to his Fatherland.

And thou hast been betrayed by him, in whose hands a few days ago I laid the Government of our country,

sworn to defend thee with the last drop of his blood. He became a traitor to his country because the color of gold was dearer to him than that of blood, which was shed for the independence of the Fatherland. The profane metal had in his eyes more value than the Holy God of his land, who forsook him, when he entered into a covenant with the associates of the Devil!

Magyars! my dear fellow-sons of the same country! Do not accuse me, because I was compelled to cast my eye on this man and to vacate my place for him. I was compelled to do so, because the people confided in him, because the army loved him, and he had already attained to a position in which he could have proved his fidelity! and yet this man abused the confidence of the nation, and in return for the love of his nation treated them with contempt.

Curse him, people of the Magyars! curse the heart which did not dry up when it attempted to nourish him with the moisture of life!

I love thee, Europe's truest nation! as I love the freedom for which thou fought so bravely! The God of liberty will never blot you out from His memory. Be blessed for evermore! My principles were those of Washington, though my deeds were not those of William Tell! I wished for a free nation — free as God only can create man — and thou art dead, because thy winter has arrived; but this will not last so long as thy fellow-sufferer, languishing under the icy sky of Siberia. No, fifteen nations have dug thy grave, the thousands of the sixteenth will arrive to save thee!

Be faithful as hitherto, keep to the holy sentences of the Bible, pray for thy liberation, and then chant thy na-

tional hymns when thy mountains reëcho the thunder of the cannons of thy liberators! God be with you, dear comrades and fellow-sufferers! The angels of God and of liberty be with you. You may still be proud, for the lion of Europe had to be aroused to conquer the rebels! The whole civilized world has admired you as heroes, and the cause of the heroic nations will be supported by the freeest of the free nations on earth!

God be with thee, sacred soil! drenched with the blood of so many of thy noble sons! Preserve these sacred spots, that they may give evidence before the world for you, before the people that will come to your succor! God be with thee, young King of the Magyars, forget not that thy nation has *not elected thee!* There lives in me still the hope that a day will come on which you will see the confirmation of the word — if it even be on the Ruins of Buda!

The blessing of the Almighty, my dear nation, rest upon thee. Believe — Love — and Hope!

THE SALT MINES OF WIELICZKA

[1850]

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

In company with a professor from St. Petersburg, we left Cracow in the morning, crossed the Vistula, and drove eastward through a low, undulating country, covered with fields of rye, oats, and potatoes. The village of Wieliczka occupies a charming situation on the northern slope of a long, wood-crowned hill. The large storehouses for the salt, the government offices, and the residences of the superintendents, on a slight eminence near the foot, first strike the eye. After procuring a permit from the proper official, we presented ourselves at the office, over the mouth of the mine, in company with five Prussian travelers, two of them ladies, and a wandering German mechanic, who had tramped out from Cracow in the hope of seeing the place. We were all enveloped in long, coarse blouses of white linen, and having bespoken a supply of Bengal lights, a door was opened, and we commenced descending into the bowels of the earth by an easy staircase, in a square shaft. Six boys, carrying flaming lamps were distributed among our party, and one of the superintendents assumed the office of conductor.

After descending 210 feet, we saw the first veins of rock salt, in a bed of clay and crumbled sandstone. Thirty feet more, and we were in a world of salt. Level galleries branched off from the foot of the staircase; overhead, ceiling of solid salt, under foot a floor of salt,

and on either side dark gray walls of salt, sparkling here and there with minute crystals. Lights glimmered ahead, and on turning a corner we came upon a gang of workmen, some hacking away at the solid floor, others trundling wheelbarrows full of the precious cubes. Here was the chapel of St. Anthony, the oldest in the mines — a Byzantine excavation, supported by columns with altar, crucifix, and life-size statues of saints, apparently in black marble, but all as salt as Lot's wife, as I discovered by putting my tongue to the nose of John the Baptist. The humid air of this upper story of the mines has damaged some of the saints: Francis, especially, is running away like a dip candle, and all of his head is gone except his chin. The limbs of Joseph are dropping off as if he had the Norwegian leprosy, and Lawrence has deeper scars than his gridiron could have made, running up and down his back. A Bengal light, burnt at the altar, brought into sudden life this strange temple, which presently vanished into utter darkness, as if it had never been.

I cannot follow, step by step, our journey of two hours through the labyrinths of this wonderful mine. It is a bewildering maze of galleries, grand halls, staircases, and vaulted chambers, where one soon loses all sense of distance or direction, and drifts along blindly in the wake of his conductor. Everything was solid salt, except where great piers of hewn logs had been built up to support some threatening roof, or vast chasm, left in quarrying, had been bridged across. As we descended to lower regions, the air became more dry and agreeable, and the saline wall more pure and brilliant. One hall, 108 feet in height, resembled a Grecian theater, the

traces of blocks taken out in regular layers representing the seats for the spectators. Out of this single hall 1,000,000 hundredweight of salt had been taken, or enough to supply the 40,000,000 inhabitants of Austria for one year.

Two obelisks of salt commemorated the visit of Francis I and his empress in another spacious, irregular vault, through which we passed by means of a wooden bridge resting on piers of the crystalline rock. After we had descended to the bottom of this chamber, a boy ran along the bridge above with a burning Bengal light, throwing flashes of blue luster on the obelisks, on the scarred walls, vast arches, the entrances to deeper halls, and the far roof fretted with the picks of the workmen. The effect was magical, wonderful. Even the old Prussian, who had the face of an exchange broker, exclaimed, as he pointed upward: "It is like a sky full of cloud-lambkins." Presently we entered another and loftier chamber, yawning downwards like the mouth of hell, with cavernous tunnels opening out of the farther end. In these tunnels the workmen, half-naked, with torches in their hands, wild cries, fireworks, and the firing of guns (which here so reverberates in the imprisoned air that one can feel every wave of sound), give a rough representation of the infernal regions, for the benefit of the crowned heads who visit the mines. The effect must be, indeed, diabolical. Even we, unexceptionable characters as we were, looked truly uncanny in our ghostly garments, amid the livid glare of the fireworks.

A little farther we struck upon a lake four fathoms deep, upon which we embarked in a heavy square boat and entered a gloomy tunnel, over the entrance of which

was inscribed (in salt letters), "Good luck to you!" In such a place the motto seemed ironical. "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," would have been more appropriate. Midway in the tunnel, the halls at either end were suddenly illuminated, and a crash, as of a hundred cannon, bellowing through the hollow vaults, shook the air and water in such wise that our boat had not ceased trembling when we landed in the farther hall. Read Tasso, —

> "Treman le spaziose atre caverne,
> *E 'l aer cieco in quel rumor rimbomba,"* —

if you want to hear the sound of it. A tablet inscribed "Heartily welcome!" saluted us in landing. Finally, at the depth of 450 feet, our journey ceased, although we were but halfway to the bottom. The remainder is a wilderness of shafts, galleries, and smaller chambers, the extent of which we could only conjecture. We then returned through scores of tortuous passages to some vaults where a lot of gnomes, naked to the hips, were busy with pick, mallet, and wedge, blocking out and separating the solid pavement. The process is quite primitive, scarcely differing from that of the ancient Egyptians in quarrying granite. The blocks are first marked out on the surface by a series of grooves. One side is then deepened to the required thickness, and wedges being inserted under the block, it is soon split off. It is then split transversely into pieces of one hundred-weight each, in which form it is ready for sale. Those intended for Russia are rounded on the edges and corners until they acquire the shape of large cocoons, for the convenience of transportation into the interior of the country.

The number of workmen employed in the mines is 1500, all of whom belong to the "upper crust" — that is, they live on the outside of the world. They are divided into gangs, and relieve each other every six hours. Each gang quarries out, on an average, a little more than 1000 hundredweight of salt in that space of time, making the annual yield 1,500,000 hundredweight! The men we saw were fine, muscular, healthy-looking fellows, and the officer, in answer to my questions, stated that their sanitary condition was quite equal to that of field laborers. Scurvy does not occur among them, and the equality of the temperature of the mines — which stands at 54° of Fahrenheit all the year round — has a favorable effect upon such as are predisposed to diseases of the lungs. He was not aware of any peculiar form of disease induced by the substance in which they work, notwithstanding where the air is humid salt-crystals form upon the woodwork. The wood, I may here remark, never rots, and where untouched, retains its quality for centuries. The officer explicitly denied the story of men having been born in these mines, and having gone through life without ever mounting to the upper world. So there goes another interesting fiction of our youth.

It requires a stretch of imagination to conceive the extent of this salt bed. As far as explored, its length is two and a half English miles, its breadth a little over half a mile, and its solid depth 690 feet! It commences about 200 feet below the surface, and is then uninterrupted to the bottom, where it rests on a bed of compact sandstone, such as forms the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains. Below this, there is no probability

that it again reappears. The general direction is east and west, dipping rapidly at its western extremity, so that it may no doubt be pushed much farther in that direction. Notwithstanding the immense amount already quarried, — and it will be better understood when I state that the aggregate length of the shafts and galleries amounts to 420 miles, — it is estimated that, at the present rate of exploitation, the known supply cannot be exhausted under 300 years. The tripartite treaty, on the partition of Poland, limits Austria to the production of the present amount, — 1,500,000 hundredweight annually, — of which she is bound to furnish 300,000 hundredweight to Prussia, and 800,000 to Russia, leaving 400,000 for herself. This sum yields her a net revenue from the mines of two millions of florins ($1,000,000) annually.

It is not known how this wonderful deposit — more precious than gold itself — was originally discovered. We know that it was worked in the twelfth century, and perhaps much earlier. The popular faith has invented several miracles to account for it, giving the merit to favorite saints. One, which is gravely published in "The History of Cracow," states that a Polish king, who wooed a Princess Elizabeth of Hungary (not the saint of the Wartburg) in the tenth century, asked what she would choose as a bridal gift from him. To which she replied: Something that would most benefit his people. The marriage ceremony was performed in a chapel in one of the salt-mines of Transylvania. Soon after being transferred to Cracow, Elizabeth went out to Wieliczka, surveyed the ground, and, after choosing a spot, commanded the people to dig. In the course of a few

days they found a salt-crystal, which the queen caused to be set in her wedding ring, and wore until the day of her death. She must have been a wonderful geologist for those days. The bed actually follows the Carpathians, appearing at intervals in small deposits, into Transylvania, where there are extensive mines. It is believed, also, that it stretches northward into Russian Poland. Some years ago the Bank of Warsaw expended large sums in boring for salt near the Austrian frontier. There was much excitement and speculation for a time; but, although the mineral was found, the cost of quarrying it was too great, and the enterprise was dropped.

On our return we visited Francis Joseph's hall, a large salt ballroom, with well-executed statues of Vulcan and Neptune. Six large chandeliers, apparently of cut-glass, but really of salt, illuminate it on festive occasions, and hundreds of dancers perspire themselves into a pretty pickle. When we had reached the upper galleries, we decided to ascend to daylight by means of the windlass. The Prussian party went first, and the ladies were not a little alarmed at finding themselves seated in rope slings, only supported by a band under the arms. All five swung together in a heap; the ladies screamed and would have loosened themselves, but that moment the windlass began to move, and up they went, dangling, towards the little star of daylight, two hundred feet above. Under them hung one of the boys, to steady the whirling mass, and the little scamp amused himself by swinging his lamp, cracking his heels together, and rattling his stick along the sides of the shaft. When our turn came, I found, in spite of myself, that such pastime was not calculated to steady my nerves. The sound of

the stick was very much like that of snapping ropes, and my brain swam a little at finding my feet dangling over what seemed a bottomless abyss of darkness.

The arrival at the top was like a douche of lightning. It was just noon, and the hot, white, blinding day poured full upon us, stinging our eyes like needles, and almost taking away our breath. We were at once beset with a crowd of beggars and salt-venders. The latter proffered a multitude of small articles, — crosses, stars, images, books, cups, dishes, etc., — cut from the native crystal, and not distinguishable from glass in appearance. I purchased a salt-cellar, which has the property of furnishing salt when it is empty. But it seemed to me that I should not need to use it for some days. I felt myself so thoroughly impregnated with salt, that I conceived the idea of seasoning my soup by stirring it with my fingers, and half-expected that the fresh roast would turn to corned beef in my mouth.

V

STORIES AND POEMS OF BOHEMIA, HUNGARY, AND THE TYROL

HISTORICAL NOTE

The people of Austria-Hungary are an amazing mixture of races. There are Germans, Wallachs, and Magyars, or descendants of the people who entered the land with Arpad; there are gypsies and Italians and Armenians. Nearly half the population are Slavs; but they are divided into many nationalities, and these differ so greatly in language and manners that they might almost be regarded as of different races.

Austria-Hungary consists of two separate countries, independent in constitution, and in legislative and executive powers, but with a close political connection and ruled by the same sovereign. This sovereign is Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. Matters affecting both lands are settled in an annual meeting of sixty delegates from each country, assembling alternately at Vienna and at Budapest. Fortunately for those who are satisfied with the union, it is in many ways to the advantage of the two countries to maintain it; moreover, the popularity of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph has been a strong argument for its continuance.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF

A BOHEMIAN FOLK-TALE

RETOLD BY THEODOR VERNALEKEN

There was once a peasant family, and, among other domestic animals, they had a house-dog named Sultan. When the dog had grown old, the peasant drove him away, thinking that he could no longer properly attend to his duty. Quite downcast, with drooping head, the dog left the village, and complained to himself: "This is the way I am rewarded for my faithful and hard service; after having spent my years of youth and strength in toil, I am driven away in my weak old age, and no rest is allowed me." Sadly he went on, and wandered about for many days without finding a tolerable shelter.

At last, lean and weak after his long wandering, he came to a forest.

There came a wolf out of the forest, ran up to the poor dog, and cried, "Stop, old fellow, now thou art in my power, so get ready."

When Sultan heard the wolf speak thus, he was in terror, and said, "Dear friend, do but give a good look at me first, and then you will certainly lose all appetite for me; in me you will find the worst meat that you ever tasted, for I am nothing but skin and bones. However, I can give you some good advice." The wolf said, "I want no advice from you, wretched creature! Without your telling me, I know how it would run, namely, that I

should spare your life. No! 't is the old story, short and sweet, down my throat you go!"

Then the dog replied, "I have no thought of the kind, for I would not live longer. Use your jaws so long as you enjoy yourself, but I only advise you for the best. Would it not be the best plan to feed me first, and after I have been fattened, you might then gobble me up? The food would not be lost in this way, because you would find it all at one meal in me. There would be a fine dish of meat. What thinkest thou, brother wolf?"

The wolf said, "Agreed, provided the feeding does not last long; follow me into my hut."

The dog did this, and both now went deeper into the forest. Arrived at the hut, Sultan crept in, but the wolf went on to get some game for the poor weak dog.

When he came back, he threw his bag before Sultan, and Sultan made a good supper.

The next day the wolf came and said to the dog, "Yesterday you ate, to-day I will eat." The dog replied, "But what have you taken into your head, dear wolf? Why, as to yesterday's food, I scarce know that I had it." The wolf was very cross; but he had to put up with it, and go into the forest a second time to hunt down some fresh game for the dog. In this way Sultan contrived to put off the wolf so long that at last he felt strong enough to take up the cudgels with him. The wolf kept on hunting, and brought his prey to the dog; but himself ate little or nothing, that Sultan might get enough. And so it came to pass that the dog gained in flesh and strength, while the wolf equally fell off.

On the sixth day the wolf came up to the dog and said, "Now, I think you are ripe!" Sultan replied, "Oh,

yes; in fact I feel myself so well that I will fight it out with you if you won't let me go." Said the wolf, "You jest! Consider I have fed you for six whole days, yes, and eaten nothing myself, and now you want me to go away empty? No, no, that will never do!"

Then Sultan replied, "In one respect you are right, but how do you think you can be justified in eating me up?"

"'T is the right of the strong over the weak," said the wolf.

"Good!" said the dog, "you have given judgment against yourself." With these words he made a bold dash, and before the wolf knew where he was, he lay on the ground overcome by Sultan.

"Because you spared my life, I will not now destroy you, but give you a chance for your own. So choose two comrades; I will do the same; and to-morrow meet me with them in the forest, and we will decide our dispute."

They separated to seek their seconds. The wolf went wrathfully deeper into the forest; the dog hastened to the nearest village. After a long talk with the growling bear and the sly fox, the wolf found two comrades.

Sultan ran first to the parsonage, and got the great gray cat to go along with him. Thence he turned his steps to the court of the local magistrate, and found in the brave cock his second comrade.

It was hardly daybreak when the dog was with his companions on the way. He all but surprised his enemies in a deep sleep.

The wolf opened his eyes first, awoke his companions, and said to the bear, "You can climb trees, can't you? Be so good as to get up this tall fir tree, and look out and

see whether our enemies are coming on." Up went the bear, and as soon as he had got to the top, he called down, "Run, our enemies are here, close at hand, and what mighty enemies! One rides proudly along, and carries many sharp sabers with him that glisten brightly in the morning sun; behind him there soberly advances another, dragging a long iron bar after him. O dear! O dear!" At these words the fox was so frightened that he thought it most advisable to take to his heels. The bear hastily scrambled down out of the tree, and crept into a dense thicket, so that only just the end of his tail peeped out.

The foes came on. The wolf, seeing himself deserted by his companions, was about also to take to his heels, when Sultan confronted him. One spring, and the dog held the wolf by the throat, and put an end to him. Meanwhile the cat observed in the bushes the point of the bear's tail as it moved, and snapped at it, thinking to catch a mouse. In terror the bear came out of his hiding-place, and fled in all haste up a tree, thinking that there he would be safe from foes. But he was deceived, for there was the cock before him.

When the cock saw the bear on the tree, he sprang to the next bough, and to the next, and so on. The bear was beside himself, and in terror he fell down and lay dead as a doornail. So ended the battle.

The news of Sultan's heroic deeds and those of his comrades spread far and wide, even to that village where Sultan had formerly served. The consequence was that the peasant family took back again their faithful house-dog and lovingly cared for him.

THE POOR MAN AND THE KING OF THE CROWS[1]

A MAGYAR FOLK-TALE, RETOLD BY JEREMIAH CURTIN

There was once a very poor man; and he had two lean cows. The two cows were to the poor man as their mother's breast to children; for not only did they give milk and butter, for which he got a few coppers to buy salt, but he tilled his patch of land with them.

Now, he was ploughing one day at the edge of the woods with the two cows, when, from wherever it came, a six-horse coach stood before him, and in it sat no other than the King of the Crows, who found this to say to the poor man, —

"Listen, poor man; I will tell thee one thing, and two will come of it. Sell me those lean cows; I'll give thee good money for them. I'll pay double price. My army has n't tasted a morsel for three days, and the soldiers will die of hunger and thirst unless thou wilt save them."

"In that case," said the poor man to the King of the Crows, "if it be that Thy Highness's army has n't eaten anything for three days, I don't mind the difficulty. I'll let thee have the cows, not for money; let Thy Highness return a cow for a cow."

"Very good, poor man, let it be as thou sayest. I will give thee a cow for a cow; more than that, for two thou

[1] From *Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars*. Copyright (U.S.A.), 1890, by Jeremiah Curtin.

wilt get four cows. For that purpose find me in my kingdom, for I am the King of the Crows. Thou hast but to look in the north for the black castle; thou 'lt be sure to find it."

With that the King of the Crows vanished as if he had never been there, — as if the earth had swallowed him. The poor man kept on ploughing with the two lean cows, till, all at once, the army of the King of the Crows appeared like a black cloud approaching through the air, with mighty cawing, and seizing the two cows tore them bit from bit. When they had finished, the dark legions with tumultuous cawing moved on their way like a cloud. The poor man watched the direction in which they flew, so that he might know the way.

Now he strolled home in great sadness, took leave of his two handsome sons and his dear wife, in the midst of bitter tears, and set out into the world to find the black castle. He traveled and journeyed over forty-nine kingdoms, beyond the Operentsia Sea and the glass mountains, and beyond that, where the little short-tailed pig roots, and beyond that, and still farther on, till he came to an ocean-great sand-plain.

Nowhere for gold was a town, a village, or a cabin to be seen where he might recline his head for a night's rest, or beg a morsel of bread or a cup of water. Food had long since left his bag, and he might have struck fire in the gourd which hung at his side. What was he to do? Where could he save his life? Here he must perish of hunger and thirst in the midst of this ocean-great desert, and then at home let them wait for him till the Day of Judgment. Here the poor man's power of walking decreased, and he floundered about like a dazed fish, like

a man struck on the head. While stumbling along, he sees on a sudden a shepherd's fire.

He moves towards the light, creeping on all fours. At last he arrives there with great difficulty, and sees that three or four men are lying around the fire, boiling *kasha* in a pot. He salutes them with, "God give you a good evening."

"God receive thee, poor man; how is it that thou art journeying in this strange land where even a bird does not go?"

"I am looking for the black castle in the north. Have ye heard nothing of it in your world-beautiful lives?"

"How not? Of course we have. Are we not the shepherds of that king who rigorously and mercilessly enjoined that, if such and such a man, who sold him two lean cows for his army, should find us, to treat him well with meat and drink, and then to show him the right road? Maybe thou art the man!"

"I am, indeed."

"Is it possible?"

"I am no one else."

"In that case, sit here on the sheepskin; eat, drink, and enjoy thyself, for the *kasha* will be ready this minute."

As they said, he did. The poor man sat by the fire, ate, drank, and satisfied himself, then lay down and fell asleep. When he rose in the morning, they gave him a round cheese, and drove the air out of his bottle; then they let him go his way, showing him the right road.

The poor man traveled and journeyed along the right road; and now, when he was hungry and dry, he had his bag, and his bottle too. Towards evening, he sees again

a shepherd's fire. He draws near the great fire, and sees the horseherds of the King of the Crows sitting around it cooking a meat stew. He wishes them, "God give you a good-day, my lords, the horseherds."

"God guard thee, poor man," said the chief herdsman; "where art thou going here in this strange land?"

"I am looking for the black castle of the King of the Crows. Hast thou never heard of it, brother, in thy world-beautiful life?"

"How not heard of it? Of course I have. Are we not the servants of him who commanded rigorously and unflinchingly that if such and such a poor man, who sold him two lean cows for his army, should wander along, to receive him kindly? Therefore, this is my word and speech to thee. Art thou, perchance, that man?"

"Of course I am."

"Is it possible?"

"I 'm no one else."

"In that case, sit down here by the fire, drink, and be filled."

The poor man sat down by the fire, ate, drank, and satisfied himself; then lying on the sheepskin, he fell asleep. When he rose in the morning the horseherds entertained the poor man again, wished him happiness, and showing the right road, let him go his way; but they left neither his bag nor his bottle empty. Then he went along the right road. But why multiply words? — for there is an end even to a hundred words; it is enough to know that towards evening he came to the ground of the swineherds of the King of the Crows. He saluted them with, "God give you a good evening."

"God guard thee," said the reckoning swineherd.[1] "How is it thou art journeying in this strange land, where even a bird does not go?"

"I am looking for the black castle of the King of the Crows. Has my lord elder brother never heard of it in his world-beautiful life?"

"Haho, poor man! How not heard of it? Are we not the servants of the lord of that castle? But art thou not the poor man who sold His Highness the two lean cows?"

"Well, what's the use in delay or denial? I am, indeed, he."

"Art thou in truth?"

"I am no one else."

"But how wilt thou enter the black castle, since it is covered all around with a stone wall, and whirls unceasingly on a golden cock's foot? But make no account of that. Here is a shining axe. Just strike the wall with it so sparks will fly, and thou wilt come upon the door, which will spring open. Then jump in. Have a care, though; for if thou slip and fall, no man can save thee. When thou art once inside, the King of the Crows will come forward and receive thee kindly. He won't put his soul on the palm of his hand at once; but when His Highness inquires what thy wish is, ask for nothing else but the salt-mill which stands in the corner."

Well, the talk ended there. In the morning the poor man moved on towards the black castle. When he arrived there, he saw that it whirled of itself on a golden cock's foot, like some infernal spindle; and nowhere could he see either window or door upon it, — nothing but the naked wall. He took the swineherd's axe and struck the wall,

[1] He who counts the pigs.

and sparks flew from the axe in such style that it could not be better. After a time he came upon the door; it flew open, and he jumped in. If he had delayed but one flash of an eye, the stone wall door would have crushed him; as it was, the edge of his trousers was carried off.

As soon as the poor man got in, he saw that the castle turned only on the outside. At this moment the King of the Crows was standing by the window, and saw the poor man coming for the price of the cows. He went to meet him, shook his hand, treated him as tenderly as an egg; then he led him into the most beautiful chamber, and seated him at his side on a golden couch. The poor man saw not a soul anywhere, although it was midday, the time of eating. All at once the table began to spread, and was soon bending under its load, so much food was on it. The poor man shook his head; for, I say, though no one was to be seen anywhere, neither cook nor kitchen-boy nor servant, still, was n't the table spread? It was surely witchcraft, surely some infernal art, but not the work of a good spirit, — maybe the salt-mill had something to do with it. That, however, did not come into the poor man's mind, though the mill stood there in the corner.

He was there three days, the guest of the King of the Crows, who received him with every kindness he could offer, so that no man's son could raise a complaint against His Highness. Morning, noon, and night the poor man's food appeared in proper form, but the roast and the wine had no taste for him; for it came to his mind that while he was feasting there, most likely his wife and children had not bread enough. I say it came into his

mind; he began to be restless and uneasy. The King of the Crows noticed this, and said to him: "Well, poor man, I see that thou dost not wish to stay longer with me, because thy heart is at home, therefore I ask what dost thou wish for the two lean cows? — believe me, brother, thou didst save me from great trouble that time; if thou hadst not taken pity on me, I should have lost my whole army from famine."

"I want nothing else," said the poor man, "but that salt-mill standing there in the corner."

"Oh, poor man, hast thou lost thy wits? Tell me, what good couldst thou get of the mill?"

"Oh, I could grind corn or a little wheat from time to time; if I did not, some one else might; so there would be something to take to the kitchen."

"Ask for something else; ask for all the cattle which in coming hither thou didst see."

"What should I do with such a tremendous lot of cattle? If I should drive them home, people would think evil of me; besides, I have neither stable nor pasture."

"But I'll give thee money. How much dost thou wish? Wouldst be content with three bags of it?"

"What could I do with such an ocean-great lot of money? My evil fate would use it to kill me; people would think that I stole the coin, or murdered some man for it; besides, I might be stopped with it on the road."

"But I'll give thee a soldier as a guard."

"What good is one of Thy Highness's soldiers?" asked the poor man, smiling; "a hen, I think, would drive him away."

"What! one of my soldiers?"

Here the King of the Crows blew a small whistle; straightway a crow appeared which shook itself, and became such a gallant young fellow that he was not only so, but just so. "That's the kind of soldiers I have," said the king, and commanded the young man out of the room. The soldier shook himself, became a crow, and flew away.

"It 's all the same to me what kind of soldiers Thy Highness has. Thy Highness promised to give me what I want, and I ask for nothing else but the salt-mill."

"I will not give it. Ask for all my herds, but not for that."

"I need not herds; all I want is the mill."

"Well, poor man, I have refused thee three times, and three times thou hast asked for the mill; now, whether I will or not, I must give it. But know that thou art not to grind corn or wheat with the mill, for it has this virtue, — that it accomplishes all wishes. Here it is, take it, though my heart bleeds after it. Thou didst me a good deed, therefore let it be thine."

The poor man put the mill on his back, took farewell of the King of the Crows, thanking him for his hospitality, and trudged home at his leisure. On the way back he entertained the horseherds and the swineherds. All he did was to say, "Grind, my dear mill," and what food was dear to the eye, the mouth, and the taste appeared of itself; and if he said, "Draw up, my dear mill," all the food was as if the ground had swallowed it, — it vanished. Then he took leave of the good herdsmen and continued his way.

As he traveled and journeyed, he came to a great wild wood; and having grown hungry, he said, "Grind, my

dear mill." Straightway the table was spread, not for one, but for two persons. The mill knew at once that the poor man would have a guest; for that moment, wherever he came from, a great fat man appeared, who, without saying a word, took his seat at the table. When they had enjoyed God's blessing, the great fat man spoke and said: —

"Listen, poor man. Give me that mill for this knotty club; for if thy mill has the power of accomplishing all thy desires [the fat man knew this already], my knotty club has this power, that thou hast need but to say, 'Strike, my club,' and the man thou hast in mind is the son of Death."

What was the poor man to do? Thinking if he did not give it of his free will, the fat man would take it by force, he exchanged the mill for the knotty club; but when he had it once in his hand, he said in a low voice, for he was commanding the knotty club, "Strike, my dear club." And it so struck the fat man behind the ears that he gave forth not a sound; he did n't move his little finger. Then the poor man continued his journey homeward at his ease; and when seven years had passed, he was able to say, "Here we are!"

His wife, who was weeping by the hearth, mourning over her dear lost lord and the two lean cows, scarcely knew the poor man, but still she knew him. His two sons had become large, and had grown out of their long clothes. When the poor man put his foot into his own house, he set the mill down in the chimney-corner, loosed his mantle from his neck, hung it up on a nail, and only then did they know him.

"Well, father," said his wife, "thou hast come; God

knows 't is time. I never expected to see thee again; but what didst thou get for Bimbo and Csako?"

"This mill," answered he with many "See heres" and "See theres."

"If that's the case, the palsy strike thy work," cried the woman; "better for thee to have stayed at home these seven years, and swung thy feet around here, than to have dragged that good-for-nothing mill from such a distant land, just as if thou hadst eaten the crazy-weed!"

"Oh, my sweet wife, something is better than nothing; if we have no grain to grind for ourselves, we can grind for other people, if not in streams, at least in drops."

"May a cancer eat thy mill! I haven't a thing to put between my teeth, and still —"

"Well, my sweet wife, if thou hast nothing to put between thy teeth, thou'lt soon have. Grind, my dear mill."

At these words, so much meat and drink appeared on the poor man's table that half of it would have been enough. It was only then that the woman regretted her tongue-rattling. But a woman is a woman; beat her with a stone, only let her talk.

The poor man, his wife, and two sons sat down at the table, looking at the food like an army of locusts. They ate and drank to their hearts' content. Whether from wine or some other cause, a desire to dance came to the two sons; and they jumped up and danced, so it was pure delight to look at them. "Oh," said the elder one, "if we only had a gypsy!" That moment a band of gypsies by the chimney struck up their music, and played away with such variations that the poor man, too, wished to dance, and so whirled his wife around that better could not be

asked for. The neighbors knew not what to think of the affair. How was it that music was sounding in the poor man's house?

"What is this?" said one to another, coming nearer and nearer, till they came up to the door and the windows. Only then did they see that a band of gypsies were fiddling away with might and main, and the old man, his wife, and their two sons were dancing, while the table was bending under loads of rich meat and drink.

"Come in, cousin! Come in, friend! Come in, brother-in-law, bring thy wife! Come in, brother!" — and there was no end to the invitations of the poor man. Guests collected unceasingly, and still the table was spread. "'Pon my soul," said the poor man, "it's a pity my house is n't larger; for all these guests could scarcely find room in a palace." At these words, instead of the poor man's cabin, such a magnificent palace appeared, with chambers twelve in a row, that the king himself had n't the like of it.

A multitude of grand people with the king in the midst of them were out walking just at that time. "What's this? what's this?" asked they of one another. "There has always been a poor man's cabin here, now there's a king's palace, and besides, music is sounding, and gypsies are fiddling. Let's go and have a look."

The king went in front, and after him all the grand people, — counts, dukes, barons, and so on. The poor man came out and received the king with the great personages very kindly, and conducted them all to the head of the table as their fitting place. They ate, drank, and caroused, so that it was like a small wedding.

While they were thus enjoying themselves at the best,

a great sealed letter came to the king. When he read it, he turned yellow and blue, because it was written therein that the Turk-Tartar was nearing his kingdom with a great army, destroying everything with fire and sword, and sparing not the property of innocent, weeping people, whom he puts to the point of the sword; that the earth is drinking their blood, their flesh is devoured by dogs.

From great joy there was great sorrow.

Then the poor man stood forth and asked the king: "If 't is no offense, may I ask a question?"

"What may it be, poor man?"

"Would Thy Highness tell me the contents of that great letter received just now?"

"Why ask, poor man? Thou couldst not mend the affair."

"But if I can?"

"Well, know then, and let the whole kingdom know, that the Turk-Tartar is moving on our country with a great army, with cruel intent; that he spares not the property of innocent, weeping people, puts them to the sword, so that the earth drinks their blood, and their flesh is devoured by dogs."

"And what will be the reward of him who drives the enemy out of the country?" asked the poor man.

"In truth," said the king, "great reward and honor await him; for if he should have two sons, I would give them my two daughters in marriage, with half the kingdom. After my death they would inherit the whole kingdom."

"Well, I'll drive out the enemy all alone."

But the king did not place much confidence in the poor man's promise; he hurried together all his soldiers,

and marched with them against the enemy. The two armies were looking at each other with wolves' eyes, when the poor man went between the camps and commanded the club! "Strike, my dear club." And the club pommeled the Turk-Tartar army so that only one man was left to carry home the tidings.

The poor man gained half the kingdom and the two beautiful princesses, whom he married to his two stalwart sons. They celebrated a wedding which spoke to the seven worlds; and they are living now if they are not dead.

ST. KÜMMERNISS

A LEGEND OF THE TYROL

There was once a heathen king who had a daughter named Kümmerniss, who was fair and beautiful beyond compare. A neighboring king, also a heathen, sought her in marriage, and her father gave his consent to the union; but Kümmerniss was distressed beyond measure, for she had vowed in her own heart to be the bride of heaven. Of course her father could not understand her motives, and to force her to marry put her into a hard prison.

From the depths of the dungeon Kümmerniss prayed that she might be so transformed that no man should wish to marry her; and in conformity with her devoted petition, when they came to take her out of the prison, they found that all her beauty was gone, and her face overgrown with long hair like a man's beard. When her father saw the change in her, he was indignant, and asked what had befallen her. She replied that He whom she adored had changed her so to save her from marrying the heathen king after she had vowed to be His bride alone. "Then shall you die, like Him you adore," was her father's answer. She meekly replied that she had no greater desire than to die, that she might be united with Him. And thus her pure life was taken a sweet sacrifice; and whoso would, like her, be altogether devoted to God and like her obtain their petition from heaven, let them honor her, and cause her effigy to be painted in the church.

So many believed they found the efficacy of her intercession, that they set up memorial images of her everywhere, and in one place they set one up all in pure gold. A poor minstrel once came by that way with his violin; and because he had earned nothing, and was near starving, he stood before St. Kümmerniss and played his prayer on his violin. Plaintive and more plaintive still grew his beseeching notes, till at last the saint, who never sent any away empty, shook off one of her golden shoes, and bid him take it for an alms.

The minstrel carried the golden shoe to a goldsmith, and asked him to buy it of him for money; but the goldsmith, recognizing whence it came, refused to have anything to do with sacrilegious traffic, and accused him of stealing it. The minstrel loudly protested his innocence, and the goldsmith as loudly vociferated his accusation, till their clamor raised the whole village; and all were full of fury and indignation at the supposed crime of the minstrel. As their anger grew, they were near tearing him in pieces, when a grave hermit came by, and they asked him to judge the case. "If it be true that the man obtained one shoe by his minstrelsy, let him play till he obtain the other in our sight," was his sentence; and all the people were so pleased with it that they dragged the minstrel back to the shrine of St. Kümmerniss.

The minstrel, who had been as much astonished as any one else at his first success, scarcely dared hope for a second, but it was death to shrink from the test; so he rested his instrument on his shoulder, and drew the bow across it with trembling hand. Sweet and plaintive were the shuddering, voice-like tones he sent forth before the shrine; but yet the second shoe fell not. The people be-

gan to murmur; horror heightened his distress. Cadence after cadence, moan upon moan, wail upon wail, faltered through the air, and entranced every ear and palsied every hand that would have seized him; till, at last, overcome with the intensity of his own passionate appeal, the minstrel sank unconscious on the ground. When they went to raise him up, they found that the second golden shoe was no longer on the saint's foot, but that she had cast it towards him. When they saw that, each vied with the other to make amends for the unjust suspicions of the past. The golden shoes were restored to the saint; but the minstrel never wanted for good entertainment for the rest of his life.

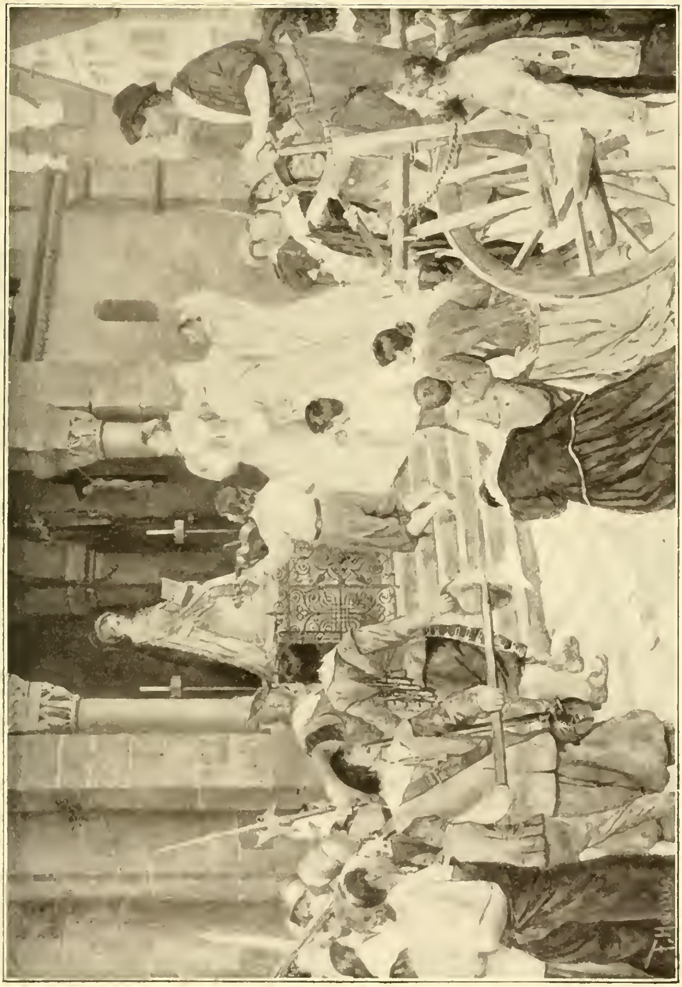
THE LEGEND OF ST. KÜMMERNISS

THE LEGEND OF ST. KÜMMERNISS

BY FRANÇOIS JOSEPH HEIM

(*French artist*, 1787–1865)

THE story of this picture is given fully in the selection following. The saint sits in the tiny chapel with the crucifix on the wall beside her. She has a gentle, kindly face, and evidently the artist had no idea of representing her as she appeared before her transformation. The barefooted minstrel kneels before her, and she seems to be listening to his plaintive music. Around him are soldiers or guards, citizens with their working aprons, mothers with their little children, workmen in rough carts, nobles, and, pressing closely up to the chapel, a little group of priests and monks.



STORIES OF THE GYPSIES

[The gypsies are thought to be descendants of some Hindu tribe. They have roamed over the countries of the world, but have never lost their peculiar customs and characteristics. These wanderers made their way into Hungary as early as 1417, and form an important and picturesque part of the population. The Hungarian gypsies are famous for their music, which possesses a wild and winning charm that is all its own.

The Editor.]

HOW THE GYPSIES SAVED THE ARCHDUKE

BY W. B. FORSTER-BOVILL

The art of fortune-telling has not yet been given up by the Hungarian gypsies for crystal-gazing. On one occasion the late Archduke Joseph, when visiting the gypsies on his mission of reform, asked several women to tell him his fortune. When, however, he addressed them in their own language, they refused to proceed, and on being asked the reason, declared they would not "cheat one of their own." Asked by the archduke whether they sincerely believed in fortune-telling, the women laughingly replied, "No, that is good enough for the non-gypsies." On another occasion the archduke was really warned by a gypsy. It was just before the battle of Sadowa, in 1866, and he was sleeping in a peasant's cottage, when in the middle of the night he was awakened by a gypsy. On the man being brought to the bedside of the archduke, he burst out into rapid Romany, declaring that the

enemy were approaching with the intention of surprising the Austrians.

"The outposts have not heard anything suspicious," the archduke remarked.

"No," replied the Zingari, "because the enemy is still a long way off."

"How do you know this?"

"Come to the window," exclaimed the gypsy, leading the archduke forward to the narrow opening in the rough wall and directing his gaze to the dark sky illumined by the silver rays of the moon. "You see those birds flying over the wood toward the south?"

"Yes," replied the archduke, "I see them. What of it?"

"What of it?" retorted the gypsy. "Do not birds sleep as well as men? They would certainly not fly about at night-time thus had they not been disturbed. The enemy is marching through the woods southward, and has frightened and driven the birds before it."

Immediately orders were given for the outposts to be doubled, and the entire camp to be awakened. In less than two hours after the visit of the gypsy, fierce fighting was indulged in, and the greatest friend the gypsies ever had was able to realize that his camp and division, together with his military prestige, were all saved by the sagacity of a gypsy. Gypsies and their life became almost a mania with the late Archduke Joseph. He did his utmost to induce them to settle down and devote their energies and skill to the art of metal-working, which he discovered they possessed. Near Pozsony a number of villages were laid out, and gypsy settlements organized. But the scheme was a failure. The gypsies abandoned

the comfortable cottages and the flower-stocked gardens and the rich fields, and simply refused to do anything seriously. Old habits had too much power over them, and poaching and stealing were in the blood. To the old life and haunts they went, and disappointed the most generous heart that ever beat for them.

THE GYPSY BANDS

BY W. B. FORSTER-BOVILL

Returning to the csardas, one must see the peasants dance this. It is a curious dance, for the men only seem to use the legs from the knees downwards, the rest of the body being upright and rigid. They place their hands lightly upon the shoulders of the women, who in turn rest their hands upon the shoulders of the men. The women only appear to dance with the shoulders. The men wear tight-fitting *attilas*, which are a sort of vest, with an embroidered dolman hanging from the left shoulder, and whilst dancing they delight in clattering the spurs attached to their boot-tops. In their embroidered corsets and short petticoats and top-boots the women look very gay. But these gypsies — they are wonders. In quality their bands vary considerably. It is largely a question of conductor. Every coffee-house in Budapest has its famous conductor. Berkes, Radics, Racz, and Farkas. These are names to be remembered. The band at the New York Hotel, Kolozsvar, is the best I heard in Hungary. An amusing story of this band was told me the last time I visited Kolozsvar. All these bands are allowed, even in the best hotels, to go and collect from the guests present. Sometimes the conductor himself deigns to go

round. Or the second-fiddle, being easily spared, collects the coins which you place upon a plate, which on his return is emptied into some large receptacle for the sharing-time. In order to prevent any petty pilfering during his perambulations, the gypsy is presented with a live fly, which he must return alive in the same hand to the conductor when he has finished his round. Not an easy task. The alertness and cleverness of these musicians was demonstrated one day to the waltz-king, Strauss. He was practicing a new composition, which was still in manuscript, with his famous orchestra, when a gypsy leader happened to be present at the rehearsal. Apparently unconcerned, the man took in everything, and that very evening, when Strauss was sitting with some friends at one of the famous Viennese restaurants, to his surprise he heard his new creation played to perfection by this gypsy band. It was a perfect marvel to him, and revealed the amazing power of rapid absorption these men possess. I remember being asked to sing — for some reason or other — away in the north of Hungary, and having no music with me, and wishful to oblige, I just hummed the air of "Father O'Flynn" to the gypsy leader, and in less than five minutes we had the whole thing going at fine speed.

GYPSY MUSIC

BY MARGARET FLETCHER

The Tziganes [gypsies] have the dusky skins and the long, lithe limbs of the Indian, but they are too often terribly thin and emaciated. Very great beauty is to be found among both men and women, and such a thing as

a plain gypsy child I never saw. It would be hard to imagine anything more utterly fascinating than these small imps of darkness, with their black curls, roguish eyes, and indifference to clothing. An old hat or a necklace sufficiently represents civilization to many. The gypsy eyes have something quite special about them — a thrill and flicker of fire somewhere in their depths that has the power of making all other dark eyes seem tame and insipid, mere patches of color. A Hungarian youth once said to me as he distractedly struck his forehead — and I sympathized with his emotion — "The eyes of the gypsy women! ah! they drive you mad."

How are we to explain the way in which these dirty, thriftless vagabonds, these poetic, emotional children of nature, have gained such a hold on the affections of the Magyar? For a hold they undoubtedly have, though perhaps their place is somewhat that of the favorite dog, whose faults must be smiled at, since he knows no better. The answer is to be found in music. It is through music the Tzigane has crept into the Hungarian heart, through music that he has rendered a real service to the country. Whether the Hungarian gypsy has a special musical gift above his brothers in other lands, or whether, as I have heard it stated, in whatever country the gypsy finds himself his artistic nature responds to the peculiar tastes of its people, would be an interesting subject for inquiry. Be that as it may, the Hungarian has found in the Tzigane the perfect interpreter of his wild, passionate music. The violin in the hands of the Tzigane is no longer a musical instrument; it is a living, sensitive, palpitating creature. He has made it one with himself. Playing without notes, absolutely independ-

ent of any musical tradition, moving about the whole while with the gestures his feeling prompts, he triumphs over material, and pours straight from his inmost being a torrent of sound, that now wails in slow agony, now riots in a frenzy of joy, now pants in weariness, and is always intense, never for an instant monotonous or even restful.

On their arrival in the country the gypsies found fragments of songs and of dances scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, fragments that had been thrown out almost unconsciously in moments of intense feeling by an instinctively musical peasantry. These fragments they gathered up, and roving from village to village found constant additions and variations to the original idea, till in time the csardas was developed and a vast number of love songs were stored in their memories. In very rare instances only have the gypsies been composers, but they have been the preservers of the national music which has come down the centuries entirely by tradition, constantly receiving fresh impulse from each new artist. The words of these songs are of the simplest, and tell, usually in the symbolic language, of birds, insects, and flowers, of some broken heart or some lost love. Sadness is the predominating idea in the love story. It seems true of these people too, in spite of their capacity for joy, that it is misery that has unlocked the poetry within them.

> "Our sweetest songs are those
> That tell of saddest thought."

The authorship of even the most famous airs is thus always obscure, and probably a very complex one.

The bands of musicians, who make a profession of their

art and live in towns, very nearly attain to a civilized state. But, in spite of dress suits, of comfortable lodgings, and of a recognized position, the gypsy blood comes out. All the money they make slips through their fingers; they have no energy for practical life, only an infinite capacity for emotion and romance. And strange fortunes befall the more distinguished among them. Many tales are told of princesses and noble ladies who have fallen victims to their eyes and their violins, and on the strength of an intoxicating musical courtship have married them, to discover, perhaps, that music is not the best foundation for daily life. While the Tzigane plays, the Magyar is wax in his hands, and will empty his pockets for his benefit. The dependence is in a measure mutual, for the Tzigane must feel a response, must see the sympathy in the eyes of his listeners, before he can give full expression to his music. That is why it must remain forever impossible to hear Hungarian music to advantage out of Hungary. The bands which visit foreign capitals — supposing, which is rarely the case, they were entirely composed of gypsies — would be powerless in the atmosphere of indifference or curiosity to do themselves justice. If they play their national music, which they are a little sensitive about producing to foreigners, they feel no response, no sympathy, and worse still, no comprehension, and their performance is paralyzed. It is only among Hungarians that the gypsies can attain to their wonderful height of musical inspiration.

TWO MAGYAR POEMS

[MUCH of the Magyar poetry is thrilled with a burning love of country. Even the poems that have nothing to do with patriotism are marked by a certain intensity of feeling. No matter how light the subject or how graceful the touch of the author, it seems impossible for him to lay down his pen without adding some line that changes a pleasant little rhyme into an expression of earnest thought.

The Editor.]

THE NATIONAL SONG OF HUNGARY

BY ALEXANDER PETOFI

RISE, Magyar! is the country's call!
The time has come, say one and all:
Shall we be slaves, shall we be free?
This is the question, now agree!
For by the Magyar's God above
    We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
    No more to bear!

Alas! till now we were but slaves;
Our fathers resting in their graves
Sleep not in freedom's soil. In vain
They fought and died free homes to gain.
But by the Magyar's God above
    We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
    No more to bear!

A CSIKOS RACE

A CSIKOS RACE

BY ALEXANDER WAGNER

(*Hungarian artist*, 1838)

An old proverb declares that "the Magyar was created on a horse." However that may be, the fondness of the Magyar for his horse can hardly be exaggerated. The Government pays close attention to preserving the purity of the Hungarian breed, and cultivates a horse rather small, but a favorite in the markets of Europe because of its endurance and swiftness. The horse-herders of Debreczen, in central Hungary, are especially noted for their skill in lassoing and taming the wild horse.

The illustration shows a favorite sport of these herders — a Csikos (cowboy) race, a go-as-you-please contest in which the cowboys first catch their horses and then race for the goal. Everything is in motion — horses, riders, and banners. Lassos are flying through the air, and even the distant spectators on the farther side of the race-course are by no means quiet. In contrast with all this action is the line of stiff, half-conventional trees that forms the background of the picture.

A miserable wretch is he
Who fears to die, my land, for thee!
His worthless life who thinks to be
Worth more than thou, sweet liberty!
Now by the Magyar's God above
    We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
    No more to bear!

The sword is brighter than the chain,
Men cannot nobler gems attain;
And yet the chain we wore, oh, shame!
Unsheath the sword of ancient fame!
For by the Magyar's God above
    We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
    No more to bear!

The Magyar's name will soon once more
Be honored as it was before!
The shame and dust of ages past
Our valor shall wipe out at last.
For by the Magyar's God above
    We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
    No more to bear!

And where our graves in verdure rise,
Our children's children to the skies
Shall speak the grateful joy they feel,
And bless our names the while they kneel.

For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

THE PILGRIM

BY JOHN GARAY

He went into the Holy Land,
A friar, to atone;
Clad in a cowl, with ashes crowned,
He wandered far alone.

He cast away his shoes that, while
He wanders in the heat,
The stones and thorns upon the road
May freely pierce his feet.

He mortified himself with fasts,
And thirst's most burning pain;
To wrongs he bowed, and yet to wrong
Others he did disdain.

Throughout his weary pilgrimage
Devoutly still he prayed,
Yet from his soul he could not lift
The weight sin there had laid.

From Palestine to Rome he went,
His anguish naught could ease.
Before His Holiness, the Pope,
He fell upon his knees.

"O Holy Father, tell me, pray" —
His tears did freely flow —
"Will Heaven on me for my dark crime
Forgiveness yet bestow?"

Then, tremblingly, he did confess
His crime. The Pope arose,
Stricken with awe; his kindly face
Did anger stern disclose.

His eyes, which ever gleamed with grace,
Then burned with wrath and fire,
And like the thunder of the sky
He spake in deepest ire: —

"Almighty God alone forgives,
Mercy is in His hand!
But not e'en He will overlook
Treason to fatherland!"

THE BALKAN STATES

HISTORICAL NOTE

In ancient times the greater part of the Balkan territory was known as Thrace and Illyrica. As the power of Rome weakened, these provinces were overrun by bands of Huns, Goths, Lombards, and Slavs. Christianity was introduced about the ninth century, and soon after Servia and Bulgaria emerged as independent states, alternately at war with the Eastern Roman Empire and aiding it in its struggles against the barbarians. In the fourteenth century the Turks swept over the Balkan Peninsula, and in 1389, by the battle of Kossovo, Servia was placed at their mercy. Bulgaria was conquered at the same time. Under the terrible severity of Turkish oppression, the nobility became extinct, the national spirit waned, and for more than four centuries these countries had no history of their own.

With the weakening of Turkish power, the hopes of the vassal states revived. In 1804, in 1815, and in 1828, Servia rose against Turkish misrule, the last time with partial success, although complete independence was not won until 1878. Since then Servia has been the scene of a bitter struggle for the throne between two powerful families, a struggle that culminated in 1903 in the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga. In the mean time the practical independence of Bulgaria had been recognized by Turkey in 1877, and Roumania had been formed by the union of the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia.

In 1912, an alliance was formed by Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro "to free the men of their religion and race from Turkish rule and to press on to the overthrow and dismemberment of Turkey in Europe." The allies were successful, and nine tenths of Turkey in Europe was freed from the misrule of the Turks. Jealousy among the Balkan States in regard to the division of the conquered territory led to a war of Greece and Servia against Bulgaria that far exceeded in ferocity the one against the Turks, and Turkey took advantage of this struggle to regain a part of her lost territory, including the city of Adrianople. In August, 1913, a treaty of peace was at last signed.

MARKO AND THE TURKS

[Fifteenth century]

AN OLD SERVIAN BALLAD

[MARKO KRALEVICH is the half-mythical hero of the Servians, and they delight in the old ballads composed about his victories over Turks and Magyars. After he was slain in battle, his people still believed that some time he would appear and would rescue them from oppression.

The Editor.]

VIZIER AMURATH is gone a-hunting;
Hunting in the leafy mountain-forest:
With him hunt twelve warriors, Turkish heroes:
With the heroes hunts the noble Marko:
White days three they hunted in the mountain;
Nothing found they in the mountain-forest.
But, behold! while in the forest hunting,
They a lake, a green-faced lake, discover,
Where a flock of gold-wing'd ducks are swimming.

There the proud vizier lets loose his falcon,
Bids him pounce upon a gold-wing'd swimmer;
But the falcon turned his glances upwards,
And he mounted to the clouds of heaven.
To the proud vizier said princely Marko:
"Vizier Amurath! is it allow'd me
To let loose my own, my favorite falcon?
He a gold-wing'd duck shall doubtless bring thee."
And the Moslem swiftly answer'd Marko:

"'T is allow'd thee, Marko! I allow thee."
Then the princely Marko loosed his falcon;
To the clouds of heaven aloft he mounted;
Then he sprang upon the gold-wing'd swimmer —
Seized him — rose — and down they fell together.
When the bird of Amurath sees the struggle,
He becomes indignant with vexation:
'T was of old his custom to play falsely —
For himself alone to grip his booty:
So he pounces down on Marko's falcon,
To deprive him of his well-earn'd trophy.
But the bird was valiant as his master;
Marko's falcon has the mind of Marko;
And his gold-wing'd prey he will not yield him.
Sharply turns he round on Amurath's falcon,
And he tears away his proudest feathers.

Soon as the vizier observes the contest,
He is fill'd with sorrow and with anger;
Rushes on the falcon of Prince Marko,
Flings him fiercely 'gainst a verdant fir tree,
And he breaks the falcon's dexter pinion.
Marko's golden falcon groans in suffering,
As the serpent hisses from the cavern.
Marko flies to help his favorite falcon,
Binds with tenderness the wounded pinion,
And with stifled rage the bird addresses:
"Woe for thee, and woe for me, my falcon!
I have left my Servians, — I have hunted
With the Turks, — and all these wrongs have suffer'd."
Then the hunters in their course pass'd by him —
Pass'd him by, and left him sad and lonely.

There his falcon's wounds to heal he tarried —
Tarried long amidst the mountain-forests.
When the wounds were heal'd, he sprung on Sharaz,
Spurr'd his steed, and gallop'd o'er the mountain;
Sped as swiftly as the mountain Vila.
Soon he leaves the mountain far behind him:
Reaching then the gloomy mountain borders;
On the plain beneath him, with his heroes —
Turkish heroes twelve, the princely Marko
The vizier descries, who looks around him,
Sees the princely Marko in the distance,
And thus calls upon his twelve companions:
"Ye, my children! ye, twelve Turkish heroes!
See ye yonder mountain mist approaching,
From the darksome mountain traveling hither?
In that mountain-mist is princely Marko;
Lo! how fiercely urges he his courser!
God defend us now from every evil!"

Soon the princely Marko reached the Moslems,
From the sheath he drew his trusty saber,
Drove that arm'd vizier, and all his warriors —
Drove them from him — o'er the desert scatters,
As the vulture drives a flock of sparrows.
Marko soon o'ertakes the flying warriors,
From his neck their chieftain's head he sever'd;
And the dozen youths his trusty saber
Into four-and-twenty halves divided.

Then he stood awhile in doubtful musing;
Should he go to Jedren [Adrianople] to the sultan —
Should he rather seek his home at Prilip?

After all his musings he determined: —
"Better is it that I seek the sultan;
And let Marko tell the deeds of Marko —
Not the foes of Marko — not the Moslems!"

So the hero Marko sped to Jedren.
To the sultan in divan he enter'd;
And his fiery eyes look'd fiercely round him,
As the hungry wolves around the forest;
Look'd as fiercely as if charged with lightnings.
And the sultan ask'd the hero Marko,
"Tell me what hath vexed thee, princely Marko?
Say in what the sultan hath annoy'd thee?
Tell me what misfortune hath disturb'd thee?"
Then the princely Marko tells the sultan
What with Amurath Vizier had happened;
And the sultan feigned a merry laughter:
And with agitated brow responded,
"Blessings be upon thee, princely Marko!
Hadst thou not behaved thee thus, my Marko,
Son of mine I would no longer call thee.
Any Turk may get a vizier's title,
But there is no hero like my Marko."

From his silken vestments then the sultan
From his purse drew out a thousand ducats,
Threw the golden ducats to the hero:
"Take these ducats from thy master, Marko,
Drink to my prosperity, thou hero!"

Marko took the purse of gold in silence,
Walk'd away in silence from the palace;

'T was no love of Marko — no intention
That the hero's lips should pledge the sultan:
'T was that he should quit the monarch's presence,
For his fearful wrath had been awaken'd.

MONTENEGRO

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

[In the Middle Ages, Montenegro was under the control of Servia; but when the battle of Kossovo laid Servia at the mercy of the Turks, in 1389, Montenegro became independent; and independent it has remained. It is a country of warriors, who were well prepared to play their part in the late Balkan War.

The Editor.]

They rose to where their sovereign eagle sails,
They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,
Chaste, frugal, savage, arm'd by day and night
Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales
Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,
And red with blood the Crescent reels from fight
Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight
By thousands down the crags and thro' the vales.
O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of Freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernogora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

AN ATTACK ON THE BASHI-BAZOUKS

[1907]

BY ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

We slipped into the courtyard and stood in a group about Mileff, while he whispered his instructions for the night to the several sub-chiefs. The small inclosure was packed with men in long cloaks, which were blown aside by the wind now and then, revealing glistening rifles and belts of serried cartridges. But they were quiet — unnaturally quiet. None spoke above a whisper, and the sandals made no noise on the stones.

I noticed that perfect comradeship prevailed. The *chetniks* crowded up to the knot of chiefs and craned over their shoulders like children, eager to hear what was being discussed. They readily made way for me, and the militiamen whispered among themselves, pointing at my smooth face, — considered an affliction in Macedonia; — "Americansky," they muttered. Others crowded up to see the strange being from another land, and soon I found myself in the heart of the *cheta* — which was what I wanted.

Mileff turned and introduced me briefly to the chief of the militiamen, a big, lusty fellow, who gripped my hand in his sinewy fingers, and muttered, "*Nos dravey*," a phrase that means something like "Your good health, sir." The sub-chiefs of the *cheta*, Nicola and Andrea, grinned at me joyfully. They were more like children than ever. In chuckling murmurs, they tried to describe

to me what was going to happen to the Bashi-bazouks. Mileff laughed at them and pulled me aside.

"We march at once," he explained. "Until we reach Osikovo, we shall keep together. At Osikovo, we shall divide. Andrea, with ten men, will circle the village and come down on it from the hills in the rear. The rest of us will attack from the front."

He turned to the *chetniks*.

"It is time. Where is the guide?"

A tall youth pushed his way through the throng, tossing a Männlicher over his shoulder.

"I am the guide, *voivode*," he said, saluting respectfully. I could not help observing that while the *chetniks* were as familiar with their chief as with each other, to the militiamen he was a superior person, one who had not only attained fame and dignity, by the blows he had dealt the Turks, but who had been across the mountains to the Frank towns, where he had learned much wisdom out of books. It is strange how a people with whom books are rare look up to the possessors of them. I have seen villagers sit for hours, listening to Mileff reading from one of the Russian authors. But all this is far from the courtyard of the house in Kovatchavishta.

Mileff spoke a sharp word of command to the *chetniks* and militiamen, and they fell into single file behind him, the *chetniks* being scattered at intervals among the more numerous militiamen. Gurgeff took down the great wooden bar which held the gate, and the guide glided out. Giving him five seconds' lead, Mileff followed and the rest of the long line behind him. There was no moon in the sky, so we had to absolutely feel our way along the village street. If one had a sharp ear, it

was possible to keep out of the brook-sewer that occupied the middle of the road; otherwise, the result was unpleasant.

There was never a noise in the sleeping village. This time the dogs had been securely muzzled. Looking back along the line, one could only realize the presence of the *cheta* by occasional vague sounds and moving dots, that appeared and disappeared in the darkness. I could not see the guide at all, but Mileff, just ahead of me, with his cat's eyes, had no difficulty in following him.

Soon we had left the village behind, and began the ascent of the rocky hills that rose abruptly above the house-tops. It was the same road we had descended previously, and if it had been hard to climb down, it was twice as difficult to climb up. Many times we stopped for necessary rest, and each time I marveled that the Bashi-bazouks had possessed the courage to dare such a journey for a few trivial cattle. Near the head of the trail, we were challenged sharply by a squad of figures that rose suddenly from the shelter of a boulder.

By the light of a star or two in the gloomy black heavens, we could see their rifle-barrels thrown athwart the stones, and we halted. They were the militia patrol, who mounted guard at the head of the mountain-road day and night, to ward against the coming of the *askars*. The Bashi-bazouks who had come the week before had been allowed to pass because their small numbers were a guaranty that they could not do much harm. Against a larger force, the village would have risen to the last man.

At a word from the guide, supplemented by an exclamation from Mileff, the patrol lowered their rifles and

stood forth in the murk while we passed. To each one of us they spoke a hasty word of greeting, and then they sank back into the oblivion of the rocks, and we toiled on over a wide moor, covered with long grass that concealed the hollows, into which one's feet slipped unawares.

Sometimes the moors broke into sudden declivities, down which we half climbed, half slid. Stretches of sandy soil intervened, through which we ploughed heavily. The pace was a rapid one, for Mileff wished to get into position before midnight. Once, standing on a sort of tor that rose above the moor, I glanced backward at the line of figures that undulated as far as I could see, each one shrouded in its long sheepskin cloak, from which projected a rifle-barrel. It was marvelous how quiet and swift they were, moving over that rough, wild country, with not even a trail to guide them. Light-footed and sure of their movements as goats, they made no difficulty out of what required all my nerve and watchfulness.

Several times we stopped for a few minutes, while the guide went ahead to reconnoiter the way. Again, on a couple of occasions it was necessary to make détours around villages. Another time, we marched straight through a collection of huts — a small outlying Christian village. We made no noise and did not waken any one, however. We had been marching for perhaps three hours, when we came to a rude stone wall, sure sign that a village lay just beyond.

Mileff called softly to the guide and held a brief consultation with the sub-chiefs, after which we proceeded more slowly. It was plain that we were entering a valley. The hills began to shut in on either side, and in

front of us they narrowed so as to become a defile. Mileff detached a couple of men on the flanks to act as scouts, and we cautiously approached the portals of the valley, marching over a wagon-road, deserving of the name because deep ruts could be felt in its surface.

Presently loomed up in the distance a roof. Other roofs came into view, and yet others. I leaped upon a boulder and, looking down the valley, saw a long succession of roofs sloping up the hillside to the right of the road. We continued along the road, keeping just outside of the village. Dogs barked at intervals, but otherwise the silence was absolute. At a point opposite the center of the village we halted, and Andrea passed down the line, picking out ten men whom he motioned to follow him. Without a word of farewell, they marched off into the night.

The rest of us lay down behind the wall and waited. I pulled my watch out and borrowed Mileff's electric hand-lamp. It was five minutes past midnight. The *chetniks* arranged their knapsacks under their heads, wrapped themselves in their cloaks, taking care to protect the breeches of their rifles from the moisture, and dozed off. But the militiamen did not sleep. They leaned on elbows and murmured to each other. You could see in their shining eyes the excitement that the prospect of the fight brought. With the *chetniks* it was too old a story to deprive a man of a nap.

For a long time, it seemed, nothing happened. The dogs barked infrequently, not at anything in particular, but just to make a noise. A wind sprang up that rustled the grass, and the leaves of the trees beside the road rattled against each other, drearily. In the distance, a

nightbird croaked. Gradually, without knowing it, I dropped off to sleep, even as I had when we were waiting at the frontier line for the Turkish patrol to pass.

I could not have closed more than one eye, for almost at once, I was awakened by the glare of Mileff's searchlight, inside his cloak. He was looking at his watch. I looked at mine. It was nearly one. Mileff rolled over and prodded me; taking the signal, I prodded the man next to me. So it passed down the line. We all rose to our knees and reslung our knapsacks. Still, there was not a sound.

The trees across the way seemed to be moaning louder. Could the wind have so increased in force? I noticed that Mileff was holding one hand to his ear. He drew a whistle from his pocket and blew gently on it. There came, from right beside me, the low whining note of the wind blowing through the tree-boughs. From beyond the trees it was answered. And I understood. Andrea and his men were signaling to us from the mountain-side.

Mileff merely raised one hand, and our line swung over the stone wall into the road. Bending double, the men ran across it to the wall that lined the opposite side, surmounted it, and broke through an orchard at a run. In five minutes we were speeding along the main street of Osikovo. It was fairly sandy, and so we made little noise. The guide kept ahead, but otherwise there was no attempt at formation. Behind Mileff and me, the rest huddled together like fox-hounds in full cry. We dodged around a corner and pulled up in a little square where three streets intersected.

At each corner was a house. They were all massive

structures, built of stone, with slate roofs, and stood in courtyards, of which they formed one wall. One house was slightly larger than the other two, and it was immediately in front of us. There was something sinister about the blank surface of its lower walls, and the small barred windows of the two upper stories. The gateway was high, broad, and arched. The gate, itself, appeared to be substantially built of wooden beams, bolted together with iron. A huge iron lock fastened it to the side of the arch.

Our line huddled in the shadows cast by the two other houses, and the guide stepped across the roadway to the gate. Lifting his carbine, he pounded vigorously for a minute upon the beams. In the stillness of the village, the blows were as distinct as the reports of a Gatling. They seemed to echo and reëcho from the archway. I fancied that in the house behind me I could already hear people waking up and moving around. A second time the guide pounded the gate. Just why, I could not say, but I was certain that I could now hear, all around me, the sounds made by people roused from sleep. Osikovo was awakening.

From the other side of the gate came a shuffling of feet, and a voice demanded hoarsely what the caller wanted.

"We are friends," answered the guide, his rifle at his shoulder. "We are Pomaks from Libyaho. Let us enter. We have passed *chetniks* in the hills."

He spoke hurriedly, in the Turkish dialect. The Bashi-bazouk in the yard seemed to hesitate.

"I must see your face," he said, at last. "I must see you — you and your friends — before you may enter,

for it is seldom that friends come to their friends' houses after dark, and if you be friends, you will not mind the wait."

Breathlessly, we waited to see what would happen. There was a creaking noise and a wicket, a hand's-breadth in size, swung open midway up the gate. Through it was stuck a rifle-barrel. The guide had shrunk to the ground, out of the range of fire. Of the Bashi-bazouk we could see nothing, because the wicket was small, and the yard beyond, dark.

"Stand forth," said the voice. "Stand forth, now, you and your friends, that I may see you."

As luck had it, Dodor moved beside me, uneasily, and a wandering star-gleam caught, for an instant, on the steel of his bayonet. The watchful eye of the Bashi-bazouk at the wicket saw, and his rifle settled rigidly into line, while Dodor collapsed noiselessly to one side.

"You are armed," spoke the Bashi-bazouk. "Who are you that come armed? Are you friends, as you say, or foes? Speak, quickly, for I do not wait long."

"It is useless," breathed Mileff. "They are too suspicious. We will charge, openly."

He placed the whistle at his lips, and the quivering, penetrating sigh pierced the night. The Bashi-bazouk's rifle jerked upward, and he shouted hasty words in Turkish, which I did not understand. A door crashed shut in the house above him, and feet sounded on the stairs.

"Charge!" cried Mileff, leaping to his feet. "Viva Makedonia!"

We bunched across the road at a run, firing our rifles at the gate. I had a glimpse of the guide shooting through the wicket at the Bashi-bazouk warder, and the

next thing I knew, I was in a mass of pushing, shoving men, jabbing the tough wood with bayonets, hammering on it, and even using their bare hands. Then Mileff's voice rose from the ruck.

"Stand back, stand back!" he called. "Fire at the lock! Aim at the lock, every man!"

Ten or a dozen rifles were concentrated at the lock, and in a trice it was blown to atoms, the gate swinging slightly ajar. For a second we paused, hesitating. A young militiaman leaped forward, put his shoulder to the timbers, and sent the portal to one side. We cheered confusedly, and ran across the yard at the doorway that showed in the irregular stone wall. From a line of windows in the upper story came a spattering fire, accompanied by sheets of flame. The *chetniks* fired back, crouching behind whatever cover was available. I saw one man put a bullet into a bullock, and use the carcass as a shield.

Mileff and several others were in front of the house-door, shooting into the lock. It was a matter of less than a minute to smash it in, but stout bars of wood held the framework in place. In the mean time, the fight was going rather against us. One of the militiamen crawled out of the gateway, dragging a limp leg behind him, and we could not see that our fire was making any impression. Quick to see the need for some new action, Mileff seized a huge balk of timber lying by the doorstep, and with Nicola and a couple of others, backed off a pace or two. Taking a short run, they brought it against the door with a mighty swing. The timbers groaned. Again they battered it, with short, fierce strokes, and because of their height from the ground, and consequent inability to see

what was going on directly beneath them, the Bashi-bazouks could not effectively interrupt the maneuver.

With every blow, the door tottered more helplessly. We saw that it must come down. But where were Andrea and his men? We needed them badly at this time. The *voivode* blew his whistle, as the battering-ram was swung the last time, and the door fell inward, opening up a cavernous hollow of blackness. Our own men were on hand, crouched against the house-wall, out of the Bashi-bazouk's line of fire. So we stayed, for what seemed several minutes, though it must really have been less.

A cheer, the pattering of sandaled feet on the road outside, and a renewal of firing by the *askars* overhead, heralded the approach of Andrea's force. They descended upon the rear of the Bashi-bazouks' fortalice. This was our chance. Not a man waited for orders. They did not need them. They sprang at the steep stairs, hardly more than a ladder, that led up to the second floor, like a gang of wolves. It did not seem as if anything could stop them. A couple of the more cautious ones, crowded out in the intensity of the first stampede, waited behind, pumping bullets up through the trapdoor, over the heads of the leaders. It was lucky they did stay back.

The first man through the trap was the chief of the militiamen. He bounded lightly up the stairs and disappeared from view. A revolver cracked, and as Mileff, behind him, reached the trap, his body fell backward, sweeping his comrades from the stairs as effectually as a broom. The head of a Bashi-bazouk showed for an instant, but Kortser took aim and the Turk came down on top of the pile of *chetniks*. It was a mess, indeed.

Outside, Andrea's men were occupying the attention of the Bashi-bazouks by a steady fire at the windows, and the couple of us who had stayed below fired up the stairs as fast as we could work the ejectors. Our fire stopped the first rush, and the scanty numbers of the Bashi-bazouks did not allow them to take full advantage of the situation, so that by the time Mileff had leaped from under the pile of *chetniks* at the stair foot, a semblance of order had been restored.

I don't know how it happened, but something had been set afire in the pent-houses by the courtyard walls that served as stables, and they were blazing vividly, lighting up the entire village. Frightened sheep, cattle, goats, and horses ran about the yard, and the corpse of the Bashi-bazouk warder lay in a twisted heap by the gate, not far from a *chetnik*, whose body was simply drilled with bullet-holes. Certainly, it was a mad scene. And all about us was the village, blank and apparently tenantless, save for a prolonged wailing that rose from the scores of waiting women and children, who wept in fear of their fate.

Gazing at the confusion that filled the courtyard, and deafened by the constant popping of rifles upstairs and out of doors, I did not at once hear Mileff's voice when he spoke to me. His face was black with powder, and his beard, partly singed off, was flecked with blood. He pressed his mouth close to my ear.

"This is no use," he shouted. "We must retire."

He beckoned to the men, and crouching close to the ground, we ran across the courtyard, in the blinding glare. Bullets spat in the dust on every side, but no one was hurt. The dancing of the flames, constantly tossing

back and forth, filled the yard with conflicting lights and shadows that made good shooting impossible.

Beyond the gate we halted, and the men dropped down, exhausted. Dodging a crazy horse which ran screaming through the street, I hastened to the group that had swiftly formed about the *voivode*. Andrea and his men, in line, carrying their rifles at the ready, swung around the neighboring corner, as I joined the council. They were comparatively fresh, for all they had done was to lie in the shelter of houses, and pot at the windows in the fortalice. Mileff called for a list of casualties. We had lost two men killed, including the handsome young chief of the militia detachment, and two wounded. So far as we knew, two of the enemy were dead.

"There must be no more of this," said Mileff, decisively. "I cannot afford to waste good men on a nest of rats. They must be smoked out."

He explained his plan. His detachment would form a covering force for Andrea's party, who would carry inflammable materials into the lower floor of the house. When a sufficient quantity had been collected, they would be set alight. After that, it would only be necessary to shoot any Turks who tried to escape. Without any unnecessary talk, the sub-chiefs ran to their detachments, and told off men for the work. Andrea's party broke into near-by yards, and seized all the lumber, hay, and straw they could find. One man discovered a large can of oil, which was received with joy. Fagots were made, and a dozen of us deployed along the street in positions which commanded the house windows.

Finally, when all the fagots were ready, our fire was

stopped completely. Almost immediately, the Bashi-bazouks ceased shooting. It was as if they realized that a new development might be expected, and had stopped firing to listen — to strain their ears, that they might detect their enemy's next purpose.

There sounded the sighing murmur of the *voivode's* whistle, and Andrea's squad ran forward into the yard; the rest of us, outside, kept a steady stream of lead pouring into the windows. Andrea's men were cheering as they ran; they had their rifles slung over their shoulders, and they meant to be in at the death. The Bashi-bazouks managed to fire back at us, but they were given no time to aim, and Andrea reached the house in safety. The fagots were hurled in through the doorway, and as each man threw down his load, he doubled back across the yard, out of the gate where Mileff and I were huddled, in the shelter of the posts. Andrea was the last to leave. He emptied the oil over the pile that bulged from the doorway; and stuck the lighted torch he carried into the mass. Then he, too, ran for the gate. A burst of cheering greeted him from the *chetniks'* line, and, as if in a frenzy of despair, the Bashi-bazouks redoubled their fire, the spurts of flame squirting from the upper windows in never ceasing streams.

Looking back, coldly, it seems a monstrous cruel thing to do — this roasting alive of half a dozen men. It is difficult to believe that it could have happened in this so-called enlightened twentieth century. For some reason, it seems to smack more of the bigoted cruelty of the days of the Inquisition, or when a mere matter of kings' names was sufficient to cause the beheading of honest men. But, after all, it could not have been helped. It

was the quickest and cheapest way to get rid of a nest of vermin that had been terrorizing the countryside, — thieves, murderers, and women-stealers, every one of them. They do not understand, and set squeamishness down as weakness.

The flames gained rapidly. They leaped to the stables that had escaped the first blaze and licked them up, mounting the outer walls of the house, and gaining footholds through the windows. It was not many minutes before the whole building was a single vast pillar of flames that towered to the sky, making the village, and the hills surrounding it, loom blackly against the unnatural glare. And from this house of flames came a shrill screaming, such as words cannot hope to describe and such as once heard it is beyond the power of man to forget. The *chetniks* leaned sternly on their rifles, watching the conflagration take its course, and the villagers, by this time certain of the identity of the marauders, stole from their homes to look also on the destruction of their oppressors.

For months they had groaned beneath the exactions of the little band of arrogant, well-armed Bashi-bazouks, and yet, now when their deliverance had come, they could not exult. They could only look on, awesomely, at the dreadful doom that had been meted out by the "Men of the Night." In little knots they thronged the housetops and the streets, watching the flames that swirled and roared, the women hugging their children to their breasts, and the men staring with a fixed concentration at the scene.

As the front wall of the house fell in amid a shower of coals, Mileff's signal blew, and the *chetniks* hastened to him from their positions in the rough circle they had cast

HERZEGOVINIANS RETURNING TO A VILLAGE
SACKED BY THE BASHI-BAZOUKS

HERZEGOVINIANS RETURNING TO A VILLAGE SACKED BY THE BASHI-BAZOUKS

BY JAROSLAV CERMAK

(*Bohemian artist*, –1878)

The Bashi-Bazouks are irregular Turkish troops, wild and ungovernable, loving to kill rather than to win victories, and to destroy rather than to capture. They load themselves down with a vast number of swords and knives of various sorts, and these they are ready to use at a moment's notice. They speak a language of their own, a demoralized sort of Turkish. Plunder and destruction and slaughter are their delight, and they are willing to follow any leader who can promise them these employments.

It is in part by men of this character that Turkey has carried on her long career of oppression and misrule in the Balkan States. The country has been harassed again and again by lawless bands, with the destruction of property, the flogging of chiefs, and the massacre of Christians. In Herzegovina, the Christians were so terribly oppressed by the Turks that an insurrection broke out. The iilustration represents people who had fled from the Bashi-Bazouks now first venturing to return to their homes, bringing with them the few household treasures that they have saved from the general ruin. They find only havoc and desolation. At the left is a skull on the stone wall, and farther back is a sight at which, through the broken arch, the women are peering with terror; for on stakes are gory heads, probably of their own friends who failed to make their escape. From beyond these a horribly suggestive flight of vultures is taking place.

about the place, to prevent the possible escape of any of its inmates. Several had bandaged arms or heads. One was carried by a couple of comrades on a rude litter. The villagers watched them with even greater awe than they had the burning fortalice. But the magic of the night was upon them, and they said no word.

As silently as they came, the *chetniks* formed their line and departed through the dust of the road, the people who lined the way looking at them with curious drawn faces. A baby cried drearily, because it was tired, and a second wall fell in the house that had become the tomb of the Bashi-bazouks. On a crest the *cheta* halted for a minute, and I looked back at Osikovo, still showing red in the fire glare, and dotted with the groups of wonder-struck peasants. In the east, a beam of rosy light shot over the dark wall of the pines, and Mileff muttered "*Heidi!*" [forward] to the weary men who stumbled after him.

THE SIEGE OF ADRIANOPLE

[1912]

BY PHILIP GIBBS

[In February, 1912, Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, and Montenegro formed an alliance for the purpose of wresting from Turkey her European territory. War began in October. The Turks, fatally handicapped by the inefficiency and disorganization of their commissariat, were steadily driven back by the invading armies, and Scutari and Adrianople, their most important cities in Europe, were besieged.

The Editor.]

So the siege went on, tedious and interminable, and as often as possible I went out to the hills, dodging the vigilant officers, who had a quick eye for the red *brassard* of a correspondent, and riding or walking as far as possible from the main road until I had reached the last hill which looked down upon the city.

From afar the turrets and roofs and domes and minarets of Adrianople appeared like a mirage through a haze of sunshine and a thin veil of mist. The sky was very clear above it. Only a few fleecy clouds rested above the horizon. But suddenly, as I watched one day, a new cloud appeared like a great ball of snow, which unfolded and spread out in curly feathers, and then, after a few moments, disappeared. It was the bursting of a great shell, and the report of it came with a crash of thunder which seemed to shake the hills. Two, three, four shells burst together like bubbles, and then there followed long,

low rolls of thunderous sound like great drums beating a tattoo. The noise had a peculiar rhythm, like the Morse code, with long stroke and short, signaling death. It was made by the Bulgarian batteries on the hill forts, and it was answered by the Turkish batteries from neighboring hills. Presently, as the wreaths of smoke from the guns faded into the atmosphere, I saw that tall, straight columns of smoke were rising from the city of Adrianople and did not die down. They rose steadily and spread out at the top, and flung great wisps of black murkiness across the sky. It was the smoke of buildings set on fire by the shells. Other towers of black smoke rose from valleys which dipped between hills. The Turkish shells, far-flung from their fortifications, crashed into little villages once under Turkish rule and now abandoned by all inhabitants. Soon there would be nothing left of them but blackened stumps and heaps of ash.

As I stood watching one day I saw two scenes in this grim drama which made my pulses beat with a great excitement. A great bird flew across the sky towards the city, and as it flew it sang a droning song like the buzzing of an enormous bee. It was a monoplane, flown by a Bulgarian aviator, who had volunteered to reconnoiter the Turkish defenses. It disappeared swiftly into the smoke-wrack, and for some time I listened intently to a furious fusillade which seemed to meet this winged spy. After half an hour the aëroplane came back, flying swiftly away from the shot and shell which pursued it from the low-lying hills. Its wings were pierced, so that one could see the sky through them, but it flew steadily from the chase of death, and I heard its rhythmic heart-

beat overhead. Its escape was certain now. It had mocked at the pursuit of the shells, and the loud beat of its engine above me was a song of triumph. I watched it disappear again — to safety. So it seemed; but death has many ways of capture, and when I came back to Mustafa Pasha that day I heard that the unfortunate aviator, after his escape from the guns, had fallen from a great height within sight of home, and that the hero's body lay smashed to pieces in the wreckage of his machine.

Then on another day I saw another drama in the air. While my eyes watched the smoke-clouds from the siege-guns something twinkled and glittered to the left of the four tall minarets of the great mosque of Adrianople. It was the smooth silk of an airship which caught the rays of the sun; this cigar-shaped craft rose slowly and steadily to a fair height, though I think it was tethered at one end. It rose above peaceful ground into a great tranquillity, which lasted about ten minutes. Then suddenly there was a terrific clap of thunder and a shell burst to the left of the airship. I gave a great cry. It seemed to me that the frail craft had burst and disappeared into nothingness. But a few seconds later, when the smoke was wafted away, I saw the airship still poised steadily above the earth, untouched by that death machine. A second shell was flung skywards, far to the right; and for an hour I watched shells rise continually round that airship, trying to tear it down from its high observation, but never striking it. I do not know the names of the men who piloted that ship, but, whoever they were, they may boast of a courage which kept them at their post in the sky amid that storm of shells.

THE SIEGE OF ADRIANOPLE

It was at night that the bombardment of Adrianople reached the heights of a most infernal beauty. Then the sky quivered with flashes of light, and tongues of flame leaped out from the hillsides, and fire-balls danced between the stars. As I lay in bed after a day on the hills the noise of the bombardment chased sleep away, and every great gun shook the old Turkish farmhouse in which I lived as though heavy iron bedsteads were being dumped down upon the roof. Then there came a continued roll of great artillery. It was so loud and seemed so close that for a moment the wild idea came to me that the Turks had smashed their way out of the besieged city and that there was fighting in Mustafa Pasha. I rose and dressed hastily, lighted a lantern, and went out into the darkness. All around me was the barking and howling of dogs, hundreds of them, baying back an answer to the guns. I stumbled through quagmires of mud and pools of water until I came to the bridge of Mustafa overlooking the wide sweep of the Maritza.

I passed on through the village, and past many lines of sentries and men encamped round fires outside the mosques. Then in the shadow of a doorway I stood still and watched the sky, upon which was written the signs of death still seeking victims, and destruction away in the city below the hills. There was no moon, but the sky was thickly strewn with stars, and it seemed as though some flight of fallen angels were raging in the heavens. I saw a great shell burst below Orion's belt, and the pointers of the Great Bear were cut across by a sword of flame. The Milky Way throbbed with intermittent flashes like sheet lightning, and the pathway of the stars was illumined by the ruddy glare of burning houses and smoul-

dering villages. I had an irresistible desire to get closer to all this hellish beauty, to walk far across the hills to a place of vantage from which I had seen the bombardment by day. But when I raised my lantern and walked forward I was arrested by a Bulgarian officer — and this was the end of my night's vigil.

As all the world knows now, the city of Adrianople did not fall before the armistice arranged between the allies and Turkey; and its garrison, which had maintained such an heroic defense, deserved the fullest honors.

THE FLIGHT FROM LULE-BURGAS

[1912]

BY BERNARD GRANT

[After the capture of Kirk-Kilisse by the Bulgarians, they pushed on to cut off the retreat of the Turks. Part of the Turkish forces were withdrawn to Lule-Burgas, and here a fierce battle took place, at the close of which the Turks were forced to make the retreat which is here described.

The Editor.]

I now come to the days of October 29 and 30.

Glorious weather continued, and tempted all of us to the open country, away from this filthy little village, where we were penned up like sheep. From afar I heard the music of the guns. It came in continuous shocks of sound, the crash of great artillery bursting out repeatedly into a terrific cannonade. It was obviously the noise of something greater than a skirmish of outposts or a fight between small bodies of men.

While the war correspondents were cooking food in their stewing-pots a big battle was in progress, deciding the fate of nations and ending the lives of many human beings. That thunder of guns made my pulses beat, throbbed into my brain. I could not rest inactive and in ignorance of the awful business that was being done beyond the hills. Ignoring the orders to remain in the village, I rode out towards the guns.

Although I did not know it at the time, as we were utterly without information, I was riding towards the

battle of Lule-Burgas, which destroyed the flower of the Turkish army and opened the way of the Bulgarians to Constantinople.

Of the actual battle itself I am unable to speak as an eyewitness. Indeed, there was no mortal eye who could see more than a small part of it, as it covered a front of something like fifty miles; and even to the commanders of the army corps engaged, it was a wild and terrible confusion of great forces hurling themselves upon other great bodies of men, sometimes pressing them back, sometimes retiring, swept by a terrific fire, losing immense numbers of men, and uncertain of the damage they were inflicting upon the opposing troops.

Only from those who took part in it have I been able to gather some of the grim details of that great tragedy to the Turks. Certain facts stand out in all their accounts.

The Turkish artillery was overmastered from the first. The Bulgarian guns were in greater numbers and better served, and they had an inexhaustible supply of ammunition.

Not so the Turks. In consternation, in rage, in despair, the Turkish artillery officers saw their ammunition dwindling and giving out at a time when they needed it most: when the enemy's shells were bursting continuously upon their positions, when the enemy's infantry were exposing themselves on the ridges, and when the Bulgarian soldiers made wild rushes, advancing from point to point, in spite of their heavy losses in dead and wounded.

There were Turkish officers and soldiers who stood with folded arms by the limber of guns that could no

longer return the enemy's fire, until to a man they were wiped out by the scattered shells. The frantic messages carried to the commander-in-chief notifying him of this lack of ammunition passed unheeded, because the supply was exhausted.

Abdullah Pasha was a sad man that day, when from one of the heights he looked down upon his scattered army corps and saw how gradually their fire was silenced. Now on his right wing and his left his legions were pressed back until they wavered and broke. And now, with an overwhelming power and irresistible spirit of attack, the Bulgarians cut the railway line, scattered his squadrons of cavalry, broke through his various units, and bore down upon his rear-guard holding the town of Lule-Burgas.

I do not believe the Turkish soldiers were guilty of cowardice during those hours of battle. It was only afterwards, when the fighting was finished and the retreat began, that panic made cowards of all of them and seemed to paralyze them.

But from all that I have heard the Turkish soldiers in the mass behaved as bravely during the battle as all the traditions of their fighting spirit have led us to believe. They fought resolutely and doggedly, although, as I know now, they had gone into the battle hungry and were starving at the end of it.

They died in sufficient numbers, God knows, to prove their valor. They died in heaps. Many of the battalions were almost annihilated, and the greatest honor is due to the men of the Second Corps, who, after they had been beaten back again and again, after the battle had really been lost irretrievably by the failure of Mukhtar Pasha

to repress the general attack of the Bulgarians with his Third Army Corps, which had come up from the direction of Viza, re-formed themselves and marched to an almost certain death.

For a little while they held their own, but the Bulgarians were now in an impregnable position on the heights, and in such places of vantage for their artillery that they could concentrate their fire in a really terrific manner. The men of the Second Corps found themselves in a zone of bursting shells, and in the face of a withering rifle fire which swept upon them like a hailstorm.

A great cry broke from the ranks of the living, in which already there were great gaps, as the dead and wounded fell in all directions. The ranks were broken. It was only a rabble of terror-stricken men, running away from that hunting-ground of death, who came back beyond the reach of the Bulgarian bullets.

The town of Lule-Burgas was already in the hands of the enemy. And in the great field of battle, extending over the wild countryside for many miles, divisions, regiments, and battalions were scattered and shattered, no longer disciplined bodies of men, but swarms of individuals, each seeking a way to save his own life, each taking to flight like a hunted animal, each bewildered and dazed by the tragic confusion in which he staggered forward.

This is a connected account of what happened. But in war events are not seen connectedly, but piecemeal, confusedly, and without any apparent coherence, by those who are units in a great scheme of fate. So, looking back upon those days, it seems to me that I lived in a muddling nightmare, when one experience merged into

another, and when one scene changed to another in a fantastic and disorderly way.

I first came in touch with bodies of retreating soldiers when, in my ride out from the village of Chorlu, I crossed the railway line and went on towards the guns.

Those men were in straggling groups or walking singly. They were the first fugitives, the first signs, on this day of Tuesday, 29th, that the battle which was raging with increasing fury was not going well for the Turks.

The men were coming away from the fight weary, dejected, hopeless. They had no idea as to the direction in which they wanted to go. They wandered along aimlessly, some this way, some that, all of them silent and sullen, as though brooding over the things they had seen and suffered, and as though resentful of the fate that had befallen them.

I did not grasp the full significance of these wandering soldiers. I thought they were just faint-hearted fellows who had deserted from their battalions. Soon I saw the real truth.

. . . .

The pale dawn came grayly across the plain, and the shadows of night crept away, and in the hush of the early hour men were silent, wondering what would be the fortune of war that day.

So came the break of day on October 31st, a date which now belongs to history, remembered with bitterness by the Turks and with triumph by the Bulgarians. Before the sun had dispelled the white, hard frost on the grass there came to our ears once more the thunder of the guns, which had stopped at dark on the night before. We made a hasty breakfast, eager to get close to the bat-

tle, not only for professional reasons, but because no man may withstand the thrill which comes when men are fighting.

But our hopes were dashed to the ground, and we were thrown into consternation when Major Waffsy came to us and ordered an instant and hurried retreat. We were disposed to rebel, to protest against this order, which seemed ignominious, and absurd, and unreasonable. But very soon we saw that Waffsy Bey had reason on his side and that things were very serious.

Thousands of Turks were making their way in great disorder in the direction of Chorlu.

They were literally running from the distant guns. They were like great flocks of sheep scared by the wolf, and stumbling forward. Men fell as they ran, stumbling and staggering over the boulders and in the ruts. They seemed to be pursued by an invisible terror, so that they did not dare to stop, except to regain breath to amble forward with drooping heads.

They had no shame in this flight. These tall fellows of fine physique, except for their leanness and starvation looks, ran like whipped dogs, with eyes that glinted with the light of a great fear. It was a distressing and painful sight.

Major Waffsy seemed in just as much hurry. The sight of these fugitive soldiers seemed to shake his nerves terribly, and his face was very white and strained. I pitied the man, for he was a patriotic Turk and a courteous gentleman, although sometimes we hated him because he kept us so strictly in hand.

Now he started back on the line of the retreat with part of his charge, who seemed to think that this time

he would be a valuable companion; but none of the English went with him. We had decided to give him the slip.

So we tarried over our preparations and deliberately lengthened the time of our packing, and found many difficulties in the way of an early start. Major Waffsy set off without us, not suspecting our ruse, and when he was well out of harm's way we proceeded on our own line of route, which was forward to the battle-field.

I made my way to the river and there saw an astounding sight of panic in its most complete and furious form. It was, indeed, the very spirit of panic which had taken possession of the soldiers whom I now met on this spot.

Never before had I seen men so mad with fear. I hope that never again shall I see a great mass of humanity so lost to all reason, so impelled by the one terrible instinct of flight.

The bridge was absolutely blocked with retreating soldiers. It was a great stone bridge, with many archways and a broad roadway, with one part of its parapet broken; but, broad as it was, it was not wide enough to contain the rabble ranks which pressed across from the farther bank.

They struggled forward, trampling upon each other's heels, pushing and jostling like a crowd escaping through a narrow exit from a theater fire.

Most of the men were on foot, some still hugging their rifles, and using them to prod on their foremost fellows, but some of them were unarmed. They bent their heads down, drooped as though their strength was fast failing, breathed hard and panted like beasts hunted after a long chase, and came shambling across the bridge as though

on one side there was the peril of death and on the other side safety.

The horsemen in the crowd — rugged men swathed in drab cloths like mummies taken from their cases, on lean-ribbed and wretched horses — would not wait for the procession across the bridge, but, spurred on by panic, dashed into the water and forded their way across. All seemed quite regardless of the fact that the Bulgars were several miles away, and that the difference of a few miles would not count in the gap between life and death.

I almost expected to see a squadron of the Bulgarian cavalry charging down upon this mass of men, so abject was their terror. But the plain behind them showed no sign of an enemy. No guns played upon the fugitives. Instead came a force of Turkish cavalry with drawn swords, galloping hard and rounding up the fugitives.

Many officers did their best to stem the tide of panic, and beat the men back with the flats of their swords, and threatened them with their revolvers, shouting, and cursing, and imploring them. But all the effect they had was to check a few of the men, who waited until the officers were out of sight, and then pressed forward again.

With a young British officer who was out to see some fighting, I turned again towards the town of Lule-Burgas, where a great fight was now taking place, and rode against the incoming stream of wounded and retreating soldiers.

They seemed to come on in living waves round my horse, and I looked down upon their bent figures, and saw their lines staggering below me, and men dropping on all sides. I saw the final but fruitless struggle of many of them as they tried to keep their feet, and then fell. I

saw the pain which twisted the faces of those who were grievously wounded. I saw the last rigors of men as death came upon them.

When we got nearer to the roaring guns, breaking out into great volleys which seemed to shake the earth, and to set the air throbbing, the retreat was being carried out in a more orderly fashion. Men were marching in rank, with their rifles slung across their shoulders, and with officers pacing alongside. Those who had broken the ranks were stopped, and unless wounded were compelled to come into the ranks again. I saw many men being chased with whips and swords, while noncommissioned officers were set apart to cut off the stragglers. They were spent with fatigue, and suffering from hunger and thirst, and despondency was written on every face, but at least it was a relief to see an orderly formation and a body of men who had not lost all courage and self-respect. Evidently the best of the army was at the front.

As my companion and I were short of food and darkness was coming on, we decided to turn, especially as the fight could not last until the next morning. At dusk we reached the village of Karistaran and met Angus Hamilton and H. Baldwin, and together set out for a night ride to Chorlu.

This was far from pleasant. The army was in full retreat, and the roads and bridges were thronged, so that it was impossible to push one's way through the tramping men who, of course, would not open up for us, and whose rifles were like a moving hedge in front of us.

It was also difficult to ride at the side of the roads, on account of the exhausted and dying soldiers who lay about in the mud while their comrades passed. This was

a sickening thing, and I had a sensation of horror every time my horse halted before one of those prone bodies, or when I had to pull it out of the way of one of them.

Another difficulty that worried me was the absence of an interpreter. We should not know if we were challenged, and could not answer if we knew, so that we were in real danger.

As a measure of precaution we rode as near as possible together in a group of four, hoping, in the darkness, to be taken for a patrol. If we had been recognized as foreigners, we might have lost our horses; for these Turks, wounded or exhausted, would have coveted our mounts, for which they had a really desperate need.

Reading this in cold blood people may accuse us of selfishness. It would have been heroic, they might think, to dismount and, in Christian charity, yield up our horses to suffering men. But that idea would have seemed fantastic had it occurred to us for a moment. We had our duty to perform to our papers, and what, after all, would four horses have meant among so many? Such a sacrifice would merely have led to our own undoing.

Never shall I forget that ride in the dark night to Chorlu, the vague forms of the retreating army passing with us and around us like an army of ghosts, the strange, confused noise of stumbling feet, of voices crying to each other, of occasional groans, of clanking arms, of chinking bits and bridles, the sense of terror that seemed to walk with this army in flight, the acuteness of our own senses, highly strung, apprehensive of unknown dangers, oppressed by the gloom of this mass of tragic humanity.

At last we reached Chorlu in the early hours of the morning, utterly tired out in body and spirit and quite famished, as we had only had a few biscuits since our scanty breakfast on the previous day.

TURKEY

I

TO THE CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

Six or seven hundred years before Christ, the city of Byzantium, now Constantinople, was founded by the Greeks. As the centuries went by, it passed from hand to hand, from Athens to Sparta, and from Sparta to Athens. Under Alexander the Great, it was independent. In 196 A.D., it was besieged by the Romans and reduced to ruins. Three hundred and thirty years after the birth of Christ the site was chosen by Constantine the Great as a new capital for the Roman world. The city was rebuilt with the utmost magnificence, christened Constantinople in honor of the Emperor, and for more than a thousand years was the capital of the Byzantine or Eastern Empire.

Just north of the Caspian Sea dwelt the Seljuk Turks. As the power of Rome weakened, that of the Seljuks grew stronger until they finally controlled all Western Asia. Their cruelty to the people who made pilgrimages to Jerusalem brought about the crusades; and these were what kept the Seljuks from pushing into Europe. In the middle of the thirteenth century a chief named Ertogrul came from the East with many followers into Asia Minor, and received land on condition of military service. His son was Othman or Osman, and it is from his name that the Turks call themselves Ottomans. Othman's son Orkhan won a footing in Europe by the capture of Gallipoli. He encouraged commerce and industry, and he originated the formation of the terrible corps of Janizaries. Amurath I (1359–1389) captured Adrianople and made it his capital, destroyed the power of Servia in the battle of Kossovo, and greatly extended his kingdom at the expense of the tottering Byzantine Empire. His son, Bajazet I, was taken prisoner by Tamerlane the Tartar and died in captivity, but the power of the Ottoman Empire grew unchecked. In 1453, Mohammed II captured Constantinople, and the Eastern Empire came to an end after having endured more than eleven centuries.

CONSTANTINOPLE, A CITY BUILT TO ORDER

[Fourth century]

BY EDWARD GIBBON

[BETWEEN three and four hundred years after Christ, in the days when Rome ruled the world, it occurred to the Roman Emperor, Constantine the Great, to build a new capital. One of the greatest dangers to the empire was the barbarians north of the Danube River; another was the Persians. For defense, then, the new capital must lie far to the east of Rome. It must be well situated for commerce. It must be more free than Rome from the worship of the old gods; for Constantine was a Christian, and meant to make Christianity the religion of the state. He meant, moreover, to be the absolute ruler of the empire; and it would be much easier to bring this about in the East, where the people were used to bowing down to a master, than in Rome, where the citizens never forgot that they were of the proud nation that ruled the world.

On the Straits of the Bosphorus was the ancient town of Byzantium, which had been founded by the Greeks about one thousand years earlier. The location was perfect for defense, commerce, and beauty; it was an ideal place for Constantine to free himself from the enmity of the priests of the gods and to found the absolute monarchy which he planned; and this he chose for his capital. Its name he changed to Constantinople, the "city of Constantine." Then he set to work to build his city.

The Editor.]

SOME estimate may be formed of the expense bestowed with imperial liberality on the foundation of Constan-

tinople, by the allowance of about $2,500,000 for the construction of the walls, the porticoes, and the aqueducts. The forests that overshadowed the shores of the Euxine, and the celebrated quarries of white marble in the little island of Proconnesus, supplied an inexhaustible stock of materials, ready to be conveyed, by the convenience of a short water-carriage, to the harbor of Byzantium. A multitude of laborers and artificers urged the conclusion of the work with incessant toil: but the impatience of Constantine soon discovered that, in the decline of the arts, the skill as well as the numbers of his architects bore a very unequal proportion to the greatness of his designs. The magistrates of the most distant provinces were therefore directed to institute schools, to appoint professors, and by the hopes of rewards and privileges, to engage in the study and practice of architecture a sufficient number of ingenious youths who had received a liberal education.

The buildings of the new city were executed by such artificers as the reign of Constantine could afford; but they were decorated by the hands of the most celebrated masters of the age of Pericles and Alexander. To revive the genius of Phidias and Lysippus surpassed, indeed, the power of a Roman emperor; but the immortal productions which they had bequeathed to posterity were exposed without defense to the rapacious vanity of a despot. By his commands the cities of Greece and Asia were despoiled of their most valuable ornaments. The trophies of memorable wars, the objects of religious veneration, the most finished statues of the gods and heroes, of the sages and poets of ancient times, contributed to the splendid triumph of Constantinople; and gave occa-

sion to the remark of the historian Cedrenus, who observes, with some enthusiasm, that nothing seemed wanting except the souls of the illustrious men whom these admirable monuments were intended to represent. But it is not in the city of Constantine, nor in the declining period of an empire, when the human mind was depressed by civil and religious slavery, that we should seek for the souls of Homer and of Demosthenes.

During the siege of Byzantium, the conqueror had pitched his tent on the commanding eminence of the second hill. To perpetuate the memory of his success, he chose the same advantageous position for the principal forum; which appears to have been of a circular, or rather, elliptical form. The two opposite entrances formed triumphal arches; the porticoes, which inclosed it on every side, were filled with columns, of which a mutilated fragment is now degraded by the appellation of the *burnt pillar*. This column was erected on a pedestal of white marble twenty feet high; and was composed of ten pieces of porphyry, each of which measured about ten feet in height, and about thirty-three in circumference. On the summit of the pillar, above one hundred and twenty feet from the ground, stood the colossal statue of Apollo. It was of bronze, had been transported either from Athens or from a town of Phrygia, and was supposed to be the work of Phidias. The artist had represented the god of day, or, as it was afterwards interpreted, the Emperor Constantine himself, with a scepter in his right hand, the globe of the world in his left, and a crown of rays glittering on his head. The Circus, or Hippodrome, was a stately building about four hundred paces in length, and one hundred in breadth. The space

between the two *metæ* or goals was filled with statues and obelisks; and we may still remark a very singular fragment of antiquity; the bodies of three serpents, twisted into one pillar of brass. Their triple heads had once supported the golden tripod which, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated in the temple of Delphi by the victorious Greeks. The beauty of the Hippodrome has been long since defaced by the rude hands of the Turkish conquerors; but, under the similar appellation of Atmeidan, it still serves as a place of exercise for their horses. From the throne, whence the emperor viewed the Circensian games, a winding stairway descended to the palace; a magnificent edifice, which scarcely yielded to the residence of Rome itself, and which, together with the dependent courts, gardens, and porticoes, covered a considerable extent of ground upon the banks of the Propontis between the Hippodrome and the church of St. Sophia. We might likewise celebrate the baths, which still retained the name of Zeuxippus, after they had been enriched, by the munificence of Constantine, with lofty columns, various marbles, and above threescore statues of bronze. . . . A particular description, composed about a century after its foundation, enumerates a capitol or school of learning, a circus, two theaters, eight public, and one hundred and fifty-three private baths, fifty-two porticoes, five granaries, eight aqueducts or reservoirs of water, four spacious halls for the meetings of the senate or courts of justice, fourteen churches, fourteen palaces, and four thousand three hundred and eighty-eight houses, which, for their size or beauty, deserved to be distinguished from the multitude of plebeian habitations. . . .

A CITY BUILT TO ORDER

As Constantine urged the progress of the work with the impatience of a lover, the walls, the porticoes, and the principal edifices were completed in a few years, or, according to another account, in a few months; but this extraordinary diligence should excite the less admiration, since many of the buildings were finished in so hasty and imperfect a manner that under the succeeding reign, they were preserved with difficulty from impending ruin. But while they displayed the vigor and freshness of youth, the founder prepared to celebrate the dedication of his city. The games and largesses which crowned the pomp of this memorable festival may easily be supposed; but there is one circumstance of a more singular and permanent nature, which ought not entirely to be overlooked. As often as the birthday of the city returned, the statue of Constantine, framed by his order, of gilt wood, and bearing in his right hand a small image of the genius of the place, was erected on a triumphal car. The guards, carrying white tapers, and clothed in their richest apparel, accompanied the solemn procession as it moved through the Hippodrome. When it was opposite to the throne of the reigning emperor, he rose from his seat, and with grateful reverence, adored the memory of his predecessor. At the festival of the dedication, an edict, engraved on a column of marble, bestowed the title of *Second* or *New Rome* on the city of Constantine. But the name of Constantinople had prevailed over that honorable epithet; and after the revolution of fourteen centuries, still perpetuates the fame of its author.

THE COMING OF THE COMET

[1402]

BY MAURUS JÓKAI

[Timur, or Tamerlane, was a Tartar conqueror of the fourteenth century. He was at first merely a minor chief, but he pushed on till he ruled from Delhi to Damascus, and from the Sea of Aral to the Persian Gulf. Bajazet, Sultan of the Turks, was also a conqueror, and was called the "lightning" from the rapidity of his movements. In 1402, the vast armies of the two warriors met near Angora to decide the fate of Western Asia.

The Editor.]

An enormous comet appeared upon the horizon. The golden tint of this phenomenon of the heavens was observed for six months amongst the stars, and when it was closest to earth two fourths of the sky were covered by the dreaded specter. When the sun set and the gigantic marvel made its appearance, the pale phosphor head drawing its tail after it, everything was lit up by its wonderful light. Forests, mountains, people's faces, appeared ghastly by its illumination, and all around amongst the mountains was to be seen a glow which appeared like a distant fire lighting up the sky. Only the reflection of the light was not red, but green; and when the moon made her appearance, with her silver-tipped crescent, the two heavenly wanderers followed after one another with curious wonder. Once it happened that the moon went into the vaporous element of the comet, and astronomers then calculated how many

million miles it covered and how long it would take before it would touch the moon with its head in place of its tail. Then both would shoot down from heaven, and the Day of Judgment would arrive. Religious folk went on pilgrimages and awaited the *Dies iræ*, whose herald was this Lampadias, the name given it by Greek astronomers. Under the fearful glitter of this heavenly phenomenon, which wandered over the horizon and lit up the entire surface of the earth, compelling the inhabitants to breathe its deadly poison, the two most dreaded men in the Mussulman world prepared to fight against one another in a life-and-death struggle. Sultan Bajazet had 420,000 men; Timur Lenk had 780,000. One million two hundred thousand fighting men, therefore, had to seek a suitable place amidst the Asiatic wastes, which would afford sufficient space for the blood required to be shed.

The two conquerors of the world were not alarmed by the sign from Heaven. They not only divided between them the stars which led them, but they also cut the comet asunder! The head of the Lampadias bent towards the west, and the thinner end of its long mane hung to the east. Bajazet said it was a sword which the Prophet had sent to him, and that with its aid he should kill the heretic Shitaa. Tamerlane, however, gave out that this was the same club which the Prophet had given into his hands, and that the head was turned towards the heretic Szunnita. The stars at the end of the tail he held to be the head of the club, with which he would lay him low! And so, the two greatest generals of the period started in search of one another with two enormous forces, and as quickly as they neared one another, so

quickly did the dreaded star approach the earth! The two conquerors debated to themselves which of them would first grasp the comet by its tail!

Both Bajazet and Timur Lenk did what no conqueror of the world ever did before or after them. They each carried their favorite wives with them to view the decisive battle of the world! It was as though they were to witness a dramatic spectacle, in which one million armed men took part, and by which the government of a portion of the world would be decided either to the right or to the left. Such a spectacle was surely never before presented by a general to his wife!

Bajazet's wife was in the camp in an elevated tent made of muleskin. One thousand women riders went before, and one thousand after her, to keep from her gaze the face of every man. These were masculine women, accustomed to sword-handling, and to cutting off heads, women for whom men can feel but horror, and of whom it is difficult to form an idea. Bajazet headed this woman's camp with 10,000 veteran Janizaries and old soldiers scarred with wounds. They were picked out from amongst the Nicapol victors. Every one of them was a hero, and their attacks on the enemy were always made simultaneously. To the right of Maria were 15,000 Christians, mounted and mailed, and under the leadership of Stephen Lazaruvich, the Servian Waiwode. These were the most faithful adherents of the sultan. The remainder of the troops were led by the sultan's sons. Suleiman, the eldest, was in the center of the camp; whilst the two wings, consisting of Turcomans and Tartars, were commanded by Isá and Múza. Amongst

these troops were the people of the Khan of Aidin. Mustafa, another of the sons of the sultan, led the heroic Arab troops; and Mohammed, yet another, was in command of the reserve. Timur Lenk's sons, Mirán Shah, Chalit Shah, and Mirza Mohammed, were also in the camp. Fathers fought against fathers, sons against sons, and women against women! Mirza Mohammed Khan led his own troops, and each detachment was dressed in different colors — some, for instance, in red uniform and red bucklers, with red standards, red saddles, etc., others in blue or yellow, white or black. When they moved in squares, it seemed as though figures were moving on a chessboard!

The name of the place where the two opposing forces met was Csibuk Abad. It is an historic spot. Here Pompey and Mithridates fought a decisive battle! At the back stand the celebrated Stetta cedar forests, and facing it are the endless plains where the tall Oriental reeds grow in line, from which the people cut stalks to make the stems of pipes, calling them, from the place, Csibuk.

Towards the eastern horizon the towers of the citadels of Angora were to be seen, whence Timur might be observed approaching. He was engaged in bombarding this place against the Bey Yakab, when the approach of his opponent caused him to raise the siege.

Between the two forces was only one well (Miral) which supplied the district abundantly with water. The inhabitants were, therefore, right to call it the Sainted Well. Bajazet hastened to seize this before his enemy. He knew very well that he who secured it would have the advantage of tiring out his opponents, who would be forced out into the desert. Sheik Irzlan, an old dervish,

at one time an adherent of Timur Lenk, was the guardian of the well. As a follower of Shi he possessed magic power over the people.

Bajazet rode to this Sainted Well, and asked the dervish for a drink of water out of it. He filled the jug, and gave it over to the padishah with the usual blessing, "Glory be to Him who created clouds and wells!"

The sultan threw a golden piece to the dervish. Sheik Irzlan picked up the money and looked at the portrait. Then he returned it, saying, "Oh! my Lord, of what use is this money to me, when Timur Lenk's head is engraved here?"

The sultan dragged the coin out of the dervish's hand and threw it with horror into the air, wondering how his enemy's money could possibly have found its way into his camp. Then he took out another gold-piece, upon which he first looked earnestly; then, seeing his own likeness engraved upon the coin, he threw it to the dervish. Sheik Irzlan picked it up, and then, with marks of the greatest respect and reverence, he handed it back to him again.

"Why, here, my master, on this piece also is engraved Timur's portrait!"

And so, indeed, it was.

Bajazet, who was now furious, took out a third coin, which he threw to the sheik, who, on picking it up, showed him that again it bore the same superscription.

"You scoundrelly magician!" shouted Bajazet in despair, "it is your delusive magic!" And he slashed the dervish across the face and breast with his whip.

"Thank you for your gracious kindness, mighty lord,"

said the dervish, putting his blood-stained face into the dust.

Timur Lenk would not have acted like this. He allowed blood to flow in streams, but never in his life did he hurt a scholar or a dervish. Afterwards, when the infuriated sheik ran bleeding from the breast through the streets of Chorazan, Timur Lenk, looking at him, smiled, and said: "This is a sign that Chorazan itself, which is the breast of Asia, will fly to me voluntarily."

And so, indeed, it came to pass.

Bajazet was so certain of having possession of the Miral well, that the next day he organized a hunting expedition to the ancient forest of Stetta for Maria's amusement. Whilst half of his troops were pursuing the stag or shooting game, and he himself was shooting wild peacocks, the enemy, at a distance of trumpet-call, commenced to pull down the stakes of his camp. In the evening, when the party returned, tired out, from the chase, Bajazet's son, Suleiman, who had been left behind with the rest of the forces, came to him in a furious state, and said: —

"To-morrow we shall have to face the enemy."

"Why?" asked the sultan with surprise.

"Because we have no water!"

"Surely the well has not dried up in one night?"

"It has not dried up, but it is contaminated. The dervish whose face you struck yesterday hung heavy stones round his neck last night and jumped into the well, where this morning he was found drowned. You know that when a man has been found dead in a well no one will touch its waters until the new moon. So the camp has been parched with thirst throughout the whole day!"

"Oh! cursed dervish!"

"Ah! the dervishes were all devoted to Timur. Beware, for he who was capable of killing himself might yet kill you. And now you had best decide whether you will retreat or make an advance to-morrow, for in this place it is impossible for us to remain longer."

Bajazet angrily pointed to the watch-fires of Timur Lenk, and exclaimed, in hot fury, "Advance!"

. . . .

The day was lost to Bajazet. The "lightning" was vanquished, and the iron sword prevailed; but Bajazet still could have escaped with the rest of his troops, and might have overcome his enemy from his European forts, could he have reconciled himself to the notion of flight. All round was heard the tumult of the tempestuous war. It was impossible to see, owing to the clouds of dust, and the women away yonder in the velvet tower no longer sang of victory, but trembling awaited the close of the day. Once during the afternoon a ray of hope sprang up, when Timur's force made an advance, and the Waiwode Lazaruvich cut his way through the Csibuk Abad reeds across Mohammed Mirza, and joined Bajazet in correct battle order. The sultan stood motionless amidst his unconquered veterans. Lazaruvich, with his fagged-out and wounded troops, who were blackened by dust and covered with the blood of the enemy, with broken pikes and torn standards, suddenly appeared before the sultan.

Lazaruvich hardly recognized him.

"Is it you, my faithful friend?" the sultan asked, with emotion.

"It is I, father. Escape; the battle is lost!"

"Then let me perish," replied the sultan. "You had best return. You have wife and children, and have yet a long life to live."

"God can alone bring help," answered Lazaruvich, and quitted the battle-field.

It was already twilight. The escaping forces were seen in all directions. Only 10,000 Janizaries stood steadfast round Bajazet. Since the morning they had been thirsting for water: now they thirsted for blood! They could have had plenty of time and opportunity for escape, for Timur did not attack them until later on. The night came on; the sun disappeared, and the comet — the dread of heaven and earth — shone out on the sky. By the aid of its demoniacal glitter Bajazet could see the opponent's army. He was not frightened, either by the star or by Timur's victory, and motionless he stood with his ten thousand men on the spot where half a million men had already perished. Then Timur raised his hand to heaven, as though he would grasp the flaming club, and with it strike his enemy.

"Well, so be it," he said, and with this he gave the signal to start his troops of mailed men, the Dzsagata horsemen, and the rows of fighting elephants, against Bajazet's Janizaries. Maria heard tremblingly from her tower the bellowing of the elephants. "Ah! the *Dzins*, the *Dzins!* But Bajazet will pursue them and rout them asunder, for he is the 'lightning.'"

The flying Greek fire opened the attack. From the elephants' towers the blinding sparks came in clouds, and created dazzling colors in this night battle, whilst arrows shot at the same instant from all sides. The Janizaries fought and died speechless, as though they were

not men, but specters. The two forces fought without a word. Only the clanking of their swords spoke. "Oh! the *Dzins*, the *Dzins!*"

Suddenly one of the flaming arrows cut its way through the ranks of the Janizaries and flew to the women's tower, igniting a velvet curtain, and so setting the whole place on fire. The women, terror-stricken, rushed down from the burning amphitheater, which, in a few moments, was as a burning torch in the midst of the camp, lighting up the spectacle of slaughter. As soon as Bajazet saw this his heart gave way, and he turned back with his suite of horsemen, and, leaving behind him the fighting Janizaries, he galloped towards the women. Maria was then lying on the earth, her face covered with dust.

Oh, the *Dzins* — the *Dzins!* "To horse quickly, by my side, away to the mountains!" exclaimed the defeated "lightning," lifting his wife from the dust, and with these words he escaped from the field. One thousand brave horsemen and two thousand fighting Amazons accompanied them. Mahmud Khan saw the sultan's flight, and rushed after him with four thousand Dzsagata horsemen. Until midnight he pursued him up to the foot of the mountain. The soldiers left behind fought with Timur's men whilst the sultan got away.

The Khan of Dzsagat did not relax his search after Bajazet, whose horsemen and horses fell to the right and left, and by daybreak only forty men remained. The sultan was, therefore, left almost alone with his women. He then stopped and awaited his pursuers. He was clad in impenetrable armor and held a good Damascus blade in his hand, for he had to defend his beloved harem. Ten of his pursuers fell before their swords could touch him,

but finally becoming dazzled by the frequent strokes of his sword, he fell down from his horse at Maria's feet, where he was captured. Maria had to see the face of her demigod become pale and besmirched with dust. His eyes were heavy, and from his lips issued impotent curses.

Timur Lenk was playing chess with his favorite son. The young prince was commonly known as Schach Roch ("castleing"). He had been called this because it was he who had invented the chess move where the king changes places with a castle. Just as the prince was saying "Schach Roch!" to Timur, the curtains of the tent were drawn back, and before them stood the captured Bajazet. "Schach Roch!" A king who had exchanged his throne for a tower, indeed; the tower of captivity!

Timur got up from his place, and held out his hand to his opponent, leading him to the divan, upon which he placed him beside him.

"Bajazet, fortune has turned against you. Not so my heart! Fate has made you a captive. I shall allow you to remain a sovereign. Your tent is ready. You will not be watched by any one. You will find there your wife and your son Múza, who have been taken prisoners, and they will remain with you. I only ask you one thing: that is, your solemn promise not to attempt to escape from me by trickery, whilst I remain fighting your sons. If we can conclude peace, then you can return quietly to your country, for Allah does not permit two faithful sultans to humiliate one another! Therefore, you had best give me your solemn word of honor."

Bajazet was moved by his opponent's generosity, so

he gave his solemn word, accompanied by a grasp of the hand, that he would not attempt to escape from Timur Lenk's camp. After this he was led to a pompous tent, where his wife and son awaited him. The tent was magnificent, and those whom he loved were there, yet it was a tower in place of a kingly throne. "Schach Roch!"

"So long as you keep your sovereign word to me you will be regarded as a sovereign in my camp." This was Timur Lenk's promise to his opponent. Whichever direction Bajazet took, he was received with the honors paid to a sovereign, and imperial pomp surrounded his tent. Overnight, whilst the captive sultan was walking in front of his camp, he found a screw of parchment lying before him, on which the following words were written: —

"My Sultan, — Your sons are coming with fresh forces against Tamerlane; Yakab Bey will break upon Angora. The Waiwode is returning with reinforcements. Be prepared. We are making a subterranean way from the bakery which will lead into your tent. To-night all will be ready. Be ready yourself also. At daybreak disguise yourselves as bakers, and you can escape with your wife and sons into the open, where you will find your horses awaiting you. Be ready!

"Your Friends!"

This letter was too tempting to Bajazet, and he eagerly seized the opportunity offered. It was, indeed, a fact that a subterranean way was made to his tent, but it was Tamerlane's workmen who constructed it! At

midnight the hammering of the subterranean poleaxes let the sultan know that his rescuing body of moles were coming! The earth gave way under his feet, and from a narrow passage human heads rose up from the earth before him. "Come!" whispered the head which ascended from the earth's depths. "Come!" And the sultan followed the enticer, taking with him Maria and his son Mûza. They could only proceed in bent form along the footpath, holding one another's hands. Finally the neck of the cavernous way became visible. The extreme end was the bakery oven. When Bajazet was going to step out from the low opening, some one put out a hand to assist him; and when he emerged, he who had given him a helping hand did not release his own. The sultan looked at him. Timur Lenk stood before him!

"What! Is this your sovereign word?" he softly demanded of the terrified Bajazet.

The sultan saw that he was trapped. Timur threw away his hand from him: —

"This is not the hand of a sovereign. It is the hand of a slave."

So saying, he turned away and left him to himself. Bajazet saw only the executioners before him, carrying chains and iron rods in their hands!

. . . .

Timur Lenk arranged a pompous funeral for Bajazet. His entire troops came out to accompany the body. On his tombstone he caused to be engraved a recital of his glorious deeds, and he commanded the sultan's women to wail and mourn for him. As he returned from the funeral ceremony his historian, Shacheddin, came before him, to read out what he had written down concerning

the event, for the benefit of future generations. It was as follows: —

"When Timur Djeihangir defeated his enemy and captured him, he treated him as a brother. He placed him next to him at table, calling him friend, and treated him with the distinction due to a sovereign. When Bajazet, following fate's decree, departed to his ancestors, he had him buried like a king, and raised a royal mausoleum over his ashes. Glory be to Him who sees everything!"

. . . .

The comet disappeared, and did not destroy the earth, after all!

SCANDERBEG

[About 1450]

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

[The district called Albania lies just north of the Caucasus Mountains and along the Caspian Sea. In the fifteenth century it was half independent, but its chief, John Castriot, had been obliged to surrender his son George to the Turks as a hostage. The boy was then nine or ten years old, and so bright that the sultan, Amurath II, took a great fancy to him and had him brought up in the royal palace, and when he became a man, he was placed at the head of a division of the Turkish troops. But he learned that the sultan meant to annex Albania to the empire. The poem tells how he contrived to seize the Albanian town of Croia. His countrymen gladly joined him, and it is said that he overcame the Turks in twenty-two pitched battles. After his death, in 1468, the war continued, but without the leadership of Scanderbeg [Alexander the Prince], as he was called, it soon came to an end, and Albania became a part of the Turkish Empire.

The Editor.]

The battle is fought and won
By King Ladislaus the Hun,
In fire of hell and death's frost,
On the day of Pentecost.
And in rout before his path
From the field of battle red
Flee all that are not dead
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night,
Iskander, the pride and boast

Of that mighty Othman host,
With his routed Turks, takes flight
From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rear-guard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for hospodars,
Nor for baron or voivode,
As on through the night he rode
And gazed at the fateful stars
That were shining overhead;
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said:
"This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying flight,
There came a scribe of the king
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe:
"This is the first dark blot
On thy name, George Castriot!
Alas! why art thou here,
And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain?"

And Iskander answered and said·
"They lie on the bloody sod

By the hoofs of horses trod;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand?"

Then he bade them bind with chains
This man of books and brains;
And the scribe said: "What misdeed
Have I done, that, without need,
Thou doest to me this thing?"
And Iskander answering
Said unto him: "Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done;
But for fear that thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me,
Have I done this unto thee.

"Now write me a writing, O scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe!
A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath's pasha
In the city of Croia,
The city moated and walled,
That he surrender the same
In the name of my master, the king;
For what is writ in his name
Can never be recalled."

And the scribe bowed low in dread,
And unto Iskander said:

"Allah is great and just,
But we are as ashes and dust;
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the king?"

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered: "Write!"
And the trembling scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried:
"Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,
And honors without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day."
But the sullen scribe replied:
"Our pathways here divide;
Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,
When no one else was near;
And the scribe sank to the ground,

As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob and disappear;
And no one saw the deed;
And in the stillness around
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
With scarce three hundred men,
Through river and forest and fen,
O'er the mountains of Argentar;
And his heart was merry within,
When he crossed the river Drin,
And saw in the gleam of the morn
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,
The city moated and walled,
The city where he was born, —
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters to the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew.
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with wine,
He said: "O friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And what the fates design!

King Amurath commands
That my father's wide domain
This city and all its lands,
Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the pasha
Who rules in Croia
The writing of the king,
Sealed with his signet ring.
And the pasha bowed his head,
And after a silence said:
"Allah is just and great!
I yield to the will divine,
The city and lands are thine;
Who shall contend with fate?"

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly,
The Black Eagle with double head;
And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tired of the Turks,
And their wicked ways and works
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague;
And the loud, exultant cry

That echoes wide and far
Is, "Long live Scanderbeg!"

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
By the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir
In his Book of the Words of the Days,
"Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear."

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE

[1453]

BY EDWARD GIBBON

[The story of Constantinople had been a stormy one. The city had been besieged by Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Bulgarians, Persians, Avari, Russians, Latins, Arabs, and Turks — twenty-seven times in all. Seven times it had been conquered, but only to change rulers in the next overthrow. By the twenty-eighth siege, here described, it fell into the hands of the Ottoman Turks, who still remain its masters.

The emperor's body was buried by the Turks with all honors. A lamp was lighted at his grave. It is still kept burning, and at the charge of the Turkish Government. This was commanded by the Turkish ruler as a mark of respect and regard for Constantine Palæologus, the last Christian emperor in the Empire of the East.

The Editor.]

The reduction of the city appeared to be hopeless, unless a double attack could be made from the harbor as well as from the land; but the harbor was inaccessible: an impenetrable chain was now defended by eight large ships, more than twenty of a smaller size, with several galleys and sloops; and instead of forcing this barrier, the Turks might apprehend a naval sally and a second encounter in the open sea. In this perplexity, the genius of Mahomet conceived and executed a plan of a bold and marvelous cast, of transporting by land his lighter vessels and military stores from the Bosphorus into the higher part of the harbor. The distance is about ten

miles; the ground is uneven, and was overspread with thickets; and, as the road must be opened behind the suburb of Galata, their free passage or total destruction must depend on the option of the Genoese. But these selfish merchants were ambitious of the favor of being the last devoured; and the deficiency of art was supplied by the strength of obedient myriads. A level way was covered with a board platform of strong and solid planks; and to render them more slippery and smooth, they were anointed with the fat of sheep and oxen. Fourscore light galleys and brigantines, of fifty and thirty oars, were disembarked on the Bosphorus shore; arranged successively on rollers; and drawn forwards by the power of men and pulleys. Two guides or pilots were stationed at the helm and the prow of each vessel: the sails were unfurled to the winds; and the labor was cheered with song and acclamation. In the course of a single night, this Turkish fleet painfully climbed the hill, steered over the plain, and was launched from the declivity into the shallow waters of the harbor, far above the molestation of the deeper vessels of the Greeks. The real importance of the operation was magnified by the consternation and confidence which it inspired: but the notorious, unquestionable fact was displayed before the eyes, and is recorded by the pens of the two nations. A similar stratagem had been repeatedly practiced by the ancients; the Ottoman galleys (I must again repeat) should be considered as large boats; and, if we compare the magnitude and the distance, the obstacles and the means, the boasted miracle has perhaps been equaled by the industry of our own times.

As soon as Mahomet had occupied the upper harbor

with a fleet and army, he constructed, in the narrowest part, a bridge, or rather mole, of fifty cubits in breadth, and one hundred in length: it was formed of casks and hogsheads; joined with rafters, linked with iron, and covered with a solid floor. On this floating battery he planted one of his largest cannon, while the fourscore galleys, with troops and scaling-ladders, approached the most accessible side, which had formerly been stormed by the Latin conquerors.

The indolence of the Christians has been accused for not destroying these unfinished works; but their fire by a superior fire was controlled and silenced; nor were they wanting in a nocturnal attempt to burn the vessels as well as the bridge of the sultan. His vigilance prevented their approach; their foremost galiots were sunk or taken; forty youths, the bravest of Italy and Greece, were inhumanly massacred at his command; nor could the emperor's grief be assuaged by the just though cruel retaliation, of exposing from the walls the heads of two hundred and sixty Mussulman captives. After a siege of forty days, the fate of Constantinople could no longer be averted. The diminutive garrison was exhausted by a double attack: the fortifications, which had stood for ages against hostile violence, were dismantled on all sides by the Ottoman cannon: many breaches were opened; and near the gate of St. Romanus, four towers had been leveled with the ground. For the payment of his feeble and mutinous troops, Constantine was compelled to despoil the churches with the promise of a fourfold restitution; and his sacrilege offered a new reproach to the enemies of the union. A spirit of discord impaired the remnant of the Christian strength; the Genoese and

Venetian auxiliaries asserted the preëminence of their respective service; and Justiniani and the great duke, whose ambition was not extinguished by the common danger, accused each other of treachery and cowardice.

[It became known to the Christians in the beleaguered city that the time for a general attack had been set. There was small hope of repelling their enemies. The emperor entered St. Sophia, confessed, received the Holy Sacrament, and begged that if he had wronged any, he might be granted their pardon. Then came the morning.]

The preceding night had been strenuously employed: the troops, the cannons, and the fascines were advanced to the edge of the ditch, which in many parts presented a smooth and level passage to the breach; and his four-score galleys almost touched, with the prows and their scaling-ladders, the less defensible walls of the harbor. Under pain of death, silence was enjoined: but the physical laws of motion and sound are not obedient to discipline or fear; each individual might suppress his voice and measure his footsteps; but the march and labor of thousands must inevitably produce a strange confusion of dissonant clamors, which reached the ears of the watchmen of the towers.

At daybreak, without the customary signal of the morning gun, the Turks assaulted the city by sea and land; and the similitude of a twined or twisted thread has been applied to the closeness and continuity of their line of attack. The foremost ranks consisted of the refuse of the host, a voluntary crowd who fought without order or command; of the feebleness of age or childhood, of peasants and vagrants, and of all who had joined the camp in the blind hope of plunder and martyrdom. The com-

mon impulse drove them onwards to the wall; the most audacious to climb were instantly precipitated; and not a dart, not a bullet, of the Christians, was idly wasted on the accumulated throng. But their strength and ammunition were exhausted in this laborious defense: the ditch was filled with the bodies of the slain; they supported the footsteps of their companions; and of his devoted vanguard the death was more serviceable than the life. Under their respective bashaws and sanjaks, the troops of Anatolia and Romania were successively led to the charge: their progress was various and doubtful; but, after a conflict of two hours, the Greeks still maintained and improved their advantage; and the voice of the emperor was heard, encouraging his soldiers to achieve, by a last effort, the deliverance of their country.

In that fatal moment, the Janizaries arose, fresh, vigorous, and invincible. The sultan himself, on horseback, with an iron mace in his hand, was the spectator and judge of their valor: he was surrounded by ten thousand of his domestic troops, whom he reserved for the decisive occasion; and the tide of battle was directed and impelled by his voice and eye. His numerous ministers of justice were posted behind the line, to urge, to restrain, and to punish; and if danger was in the front, shame and inevitable death were in the rear, of the fugitives. The cries of fear and of pain were drowned in the martial music of drums, trumpets, and atabals; and experience has proved that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honor. From the lines, the galleys, and the bridge, the Ottoman artillery thun-

dered on all sides; and the camp and city, the Greeks and the Turks, were involved in a cloud of smoke which could only be dispelled by the final deliverance or destruction of the Roman Empire.

[The valor and wisdom of the Genoese commander, John Justiniani, had often been tried, and in him the confidence of the emperor had been placed; but now, in this critical moment, he was found wanting. He was wounded, and left his station in search of a physician. "But your wound is slight," pleaded the emperor, "and the danger is pressing. Your presence is necessary." Nevertheless, he fled, and was followed by most of the Latin troops. The Turks broke through the walls, the courageous emperor Palæologus was slain, and after a siege of fifty-three days, Constantinople was taken.]

The houses and convents were instantly deserted; and the trembling inhabitants flocked together in the streets, like a herd of timid animals, as if accumulated weakness could be productive of strength, or in the vain hope, that amid the crowd each individual might be safe and invisible. From every part of the capital they flowed into the church of St. Sophia: in the space of an hour, the sanctuary, the choir, the nave, the upper and lower galleries, were filled with the multitudes of fathers and husbands, of women and children, of priests, monks, and religious virgins: the doors were barred on the inside, and they sought protection from the sacred dome. Their confidence was founded on the prophecy of an enthusiast or impostor that one day the Turks would enter Constantinople, and pursue the Romans as far as the column of Constantine in the square before St. Sophia; but that this would be the term of their calamities; that an angel would descend from heaven, with a sword in his

hand, and would deliver the empire, with that celestial weapon, to a poor man seated at the foot of the column. "Take this sword," would he say, "and avenge the people of the Lord." At these animating words, the Turks would instantly fly, and the victorious Romans would drive them from the West, and from all Anatolia, as far as the frontiers of Persia.

While they expected the descent of the tardy angel, the doors were broken with axes; and as the Turks encountered no resistance, their bloodless hands were employed in selecting and securing the multitude of their prisoners. Youth, beauty, and the appearance of wealth attracted their choice, and the right of property was decided among themselves by a prior seizure, by personal strength, and by the authority of command. In the space of an hour, the male captives were bound with cords, the females with their veils and girdles. The senators were linked with their slaves; the prelates with the porters of the church; and young men of a plebeian class with noble maids, whose faces had been invisible to the sun and their nearest kindred. In this common captivity, the ranks of society were confounded; the ties of nature were cut asunder; and the inexorable soldier was careless of the father's groans, the tears of the mother, and the lamentations of the children. The loudest in their wailings were the nuns, who were torn from the altar with naked bosoms, outstretched hands, and disheveled hair. Of these unfortunate Greeks, of these domestic animals, whole strings were rudely driven through the streets; and as the conquerors were eager to return for more prey, their trembling pace was quickened with menaces and blows. At the same hour, a similar rapine

was exercised in all the churches and monasteries, in all the palaces and habitations, of the capital; nor could any place, however sacred or sequestered, protect the persons or the property of the Greeks. Above sixty thousand of this devoted people were transported from the city to the camp and fleet; exchanged or sold according to the caprice or interest of their masters, and dispersed in remote servitude through the provinces of the Ottoman Empire.

II

TURKEY AT THE HEIGHT OF HER POWER

HISTORICAL NOTE

The Ottoman Empire reached the height of its power and splendor in the reign of Solyman the Magnificent (1520–1566). His predecessor, Selim I, had conquered Persia and Syria, annexed Egypt, and subdued the noted corsair Khan-ed-Din (Barbarossa), ruler of Algeria. With the accession of Solyman the Ottoman armies swept forward in their career of victory until all Europe was filled with alarm. Belgrade and the Island of Rhodes were captured, the greater part of Hungary was subjugated, and Vienna was besieged. On the sea the Turks were no less successful. Tripoli was annexed, Venice stripped of her oversea possessions, and Turkey left undisputed master of the Mediterranean. The irresistible armies of the Turks seemed destined to sweep across Europe to the shores of the Atlantic. The danger was so pressing that in the reign of Solyman's successor, Selim II, Spain, Venice, and the Papacy forgot their differences and united in equipping a mighty fleet with which to contest the Turkish supremacy. In 1571 the allied fleets under the command of Don John of Austria encountered the Turks in the Gulf of Lepanto, on the western coast of Greece, and after a long and desperate engagement completely vanquished them.

The battle of Lepanto marks the beginning of Turkish decline. During the next century she launched her armies against Persia, Russia, Venice, Poland, and Austria with varying success, but the crushing defeat inflicted by John Sobieski at the battle of Vienna (1683) put an end to her long and brilliant period of conquest.

THE TRIBUTE OF CHILDREN

ANONYMOUS

[About a century before the capture of Constantinople, when Amurath I was on the throne, his vizier suggested to him that he had a right not only to one fifth of the spoils of battle, but also to one fifth of the captives. "Let officers be stationed at Gallipoli," he said, "and as the Christians pass by, let them choose the fairest and strongest of the Christian boys to become your soldiers."

Thus was formed the famous corps of the Janizaries. To keep it up, the agents of the sultan went once in four years to all the Christian villages under Turkish control. Every boy between six and nine years of age must be brought before them, and the agents carried away one fifth of the number, carefully selecting the strongest and most intelligent.

The Editor.]

"The advice of the vizier was followed; the edict was proclaimed; many thousands of the European captives were educated in the Mohammedan religion and arms, and the new militia was consecrated and named by a celebrated dervish. Standing in the front of their ranks, he stretched the sleeve of his gown over the head of the foremost soldier, and his blessing was delivered in the following words — 'Let them be called Janizaries (*yingi cheri*, or new soldiers); may their countenances be ever bright; their hand victorious; their swords keen; may their spear always hang over the heads of their enemies; and, wheresoever they go, may they return with a white face.' *White* and *black face* are common and proverbial expressions of praise and reproach in the Turkish lan-

guage. Such was the origin of these haughty troops, the terror of the nations, and sometimes of the sultans themselves."[1] They were kept up by continual additions from the sultan's share of the captives, and by recruits, raised every five years, from the children of the Christian subjects. Small parties of soldiers, each under a leader, and each provided with a particular firman, went from place to place. Wherever they came, the *protogeros* assembled the inhabitants with their sons. The leader of the soldiers had the right to take away all the youth who were distinguished by beauty or strength, activity or talent, above the age of seven. He carried them to the court of the grand seignior, a tithe, as it were, of the subjects. The captives taken in war by the pashas, and presented by them to the sultan, included Poles, Bohemians, Russians, Italians, and Germans.

These recruits were divided into two classes. Those who composed the one, especially in the earlier periods, were sent to Anatolia, where they were trained to agricultural labor, and instructed in the Mussulman faith; or they were retained about the seraglio, where they carried wood and water, and were employed in the gardens, in the boats, or upon the public buildings, always under the direction of an overseer, who with a stick compelled them to work. The others, in whom traces of a higher character were discernible, were placed in one of the four seraglios of Adrianople or Galata, or the old or new one at Constantinople. Here they were lightly clad in linen or in cloth of Saloniki, with caps of Prusa cloth. Teachers came every morning, who remained with them until evening, and taught them to read and write. Those who

[1] Gibbon.

had performed hard labor were made Janizaries. Those who were educated in the seraglios became spahis or higher officers of state. Both classes were kept under a strict discipline. The former especially were accustomed to privation of food, drink, and comfortable clothing, and to hard labor. They were exercised in shooting with the bow and arquebuse by day, and spent the night in a long, lighted hall, with an overseer, who walked up and down, and permitted no one to stir. When they were received into the corps of the Janizaries, they were placed in cloister-like barracks, in which the different *odas* or *ortas* lived so entirely in common that the military dignitaries were called from their soups and kitchens. Here not only the younger continued to obey the elders in silence and submission, but all were governed with such strictness that no one was permitted to spend the night abroad, and whoever was punished was compelled to kiss the hand of him who inflicted the punishment.

The younger portion, in the seraglios, were kept not less strictly, every ten being committed to the care of an inexorable attendant. They were employed in similar exercises, but likewise in study. The grand seignior permitted them to leave the seraglio every three years. Those who chose to remain, ascended, according to their age in the immediate service of their master, from chamber to chamber, and to constantly greater pay, till they attained, perhaps, to one of the four great posts of the innermost chamber, from which the way to the dignity of a *beglerbeg*, or a *capitan deiri* (that is, an admiral), or even of a vizier, was open. Those, on the contrary, who took advantage of this permission, entered, each one according to his previous rank, into the four first corps

of the paid spahis, who were in the immediate service of the sultan, and in whom he confided more than in his other bodyguards.

[These Janizaries were the strongest corps in the Turkish army, and many times it was their valor which saved the empire. The character of the corps gradually changed. Permission was given them to marry, then to bring their sons into the service. In 1676, the tribute of children ceased, and in 1826 the corps was broken up.

The Editor.]

THE LITTLE JANIZARY

[About 1453]

BY JAMES M. LUDLOW

[At a fox hunt arranged for the amusement of Prince Mahomet, the boys who were in training to become Janizaries were present by scores in bright-colored jackets and bearing wands wound with ribbons. They ran before the prince and acted the part of hounds. When the fox was about to escape, little Michael, one of the lads, forgetting that he was only to drive the animal back that the prince might capture it, seized it with his hands. The prince shot angrily, and wounded the boy, who dashed upon him, dragged him from his horse, and threw him to the ground.

The Editor.]

Michael learned his first lesson in subordination upon the return from the hunt. While the Janizary officers were not displeased with the prowess the little fellow had shown, even against the prince, it was foreseen that such an impetuous nature needed the curb. For three days he was confined to a room in solitude and silence. No one spoke or listened to him. His only attendant was an old man, both deaf and dumb, who evidently knew nothing and cared nothing for Michael's offense or its punishment.

During this time the lad's suspense was terrible. Was he to be killed for having assaulted the prince? Would they take him to the torture? Perhaps this old man had been guilty of some such offense, and they had cut his tongue and bored out his ears! He had heard of the sear-

ing iron passed before the eyes, and then the lifelong darkness. When he slept, his overwrought imagination fabricated horrid dreams in which he was the victim of every species of cruelty. He fancied that he was being eaten by a kennel of foxes, to whom he is given every day until their hunger shall be satisfied; then taken away and reserved for their next meal. He tried to compute how many days he would last. Sometimes he imagined that he was exposed naked in the cold, and made to stand day and night on the ice of the Marissa, until he should be frozen: but his heart is so hot with his rebel spirit that it will not freeze. Once he thought that Prince Mahomet came each day and stabbed him with that pearl-set dagger he drew on him at the hunt.

His dreams were too frightful to allow him to sleep long at a time; yet, when awake, his fears were such that he longed to get back again among the terrible creatures of his fancy. Oh, that some one would speak to him, and tell him his fate! He would welcome the worst torture, if only he could be allowed to talk to the torturer.

After a while rage took the place of, or at least began to alternate with, fear. He regretted that he had not killed the impudent prince.

"There stands his horse," he would say to himself — marking a line on the wall — "now I leap; seize his dagger; strike him to the heart; and, before they can stop me, plunge it into my own heart, so! Ah! when I am out of this place, I will kill him! I will! and go down to hell with him!" And the little frame would swell, and the eyes gleam with demoniacal light through the dusky chamber.

There are deep places even in a child's soul — aye, bottomless depths — which, when unfretted with temptation, are so tranquil and clear that the kindliness and joy of heaven are reflected in them, warranting the saying of the old Jewish rabbis, "Every child is a prophet of the pure and loving God." But when disturbed by a sense of wrong and injury, these depths in a child's heart may rage as a caldron hot with the fires of hell; as a geyser pouring out the wrath and hatred which we conceive to be born only in the nether world.

After a time Michael's fury died away. Another feeling took its place — the crushing sense of his impotence. His will seemed to be broken by the violence of its own spasm. He was stunned by his realization of weakness. He fell with his face to the cold stones of the floor, moaning at first, but soon passing into a waking stupor in which only consciousness remained: hopeless, purposeless, without energy to strive, and without strength to cry — a perfectly passive spirit. The centipede that crawled from the dusty crevice of the walls, and raised half his body to look at the strange figure lying there, might have commanded him. The spider might have captured him, and spun about his soul a web of destiny, if only he could have conveyed a thought of it from his tiny eyes. For, as the body faints, so also does the spirit under the pressure of woe.

The old mute brought in the meal on the third day, placed it beside him, and retired. An hour later he returned and found the bread untasted, the child in the same attitude, but not asleep. He touched him with his foot, but evoked no sign that his presence was recognized. He gazed for a few moments; then shook his

head like an artisan who, upon inspecting some piece of work he has been making, is not satisfied with it.

He summoned Selim. The old soldier, finding that his entrance did not arouse the lad, crossed his legs upon the floor beside him, and waited. The light from the high window of the room fell upon Selim's wrinkled face. But it seemed as if another light, one from within, blended with it. His harsh features were permeated by a glow and softness, as he gazed upon the exhausted child. His eyes filled with tears; but they were speedily dried by the stare with which he turned and looked first at the blank walls, and then, following back the ray of light, to the window and beyond; his soul transported far away over lands, through years, to a cottage on the banks of the Grau. He saw there a face so beautiful! was it really of one he once called "Mother"? — or a dim and hazy recollection of a painting of a Christian Madonna he had seen in his childhood? Happy groups of village children were playing down among the lilies by the water's edge, and over the hills gently sloping back from the river's bank. Their faces were as clear cut there against the blue sky beyond the window, as once — sixty years ago — they were against the green grass of the meadow. He heard again the sweet ring of the chapel bell echoing back from the jagged rocks of the opposite shore. And now the midnight alarm! A fight with strange-looking turbaned men! Flames bursting from the houses of the hamlet! Men shrieking with wounds, and women struggling in the arms of captors! And a little child, ah, so lonely and tired with a long march! and that child — himself! — His eyes rested as fondly upon Michael as did ever a father's upon his boy.

But as the wind extinguishes a candle, a movement of Michael sent all the gleams gathered out of former days from old Selim's features. Severity, almost savageness, took the place of kindliness among the wrinkles of his countenance, as naturally as the waters of a rivulet, held back for a moment by a child's hands, fill again their channels.

The boy raised his head. His face was pale; the eyes sunken; their natural brilliance deepened, but as that of the flashing waters is deepened when it is frozen into the glistening icicle. Or shall we say that the dancing flames of the child's eyes had become the steady glow of embered coals; — their life gone out, but the hot core left there, not to cheer, only to burn? Those three days of silence, with their successive dramas of mystery, terror, rage, and depression, had wrought more changes in him than many years of merely external discipline would have done.

The close, searching glance of Selim detected all this; and also that the child was in a critical condition. The will was broken, but it was not certain that this had not been accomplished by the breaking of the entire spirit; instead of curbing, destroying it: not taming the tiger's daring, but converting it into the sluggishness and timidity of the cat.

"Michael!" cried he.

There was no response except the slight inclination of the head indicating that the word had been heard.

"Follow me!"

The lad rose mechanically, showing no interest or attention beyond that required for bodily obedience.

Pausing at the doorway the old man put his hand upon

the boy's shoulder and said sternly, yet with a caution ready to change his tone —

"Do you know that we have power to punish you more severely?"

The words made no impression upon the child.

"The bastinado? The cage?" The boy raised his face, but upon it was no evidence of fear; perhaps of scorn. He had suffered so much that threats had no power over him.

Selim was alarmed at these symptoms. His experience with such cases taught him that this lethargic spell must be broken at whatever cost. Feeling must be excited; and if an appeal to the child's imagination failed, physical pain must be inflicted. Something must rouse him, or insanity might ensue.

A peculiar instrument of torture was a frame set with needles, point inwards. Into this sometimes a culprit was placed, and the frame screwed so close about the person that he could not move from a fixed position without forcing the needles into his flesh. This frame was put about the boy. He stared stupidly at the approaching points, but did not shrink. Selim pressed one of the needles quickly. Instantly the boy uttered a cry of pain. His face blanched with fright. The tears sprang to his eyes, and through them came an agonizing look of entreaty.

Selim's whole manner changed as suddenly. Schooled as he was to harshness; to strike one's head from his shoulders at the command of the aga without an instant's hesitation; to superintend the slow process of a "discipline" by torture, without a remorseful thought; — yet this was not his nature. And now that better, deeper,

truer nature, hitherto unexercised for years, asserted itself. His heart went out to Michael the instant there was no further necessity for its restraint.

"Bravo! my little hero," cried he, catching him to his arms. "You are of the metal of the invincibles, and henceforth only valiant deeds, bright honors, and endless pleasures are to be yours. You shall lodge with me to-night."

Selim's apartment was off from the common barracks of the Janizaries. It was luxuriantly furnished in its way. Elegant rugs lay upon the marble floor. A divan, with silken covering, filled one end of the room. The walls were hung with a variety of richly wrought weapons and armor: — short swords, long crescent-shaped scimitars, spears of polished wood headed with glistening steel, helmets, breastplates, greaves. Badges and honorary decorations shone among costly robes which had accumulated since the days when he had been a page to the Sultan Amurath I.

Upon a low table, reaching to the edge of the divan, had been placed salvers holding cups and open dishes of silver. A *woinak* entered with basins of scented water in which to wash the hands and bathe the face.

Selim placed his little guest by his side upon the divan. Mustapha also appeared, and, removing his shoes, made a profound and dignified salaam — quite in contrast with his usual rough and badgering manner when with Selim; then placed himself beside his comrade upon the cushions. An excellent repast was served. There was hare's flesh chopped and rolled with rice into balls, made more savory with curry sauce. Sweet cakes, pastry of figs and candied orange blossoms excited a thirst for the

sweetened water, which was so strongly flavored with the juices of fruits that the more scrupulous Moslems refused to drink it, lest they should disobey the command of the Koran prohibiting the use of wine.

The two old men vied with each other in telling thrilling stories of adventure in battle and on secret service; of the romance of castles and courts; of how they won their honors and got their scars; of the favors of princes and princesses; and of exploits in which, though the rules of their order forbade their marrying, they retaliated the captivity of the maiden's eye by capturing her person. The burden of every story was the praise of the Janizary organization, which alone enabled them to attain such glories and joys. The close brotherhood, which gave to each the help of all the ten thousand, was commended by incidents illustrating it. They told of their aga or chief, who was more powerful than the grand vizier — for sultans made these latter by a word, and unmade them with equal caprice. often with the stroke of the sword; but to touch a hair of the aga would be for the sultan to lose the favor of the entire band, whom he regarded as the main support of his throne, as their hands had won it for his fathers. Did not the word of Mustapha and Selim, at the fox hunt, cow the pride of Yusef, who was next to the Capee Aga or chief of the white eunuchs? Yet Selim and Mustapha were but captains in the Janizaries. No general in any other arm of the service would have dared to antagonize the eunuch as they did.

As Michael listened, his cheeks flushed and chilled by turns with the excitement of his martial ambition. The dreams he used to have in his mountain home, of being a

soldier and coming back covered with badges of honor to claim Morsinia as his bride, seemed to be dissolving into the reality. Nor was his ardor damped when he learned from Selim that the first step toward all this was the total surrender of himself to the service of the brotherhood, in pledging and keeping obedience to its rules; as a part of the body, like the hand, must never be severed from the rest, but keep the contact perfect in every muscle and nerve, in order to have the strength which only the health of the whole body can give to it. Selim explained to him how wrong it had been for him to seize the fox, no matter how excited he was, or how much daring it showed to do so, since he had not been ordered to seize, but only to turn the beast toward the prince. Besides, to raise a hand against the prince was treason — unless it were ordered by the chief of the Janizaries. Therefore he had been punished according to the Janizary discipline; though they would not have allowed any one else to touch him — no, not even the padishah himself.

Michael's spirit was fully healed with such words. His depression gave way to a hotter ambition and pride of expectation than he had ever felt before.

THE SURRENDER OF RHODES

[1522]

BY ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE LAMARTINE

[SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT was a most excellent ruler in that he improved the laws of his country, encouraged literature, and bettered the organization of the army. During his reign the war began with Hungary which did not come to an end for more than two hundred years. One of the most famous military exploits of Solyman was his siege of the Knights of St. John on the island of Rhodes, in 1522. For four months they made a most determined resistance, hoping for aid from some European power. None was given, however, and finally they made an honorable surrender and agreed to withdraw from the island. This the little band did, carrying with them what property could be moved.

The Editor.]

THE forty thousand peasant Greeks imprisoned for four months back within the walls of a city which was crumbling about them, and which was going to deliver them to the slavery or to the sword of the Turks, murmured against the pertinacity of the knights, and implored a capitulation which would save at least their lives and their liberty from the vengeance of Solyman. They conspired openly against the oppressors of the island, who gambled the blood of their Greek subjects against a vain corporate honor. They showed each other on the neighboring archipelago and on the coast of Cilicia the Greek cities subjected to the yoke of the Turks, and enjoying, under that tolerant dominion, their goods, their religion, their usages, their commerce. The Greek party

and the party of the knights were at drawn daggers within the walls, while the Turks were assaulting the fortifications.

Solyman, informed of all by his Greek spies, resolved to open at any cost a broad road to the heart of the city. He accumulated in a single battery forty pieces of the largest caliber, distributed hitherto on different bastions of the place. A continuous fire, vomiting blocks of marble and lead, pulverized, and at last leveled a breach inaccessible to the besieged. A torrent of balls and bombs rolled uninterruptedly through this breach from the heights of the city to the port. The city, traversed through and through, could not unite its fragments under this perpetual reign of death. Solyman, to join persuasion to terror, ordered to be hoisted, on the 10th December, a white standard upon his tent. The firing ceased: two Turkish parleyists approached, holding up in their hands a letter decorated with the cipher of the sultan. Conferences were opened, and on the 22d December, the muezzins called, in sign of conquest of Islamism, the believers to prayer from the lofty steeple of the cathedral of St. John, converted into a minaret, while the Turkish music executed fanfares on the summit of the tower of St. Nicholas.

Solyman, meanwhile, had drawn off the army to some distance from the city, to avoid pillage, and to leave the knights and the population of Rhodes time to evacuate honorably the city defended so heroically. The seraskier Ahmed Pasha came, in his name, to invite Villiers de L'Île-Adam to a conference in his tent. The grand master, confident in the word of the victor, attended, accompanied by a knight of each tongue to be his witness

before the entire order. The old warrior awaited long in the open air like a suppliant, exposed to the wind and snow before the tent of Solyman, till the divan, at the time in session, should have finished its deliberations. The sultan, informed of this lack of respect to age, to rank, and to misfortune, hastened to send him a caftan and a pelisse of honor, and to have him introduced into his presence with all the ceremony of sovereign to sovereign. He complimented him upon his courage and his virtue, worthy, he said, of the great warriors of whom he had read in history. He congratulated the Christians on having heroes such as he: "If I had servants as valiant as you," added he, "I should prize them higher than one of my kingdoms."

Villiers de L'Île-Adam wore upon his countenance the grief and humiliation of one vanquished. "Console thyself," said the sultan to him; "it is the lot of sovereigns and warriors like us to conquer and to lose by turns, at the whim of fortune, cities and provinces." He accorded the grand master and the knights all the conditions of surety and honor in their retreat, compatible with the victory. L'Île-Adam returned to the city, as admired by the vanquisher as by the vanquished. The day following, Solyman, dressed as a common *akinji* (irregular cavalryman), and attended only by two pages in the same costume, mounted horse and came to visit, under guaranty of truce, the city which he was going at last to possess. He entered at the hour of the repast of the knights the palace of the grand master, and the hall wherein these monk-warriors messed in common. He asked to see L'Île-Adam, through one of his pages who spoke Greek. L'Île-Adam, recognizing the sultan, received

him as guest and not as sovereign. The young man and the old man conversed a long time on the terrace of the palace, which commands a view of the city, of the sea, and of Asia Minor, encircled like a garden by the snow-capped mountains of Cilicia. The sultan, penetrated with esteem for the hero of Rhodes, proposed to him a longer delay, and easier conditions for the evacuation of the island. The grand master made him a present of four magnificent cups of gold enriched with topazes, which decorated the treasury of the order. Solyman was affected to tears on contemplating the preparations for eternal exile which the victory and the capitulation imposed upon these aged officers of Rhodes, of whom this island was become the country. "It is not without sorrow and shame," said he to his pages in remounting his horse, "that I force this venerable Christian to abandon in his gray hairs his home and his possessions."

L'Île-Adam, to hide from day the shame and tears of his departure, embarked in the night upon the galleys of the order, and on the Greek vessels lent by Solyman, with five thousand inhabitants of the island, knights or families of the island attached to the order, and who preferred to follow its fortunes, to residence in a country subjected thenceforth to the Mussulmans.

The vessels of L'Île-Adam, tossed about by the wintry waves, wandered from shoal to shoal across the archipelago for twenty-two days before attaining, one by one, the Venetian side of the island of Candia. Villiers de L'Île-Adam debarked here with his colony of exiles, and passing them in review upon the beach, wept with them their lost country. He passed the winter at Candia, in the jealous and cold hospitality of the Venetians. The kings

of Europe, indifferent to the decay of this sovereign monastery of warriors, which thenceforth embarrassed rather than served their policy, remained deaf to the complaints of the knights. The King of Spain, more docile to the influences of Rome, accorded them the island of Malta, then arid and unpeopled, as an advance post, not now against Asia, but against Africa. They carried thither the feudal, monastic, and aristocratic spirit, that obsolete genius of an institution born of other times, and which could have been preserved but in an island. L'Île-Adam, on landing on this barren rock, without other horizon than the waves between Africa and Spain, regretted bitterly the verdant hills, the glades, the purling waters, and the majestic prospects of Rhodes. The landed wealth of the order, still intact upon the Continent, rebuilt in a few years a city, ports, and powerful arsenals, on the rocks of Malta. But the remoteness from the coast of Asia, the idleness, the opulence, the decay of the religious spirit, the licentious morals of a military fraternity who had the rules without the faith of a monastic institution; in fine, ambition, intrigue, national rivalries, depraved rapidly this convent of nobles and soldiers, a posthumous vestige of the crusades, destined to perish by the Christians themselves.

The hero of Rhodes, L'Île-Adam, already a witness at Malta of this corruption of the institution of which he had illustrated the fall, died of grief rather than old age, in contemplating the vices, the disorders, and the insubordination of this military anarchy which fanaticism itself had ceased to sanctify. Bnt the fame and virtues of this great man prolonged the destinies of the order by the immortality of his name.

A VISIT TO THE WIFE OF SOLYMAN THE MAGNIFICENT

[Sixteenth century]

TRANSLATED FROM A GENOESE LETTER

When I entered the kiosk in which she lives, I was received by many eunuchs in splendid costume blazing with jewels, and carrying scimitars in their hands. They led me to an inner vestibule, where I was divested of my cloak and shoes and regaled with refreshments. Presently an elderly woman, very richly dressed, accompanied by a number of young girls, approached me, and after the usual salutation, informed me that the Sultana Asseki was ready to see me. All the walls of the kiosk in which she lives are covered with the most beautiful Persian tiles and the floors are of cedar and sandalwood, which give out the most delicious odor. I advanced through an endless row of bending female slaves, who stood on either side of my path. At the entrance to the apartment in which the sultan's wife condescended to receive me, the elderly lady who had accompanied me all the time made me a profound reverence, and beckoned to two girls to give me their aid; so that I passed into the presence of the sultan's wife leaning upon their shoulders. The sultana, who is a stout but beautiful young woman, sat upon silk cushions striped with silver, near a latticed window overlooking the sea. Numerous slave women, blazing with jewels, attended upon her,

holding fans, pipes for smoking, and many objects of value.

When we had selected from these, the great lady, who rose to receive me, extended her hand and kissed me on the brow, and made me sit at the edge of the divan on which she reclined. She asked many questions concerning our country and our religion, of which she knew nothing whatever, and which I answered as modestly and discreetly as I could. I was surprised to notice, when I had finished my narrative, that the room was full of women, who, impelled by curiosity, had come to see me, and to hear what I had to say.

The sultana now entertained me with an exhibition of dancing girls and music, which was very delectable. When the dancing and music were over, refreshments were served upon trays of solid gold sparkling with jewels. As it was growing late, and I felt afraid to remain longer, lest I should vex Her Highness, I made a motion of rising to leave. She immediately clapped her hands, and several slaves came forward, in obedience to her whispered commands, carrying trays heaped up with beautiful stuffs, and some silver articles of fine workmanship, which the princess pressed me to accept. After the usual salutations the old woman who first escorted me into the imperial presence conducted me out, and I was led from the room in precisely the same manner in which I had entered it, down to the foot of the staircase, where my own attendants awaited me.

DINING WITH THE SULTANA

[1718]

BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

I WAS led into a large room, with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with white marble pillars like a *ruelle*, covered with pale-blue figured velvet on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favor of an emperor, to whom beauties were every day presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw at Adrianople; though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than by time. But her dress was something so surprisingly rich, I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest called *donalma*, and which differs from a caftan by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, straight to her shape, and thick set, on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose I mean as large as those of my Lord ——, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops so common upon birthday coats. This habit was tied at the waist with

two large tassels of smaller pearl, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds: her shift fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle as broad as the broadest English ribbon, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees: one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine colored emerald, as big as a turkey-egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, close joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half-crown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces; and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her earrings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds, shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazelnut. Round her *talpoche* she had four strings of pearl, the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces, every one as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's, and of the same size, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Beside this, her headdress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers, all single diamonds, (except Mr. Pitt's) the largest I ever saw in my life. It is for jewelers to compute the value of these things; but, according to the common estimation of jewels in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth above a hundred thousand pounds sterling. This I am very sure of, that no European queen has half the quantity; and the empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers.

She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table, but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury that grieved my eyes was the table-cloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silks and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers were massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in a gold basin, and towels of the same kind as the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon; and coffee was served in china, with gold *soucoupes*.

The sultana seemed in very good humor, and talked to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I possibly could of the seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us. She never mentioned the sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. "My past happiness," said she, "appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns with him; I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the princess my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I lost him,

I passed a whole twelvemonth without seeing the light. Time has softened my despair; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my sultan."

There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humor made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a pellice of rich brocade lined with sables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from thence she showed me all her apartments. In her bedchamber her toilet was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine sables, every one of which is, at least, worth a thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money). I don't doubt these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, but they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes, as at the grand vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, besides ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old. These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed; and I observed that the sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expense; for there is not a handsome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pounds sterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair, braided, which was all their headdress; but their habits all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee, kneeling; brought water

when she washed, etc. It is a great part of the business of the older slaves to take care of these girls, to teach them to embroider, and serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family.

III

THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE

HISTORICAL NOTE

In modern times the most determined enemy of the Ottoman Empire has been Russia. During the last two centuries that country has fought eight wars with Turkey and stripped her of much of her European territory. In the last two of these wars (1853 and 1877) the Turkish Empire was only saved by the intervention of the other European powers in her favor. Turkey had conquered and held her provinces by force, and by force they were wrested from her weakened grasp. In 1821, the Greeks rose against their oppressors and by the aid of European powers threw off the hated yoke. Egypt and Syria passed from Turkish control in 1840, and Servia, Roumania, and Bulgaria in 1878. The abuses of the Turkish Government were innumerable, and finally the Young Turk Party was formed by the more enlightened people of the country. With the first years of the twentieth century its activity increased. The sway of the Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid II had long been sustained by bribes, spies, and murders, until the unendurable point had been reached. In 1909, he was deposed and his brother placed upon the throne.

In 1912, the Balkan States combined in an attempt to extend their territories at the expense of Turkey. In the war that followed the allies were victorious, but the breakdown of the alliance at the close of the war gave Turkey an opportunity to regain a part of her European territory, including Adrianople, the ancient capital of the Ottoman Empire.

THE LAST OF THE JANIZARIES

[1826]

BY MAURUS JÓKAI

[The Janizaries became more and more savage and lawless until they were hardly more than a ferocious band of assassins. Several sultans tried their best to reform them, but to no avail. Sultan Mahmoud II was determined to reorganize his army on the European plan; but the Janizaries were equally determined that this should not be. They revolted, they burned, and they slaughtered with the most horrible tortures any one who dared even to mention any change in the organization.

The Editor.]

The sultan was standing on the roof of his palace, whence he could view far away the spreading scarlet glow of the conflagration which lit up the night with a terrifying glare, whose fiery columns were reflected in the black Bosphorus.

Panic-stricken fugitives spread the report that the seraglio itself was in flames, and, indeed, it looked in the distance as if the fiery waves had reached its cupolaed towers.

Mahmoud spent the whole night in prayer. Two hours after midnight a horseman arrived who had forced his way through Stamboul, his good steed collapsing as it reached the cypress grove of Bakshishtash. The horseman himself demanded an audience of the sultan, and was instantly admitted.

A bright momentary ray of hope was visible on the

face of Mahmoud as he recognized the horseman. It was Thomar, now the Akinji Feriki, the bravest warrior in the three continents of the Ottoman Empire.

When Mahmoud had quitted the seraglio he had picked out sixteen young horsemen from amongst his retinue, and left them behind in the palace, with the injunction that if a rebellion should break out in Stamboul, which was pretty certainly to be anticipated, they were to cut their way through the enemy and bring him word thereof. Thomar alone had arrived — the other fifteen had been killed by the rebels; he had cut out a road for himself and contrived to reach Bakshishtash.

"The dragon has raised all the twelve heads, my master," said he to the sultan; "now is the time to cut them all off, or it will devour thy empire."

The sultan, who greatly loved the youth, wiped the sweat from his face with his own handkerchief, and bade him await him below in the banqueting-chamber.

And with that he resumed his devotions.

Towards five o'clock, when the sun rose from behind the blue hills of Asia in all its glory, the sultan descended from the roof of his palace and commanded his servants and men-at-arms to form in rank in front of the palace. All the fighting men he had with him were a thousand *akinjis* (irregular cavalry) and about as many horsemen, *silchidars* (divisions of paid cavalry), and *bostanjis* (bodyguards).

Those who had seen his face but an hour ago were amazed at the change that had come over it. Its generally mild and peaceful expression had given place to a proud resentment and a death-defying audacity. He embraced his wife and the Sultana Asseki, and finally

his son, the heir to the throne. Not a tear was visible on his face as he embraced his beloved ones. They all noticed a new vigor flashing from his eyes; he looked as if he were inspired. He had no need now for any one to encourage him.

As he held one arm round his wife and the other round his child, he said to them, "And now I go. My path leads me into Stamboul; whether it will lead me back again, I know not. But I swear that if I do return it will be as the veritable ruler of my realm. What will ye do if I perish?"

The face of Milieva glowed at this question. She led Mahmoud aside into the back part of the room. There the sultan perceived a large heap of pillows and cushions.

"If Mahmoud perishes," said the Circassian girl enthusiastically, "those who love him will discover a way of following him; yea, thine enemies, when they look for us, will only find our ashes here."

Mahmoud kissed the girl on the forehead; she was, indeed, worthy to sit at the foot of the throne.

With that he descended into the courtyard, and they led his good steed in front of the arched door. The sultan beckoned to Thomar to hold the reins while he mounted, then he detached an agate from the heron plume that waved above his turban, and fastened it on the fez of the youth as he knelt before him.

"I name thee leader of the *akinjis;* and now, whoever has a sword, let him show that he is worthy of our ancestors!"

With these words the padishah drew his scimitar, and, galloping to the front of his horsemen, took the place of command. A moment later the little host was already

on its way to Stamboul. In front marched the *akinjis* with glittering bayonets; in the center was the sultan with his suite; the rear was brought up by the horsemen and the gardeners. Every one of them was resolved to die honorably and gloriously.

On reaching the city the bold band met at first with but little opposition, for they came unawares. The rebels were weary from the exertions of the previous night. After putting out the conflagration the mob had set to work plundering, and towards morning the greater part of it had dispersed amongst the coffee-houses and other places of amusement.

Mahmoud and his aggressive band met with no opposition right up to the seraglio. The streets, indeed, were thronged by a noisy mob, but it made way at once before the serried ranks of the *akinjis*. None insulted the sultan by so much as an offensive word; on the contrary, cries of admiration were audible here and there. Men were astounded when they beheld the padishah appear with a handful of armed men amidst the raging tempest, and permitted him to enter the gates of the seraglio in peace.

The shout bursting through all the doors, which resounded for some minutes from the inside of the palace, announced to those outside what courage the appearance of the sultan had instilled into the hearts of those of his warriors who were shut up in the seraglio.

Kara Makan, full of amazement, withdrew the bulk of the rebels from the grand signior's palace and massed the Janizaries near the Etmeidan, where banners were hoisted side by side with the subverted kettles. At the corners of the streets the wild priests of Beltash continued to incite the agitated mob with hoarse cries, and

from the summits of the minarets the horns of the rebels sounded continuously, only ceasing at such times as the imams summoned the people of Osman to glorify Allah, about the fifth hour of the day. At the sound of the *namazat*, even the furious popular tempest abated, only beginning again when the last notes of the call to prayer ceased to resound.

Stamboul was literally turned upside down, and the dregs were swimming on the surface. The confraternity of porters, the water-carriers, the boatmen, all stood by the Janizaries and swelled enormously the bulk of the rebels. Every mosque, every barrack, was in their power; even the towers of the Dardanelles had opened their gates to the Jamaki, who were in alliance with the Janizaries. The sultan was shut up in his own palace.

The Janizaries intended to carry the edifice of the Sublime Porte by assault, and had, therefore, sent forth criers to the *jebejis*, or camp blacksmiths, who were encamped with the heavy cannons on the grounds of the Mosque of Sophia, to invite them to begin the siege.

The emissaries of the Janizaries, in brief, savage harangues, called upon the *jebejis* to put their hands to the bloody work. The latter listened to them, but for a long time hesitated. Suddenly a shot fired from amongst the crowd struck one of the speakers, who fell down dead, whereupon the other *jebejis* rushed upon the envoys of the Janizaries, cut them down, and, flinging their severed heads into a heap, shouted, "Long live the sultan!" and with that they proceeded in front of it, and turned their guns against the rebels.

Towards midday, amidst strains of martial music, the Kapudan Pasha Ibrahim, whose nickname was "The

Infernal," arrived with four thousand marines and fourteen guns. A quarter of an hour later were to be seen in the proximity of the Jali Kiosk the overwhelming forces of the Grand Vizier Muhammad, who, under the protection of the night, had got together the hosts of Asia, which had always been opposed to the Janizaries. The Janizary aga was there, too, with the Komparajis from Tophana. The concentrating masses welcomed one another with bloodthirsty greeting. It was evident, from the faces of their leaders, that they were determined not to retreat a step on the path they had taken. The last hour of the Janizaries, or of the Ottoman Empire, had struck.

And now the gates of the seraglio were thrown open, and, escorted by the high officers of state and the ulemas, the sultan came forth.

The ulemas, the imams, and the officers of the army stood in a semicircle round the gate. The sultan remained standing on the highest step. There he stood in the full regalia of the padishahs, holding in one hand the banner of the Prophet and in the other a drawn sword.

"What do the rebels desire," exclaimed, with a loud, penetrating voice the Sheik-ul-Islam, "who rise up against Allah and against the Head of the Faith, the padishah?"

The chief mufti replied with unction: "It is written in the Koran, 'If the infidels rise against their brethren, let them die the death!'"

"Then swear by the banner of the Prophet that ye will root out them who have risen up against me!"

The viziers kissed the holy flag and took the oath to defend it to the last drop of their blood.

"And now close the gates!" commanded the sultan; and immediately he sent orders to the warders of all the gates of Stamboul to let nobody either out or in. One of the opposing hosts was never to leave the city alive.

"Long life to the sultan! Death to the Janizaries!" resounded from fifteen thousand lips in front of the seraglio.

The sultan would have led his army in person against the rebels, but his generals fell down on their knees and implored him in the name of the Prophet not to expose his life to danger. Let him at least give his sword to the grand vizier, that he might not soil it in the blood of rebels.

So the gates were shut. This circumstance filled the hearts of the rebels with terror. They foresaw that this day would now be followed by another; the hand of indulgence, of reconciliation, now grasped the weapons of war, of massacre.

They all assembled round the Etmeidan, pulled down the buildings in the street, and made barricades of them. 'T is a bad sign for a rebellion when it has to look to its defense.

The forces of the grand vizier slowly approached amidst the roll of kettledrums; the Derben aga appeared in front of the barricades of the Janizaries, with the *sanjak-i-sherif* in his hand, and summoned the rebels to disperse and return to the allegiance of the sacred banner. The rebels drowned his speech in curses, and above the curses rose the thundering voice of Kara Makan hounding on the fanatical mob against the destroyers of the faith of Osman.

"Wipe out these new ordinances, give up the heads of

the godless ones who signed their names below the *khat-i-sherif* — to wit, the Janizary aga, the grand vizier, the chief mufti, and Nedjib Effendi! This is what the *ortas* (companies) of the Janizaries demand, and their honest confederates, the Jamaki, the Kayikjis, and the Hamaloks, who remain faithful to the God of the Moslemin."

Thrice did the Derben aga summon the rebels to surrender, and thrice did he receive the same answer. They demanded the heads of the viziers.

Mahmoud's predecessor had, on a similar request, surrendered the heads of the viziers. Mahmoud broke his sword in two above their heads, and, throwing the broken pieces in the dust, exclaimed: —

"Just as I now break in two this sword and nobody shall weld it together again, so also shall ye be overthrown and none shall raise you up again."

The next moment the cannons of Ibrahim the Infernal thundered forth their volleys from the Etmeidan. The bombs tore through the rickety wooden barriers, and through the breach thus made rushed Hussein Pasha at the head of the *akinjis*, with Thomar Bey by his side.

The appearance of the detested new soldiers was greeted by the Janizaries with a furious howl, but the very first moment convinced them that the bayonet was a very much more powerful weapon than the dirk. Thomar Bey headed the charge in person, making a way for himself with his bayonet, and clearing the ranks of the insurgents like a sharp wedge.

On this side there was no deliverance, so now, with the fury of despair, the insurgents flung themselves on the guns of Ibrahim Pasha, three times charging his

death-vomiting batteries, and, thrice recoiling, leaving the ground covered with their corpses, the terrible grapeshot mowing them down in heaps.

It was all, all over. The flowers of Begtash's garden, vanquished, humbled by the new soldiers, fled for refuge to the huge quadrangular barracks which occupied the ground at the rear of the Etmeidan.

Kara Makan did not live to experience that hour of humiliation; a cannon-ball took off his head so cleanly that his body could only be identified by his girdle.

Within the walls of the barracks the Janizaries made ready for their last desperate combat. It was now late. Ibrahim the Infernal began to bombard the barracks with red-hot bullets, and within an hour's time the whole of the enormous building was in flames. Those who were inside the gates remained there, for there they were doomed to perish together. Amidst the roaring of the flames their death-cries were audible, but the flames grew stronger every moment and the cry of their mortal anguish waxed fainter. The generals stood around the building, and tears glittered in more eyes than one; after all, it had been a valiant host!

Had been! Those words explain their doom.

On that day twenty thousand Janizaries fell by the command of the padishah. Those whom the bullet and the sword did not reach perished by the axe and the bowstring. Their bodies were given to the Bosphorus, and for a long time afterwards the billows of distant seas cast their headless trunks on the shores of countries far away. These were the flowers of Begtash.

And so the name of the Janizaries was blotted out of the annals of Ottoman history.

The wearing of their uniforms and their insignia was forbidden under sentence of death. Their barracks were leveled with the ground, their banners were torn to bits, their kettles were smashed to pieces, their memory was made accursed.

The order of the priests of Begtash was abolished forever, their religious homes were destroyed, their possessions confiscated.

Thus came to an end a soldiery which had existed for centuries, which the wise Chendereli founded, and which had won so many glorious triumphs for the Ottoman arms. It was now unlawful to mention its very name.

THE MUEZZIN

THE MUEZZIN

BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

(*French artist*, 1824–1904)

FAR above a sleeping city, whose domes and flat roofs indicate it to be in the East, is the richness of the midnight sky, its quiet intensified by the silence of the burning stars. Straight athwart the heavens rises the minaret of a mosque; and on the little platform at its top stands the muezzin. His business is seven times a day to give the call for prayers. At dawn, noon, four in the afternoon, sunset, and nightfall, and twice during the night, he must cry aloud, "Allah is great! There is no God but Allah! Mohammed is the prophet of Allah! Come to prayers! Come to salvation! There is no God but Allah!" One of the sects adds, before the early morning call, "Prayers are better than sleep!" The work of a muezzin brings generous reward, for he who performs well its duties has made sure his admission into Paradise.

Of the muezzin Pierre Loti says: —

"Now they are beginning their chanting call — those voices for which they wait. Men who dwell in the tops of those shafts lost in the high luminous haze, hosts of the air, near neighbors it might seem of the moon to-night, suddenly break into song like birds, in a sort of thrilling rapture that has come over them. These men have been chosen for their rare gifts of voice, or they could not be heard from the summit of those prodigious towers. Not a sound is lost; not a word of what they chant fails to come down to us, clear, fluent, and articulate."

"THE HOUSE OF FEAR"

[1908]

BY FRANCIS MCCULLAGH

[The Sultan Abd-ul-Hamid, who was deposed in 1909, lived in constant dread of assassination. This will account for the peculiarities of the "House of Fear."

The Editor.]

As for the sultan's residence, the *Kutchuk Mabein*, or Little Harem, it is a medium-sized, two-storied, modern, wooden bungalow of no architectural distinction whatever. Rather smaller than the Kew Palace, it contains far more rooms and passages. The lower windows are protected by light iron bars, the upper not; but in this respect the Little Mabein is no different from any of the other kiosks.

The house contains about a dozen rooms, distributed in a haphazard way, and not made, as in European houses, to correspond with the windows. This lack of arrangement was, it is said, due to Abd-ul-Hamid himself (who took a keen though unenlightened interest in his numerous building operations), the object being to mislead the would-be assassin for whom the ex-sultan has been waiting for the last thirty years, if that assassin were so foolish as to imagine that he could judge of the distribution of the apartments from the arrangement of the windows.

This, then, was the House of Fear — a House of Fear for the ruled, but infinitely more the House of Fear of

the ruler. Many exaggerations have been indulged in at the expense of Abd-ul-Hamid, but, on the score of his timidity, it would be difficult to exaggerate. His house is a standing monument to the greatness of his cowardice and the littleness of his mind.

Accident, tradition, fashion, family influence, public opinion, lack of means, or of inclination to express one's self in stone and mortar generally bring it to pass that a man's individuality cannot always be accurately gauged from the architecture of his house or the arrangement of his rooms. The possessor of ducal halls may have the mind of a coster-monger, and a lodger in an attic may have the mind of a king. But in the case of Abd-ul-Hamid most of the influences whereof I have just spoken did not act. In one way even tradition was unexpectedly weak, as is shown by the very slight attention which the ex-sultan paid to Islamic customs in the architecture and in the furnishing of his residence. But tradition forced the sultan to build and to continue building. In the first place, there was the Roman tradition, inherited by the Osmanli, which makes building the work of kings. In the second place, there was the traditional Oriental superstition that the more a man builds the longer he will live. Moreover, the necessity for seclusion, in the case of a man like Abd-ul-Hamid, made the erection of new palaces advisable. Hence Abd-ul-Hamid built. And as he was wealthy, he could make his palace an accurate representation of his own mind, could knead it like clay in his hands, could tumble down, rebuild, and alter as much as he liked — just as a painter might efface line after line until he had got exactly what he wanted — without fear of encountering

the faintest opposition from any quarter. The result was an architectural horror such as the world never saw before, not even in the days of decaying Rome, for Diocletian's villa is even yet beautiful and imposing. The wilderness of ugly kiosks, pavilions, châlets, and *belvédères* which go under the general name of Yildiz has no master thought, no dominant inspiration, unless it be — Fear.

Everything in Yildiz bears the imprint of the curious and crooked mind which called it into existence. Safety from pursuit and assassination seems to have been the main object in view. "It is not a palace," said one of the deputies who took part in the examination of it, "it is a labyrinth. It has the air of having been constructed with the unique object of rendering pursuit along the corridors impossible."

No one can examine the sultan's residence without coming to the conclusion that it was the production and the abode of fear unutterable. Like the Caligula and Domitian described for us by Suetonius, Abd-ul-Hamid was almost insane. Fundamentally, indeed, he was neither a Caligula nor a Domitian, but he curiously resembled the latter in his suspiciousness, his elaborate precautions against assassination, and his intense dread of conspiracies directed against his life. To guard against conspirators getting a plan of his residence, he was continually changing its internal arrangements, walling up doors, opening new ones, narrowing passages, dividing by partitions, making windows and closing them again. The iron door which communicated with the garden was of great strength and was capable of being very firmly bolted inside.

To spare himself the danger of crossing the graveled path which separated his house from the harem, the sultan had linked his residence by flying bridges to the harem on the one side and to the imperial theater on the other. His front door, which faced the harem, opened in the side of a small, projecting pseudo-porch of a kind common in cheap suburban cottages in London. Opposite that undignified entrance was the reception-room, which I shall describe later, wherein Abd-ul-Hamid received the news of his deposition. Next the reception-room was a small, bare sitting-room, with one window looking towards the harem and, in the center, a table whereon stood, at the time I visited Yildiz, a bottle of medicine bearing the vague direction, "Take a glass from time to time," and a second bottle containing some kind of liqueur.

From this ill-lighted apartment a narrow passage led to the room which happened to be Abd-ul-Hamid's bedchamber on the last night that he slept at Yildiz. It was a very small and plainly furnished room with one window looking out on the great harem and with a plush sofa-bed near the opposite wall. On the occasion of my visit, this sofa-bed was in exactly the condition in which Abd-ul-Hamid had left it. Tossed and tumbled about on the couch were a soft Turkish quilt, such as a draper would describe as "rich satin quilt, filled with pure down," and some half-dozen soft silk cushions. Over a long chair near by hung a white night-dress and a cincture bearing the letter "A," both belonging probably to Abdurrahmin Effendi, the sultan's favorite son, who was continually with his father during their last few days in Yildiz. Near the sultan's bed was a little

rest for a coffee-cup, or, more probably, for a revolver. In a recess cut into the wall in a corner of the room was a washstand and basin, hidden by a lacquer screen. On the wall above the couch hung a large Japanese *kakemono*, bearing the figure of a bird, I think an eagle.

Abd-ul-Hamid's study was, like his bedroom, on the ground floor and looked out on the garden. This was the workshop of what was probably one of the hardest-working monarchs that ever lived; but when I visited the place, a few months after its owner's departure, there remained little trace of that stupendous and misdirected industry, for Abd-ul-Hamid had dealt largely with living documents and had never been a bookish man, and all his papers had been carted away long before, to the Seraskierat. The legs of the table and of the chair in front of it were scientifically insulated, the sultan having evidently been afraid of lightning ever since an occasion when Yildiz was struck by it. On the table were some copies of the fatal *Serbesti* newspaper which had played such a rôle at the time of the mutiny; also an old report from the Turkish Embassy in London, regarding the indignation meetings provoked by the Armenian massacres.

It is well known that, like Peter the Great, Prince Nikolai Andreyitch, and other famous historical and imaginary characters, Abd-ul-Hamid was an enthusiastic carpenter, and, upstairs, the most remarkable room in his palace was a carpenter's workshop fitted with all the necessary appliances and tools. The latter, to judge from their discolored handles, must have been often used. The sultan seems to have been fond of inlaid work, — preferring generally an inlay of various

colored woods; also of pearl, — and some five or six panels in his study are said to be his work. "They look like it," says an expert who has examined them. "The drawing is bad and the mixture of colored woods quite vulgar. The workmanship, however, is neat and accurate."

What struck one about all the rooms, and particularly about this carpenter's room, was their small size. Their owner seemed to require little more space than a cat, and was evidently not a monarch who delighted in striding up and down lofty halls. There were only two large rooms in the palace, but Abd-ul-Hamid seldom entered them.

Near the carpenter's shop was the bathroom where the padishah is said to have often taken milk baths and to have elaborately "made up" for his public appearances by means of paints and dyes. It was a comparatively large apartment. The walls were covered with white, glazed tiles, and the cupboards filled with hair-restorers, complexion-restorers, patent medicines, and quack remedies guaranteed to rejuvenate the most senile. A calendar in the bathroom bore the date April 15, the day the Macedonians began their march.

In a glass cabinet in one of the rooms upstairs was a collection of gold-mounted revolvers and automatic pistols, rapiers, and rifles, evidently presents. Downstairs there was also a collection of revolvers, not gold-mounted. These weapons were not merely for show, as it is well known that the sultan constantly practiced with them and was a very good shot. In the garden he fitted up a rifle-range with moving figures. There were in one of the rooms two stiff, padded waistcoats which

stood upright of themselves and which were said to contain the famous coats of armor which the sultan used; but they were of light weight, and I am doubtful if either of them would have stopped a Mauser pistol bullet at close range. One of these vests was covered with silk, and the padishah wore it under the impression that it would also protect him against lightning.

The windows were not properly painted; there was a large hole in one of the carpets; and the furniture was at once extraordinarily incongruous and extraordinarily abundant. Sometimes in one and the same room you had imitation Louis XVI, Empire, Japanese, *art nouveau*, and several other styles. The only thing you had not was the old Turkish style. Despite all his efforts to pose as the religious chief of Islam, Abd-ul-Hamid furnished his house in what he conceived to be European fashion; and as he was, after all, little more than an ignorant peasant, the whole effect was tasteless and vulgar.

I have said that the furniture was extraordinarily abundant. So numerous, indeed, were the presses, wardrobes, chests of drawers, cupboards, and unsightly old bedsteads which filled the rooms and lined some of the corridors, that the place looked like an auctioneer's showroom, or like a depot used for the storage of a miscellaneous collection of furniture seized for debt, from people in different walks of life and with widely divergent tastes.

Like everything else in Yildiz, this array of old furniture in the corridors had a meaning. It meant that the padishah, fearing that these particular corridors were not sufficiently narrow, had determined to narrow them

in this way. Sometimes he attained the same object by moving the walls more closely together, his aim being to prevent two or more assassins from coming abreast into his presence. Of one man at a time he was not, apparently, afraid, for as the bullet-holes in the bull's-eyes and movable man-shaped targets in his private revolver range indicated, he was a very good shot, and besides the revolver which he continually carried in his breast-pocket, he always had numbers of loaded pistols and revolvers lying within reach of his hand. When the Macedonians entered Yildiz, they found loaded firearms lying about almost everywhere — in the bathroom, cupboards, at the bed-sides, and on the writing-tables. In the sultan's residence alone over one thousand revolvers were discovered.

The presses and wardrobes contained such incredible quantities of cheap shirts, collars, socks, and underclothing that the place seemed to be a popular drapery establishment instead of a palace, and this impression was borne out by the dusty piles of large corded packages done up in brown paper which were heaped on top of the wardrobes in some of the passages. In one room there were more than a thousand collars and shirts, many fezzes, hundreds of neckties, and an enormous quantity of writing-paper, but not a single night-dress. There were also two thousand waistcoats, all of them evidently intended for the sultan, but none of them ever worn by him, and over twenty thousand keys. Like all half-savage natures, Abd-ul-Hamid seemed to be very fond of fancy clocks, for he had an incredibly large collection, most of them gilt productions of American manufacture.

The fireproof safe in which the sultan kept his papers was very large and modern. It was fitted into the wall of the study, not far from the imperial bedroom. The outer steel doors were large enough to admit the entrance of several men at once. Inside these were two large safes and many smaller drawer-like safes, arranged in rows in the steel walls. The whole was lighted by electricity and reminded one of a safe deposit vault in a bank.

Sometimes one felt inclined to conclude that the house had been furnished with presents, books, and samples of furniture, etc., sent by foreign firms and foreign potentates. Most of the books were German and dealt with war, with the German army, and with Turkish history and geography — which means that German authors and publishers sent more free copies to the sultan than did the authors and publishers of other nations. There were also, however, many recently published books on Turkey in English and French. Among them were some well-bound trade catalogues, which the sultan's librarian had probably regarded as serious literature, and some pro-Turkish treatises with the Turkophile passages heavily underlined, evidently by the gifted author.

One very large and magnificently bound volume, which was not kept in a bookcase, however, but on a table in one of the upstairs rooms, was a present from the Czar of Russia, of whose coronation it gave a minute account, accompanied by many gorgeous illustrations. Judging from the appearance of this work and from the inscriptions it bore, I should think that only a few copies of it had been specially printed in Moscow for distri-

bution among crowned heads and rulers of states. Another costly present which stood on a bracket in the same room, a large room situated above the reception-room, was a photograph of the imperial family of Germany, in a frame which sparkled with precious stones. This was a present from William II to Abd-ul-Hamid on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the latter's accession to the throne. On a table stood a clock incrusted with fine stones, the gift of the Czar of Russia. There were also, of course, portfolios and photo-albums filled with photographs of crowned heads and imperial princes, but I could see nothing in the shape of a present from St. James's or from the White House.

The other large room upstairs was a state bed-chamber containing an elaborate double bed of the usual frigid and magnificent kind which one sees in European palaces, that is, with a canopy, curtains, the imperial arms above the pillow, etc. Close by were a lavabo and several armchairs, while on a table at the foot of the bed lay a menu, dated May 25, 1324 (of the Turkish calendar), i.e., fourteen months previously.

Every room in the palace was provided with a sofa whereon the sultan could sleep if he felt inclined; but nobody ever knew in what room he would sleep on any given night. Before retiring to rest he would sometimes call his attendants, and say to them, "Keep a good lookout. I am going to sleep to-night in this room"; after which he would invariably go and sleep somewhere else.

It was a decided relief to escape from this monomania of fear into the servants' quarter. Near Abd-ul-Hamid's last bedchamber in Yildiz was the rough

bed of a soldier, and farther back were small rooms wherein a large number of servants slept on mattresses spread on the floor. Empty bottles, containing the stumps of burnt-down tallow candles and fragments of the exceedingly plain-spoken and broadly humorous literature of old Arabia, pointed to the fact that some of the soldiers read themselves and the others to sleep while their imperial master was probably lying awake, awaiting the coming of that assassin who never came.

Returning to the sultan's part of the house, we are surprised by the number of Japanese fans and screens which must have been bought by Abd-ul-Hamid from the local Japanese dealer or presented by the latter to the padishah on behalf of the mikado. Near the outer door stood a large camera. The only picture I saw was a most extraordinary performance in oils which looked like the work of a schoolboy, but which is said to have been painted by the padishah himself. It represented a number of bearded men dressed like French priests and standing in a *caique* or boat, playing musical instruments and singing. The *caiqueji* or boatman extends a purse of gold towards the shore, on which dance a troop of naked women. It is said that a resemblance has been traced between the faces of the men in the boat and those of Midhat Pasha and the other reformers, and that the sultan meant to indicate that Constitutionalism would bring in its wake Christianity, corruption, and immorality; but that such a hideous daub should have been hung up near the sultan's bedroom is surprising, unless on the assumption that the sultan painted it himself.

The "famous" garden of Yildiz, whereon look out

the reception-room in which Abd-ul-Hamid heard of his deposition and the study where he used to sit on an insulated chair, consists of about ten acres of park containing some fine old trees, well-kept graveled paths, imitation and real flowers, little arbors (provided, like every room in the palace, with match-boxes and ash-trays, for the ex-sultan is a great cigarette smoker), and a canal, traversed by a little treadmill boat and provided with toy landing-stages corresponding to the different landing-stages on the Bosphorus.

The garden is a disappointment, but there is one very extraordinary feature. The high wall which bounds it and which also forms the inner inclosure of Yildiz is lined throughout its entire length with the cages of birds and wild animals, — not small cages, but large substantial ones such as are used in Regent's Park. In some of these cages are monkeys and rare dogs, but the sultan seemed fondest of all kinds of birds, especially of harmless birds such as pigeons, of which he is said to have possessed twenty thousand specimens, not free, but confined in huge cages each of which held hundreds of these birds. There were also thousands of storks, canaries, parrots, cranes, etc. Even in the outside park there were two zebras, two deer, several empty cages, which had evidently accommodated large wild beasts, probably lions or tigers, a poultry-yard for hens and pheasants, cages for parrots, a special section for the beautiful Angora cats of which the sultan was particularly fond. Running about at large were a great number of rabbits, some sheep, three ostriches, and several gazelles. On the lake paddled a number of magnificent swans.

The inside inclosure was more like a public menagerie, however, than a palace park; and I must say that an examination of it modified somewhat my opinion of Abd-ul-Hamid. If he had collected all these animals together in order to experiment with and torture them, like Dr. Moreau on his island, then one could say, "Quite so. This is just what we expected. This is exactly in keeping with the rest of his character." But the birds and animals had evidently been accustomed to be caressed and fed by a kind master. In other words, the old sultan evidently liked animals, and a man who loves animals cannot be wholly bad.

THE SILENT ARMY

[1909]

BY FRANCIS MCCULLAGH

[In 1908 the "Young Turks," as the progressive party is called, rose against Abd-ul-Hamid and forced him to grant a constitution. A year later the sultan contrived to bring about a revolt of the garrison in Constantinople. Then the Macedonians, whose march is here described, came down upon the city, and in ten days the Young Turk's Party was in power. Abd-ul-Hamid was deposed, and his younger brother was set upon the throne as Mohammed V.

The Editor.]

At the extremity of the Golden Horn, on the eastern side, lies the old Jewish cemetery — a bare hillside of enormous extent covered with ancient rough blocks of stone, lying on the ground, not planted in it, and bearing the appearance of having been deposited there, haphazard, by glaciers and not by the hand of man — altogether one of the weirdest and most extraordinary sights that even Constantinople can show.

At the southern edge of this desolation lives Salih Keramet, a Turkish shepherd. All Turkish peasants are superstitious, and, after more than forty years spent in this lonely spot (the last ten years passed in solitude, for his childless wife died in the year 1899), Salih had become morbidly superstitious. Instead of growing accustomed to the huge adjacent graveyard, he became more and more afraid of it every day, and at night before retiring to rest he always looked apprehensively

towards that wilderness of tombstones to see if perchance the ghosts of the Hebrews buried there were wandering abroad.

On the night of Friday, April 23, he retired to rest at an early hour according to his invariable custom, and at once fell into a sound sleep, for he had traveled much that day, having been to the selamlik of the Padishah Abd-ul-Hamid at Yildiz Kiosk, and having also been at the Suleiman Mosque in Stamboul to perform his devotions. During the course of the night, — at what hour he could not say, for he had no clock or other means of calculating how long he slept, — he was suddenly awakened by the furious barking of his dogs. Rising hastily, — for he had never heard his dogs bark like that before at night, as belated travelers always gave this ill-omened spot the widest possible berth, — he threw a robe over his shoulders and opened the door, which, by the way, looks south, that is, in the opposite direction to the cemetery.

There was a feeble, clouded moon, and by its light he could see that his dogs were gathered together in a panic-stricken group outside his hut, and were barking at Something which, to judge by their violent agitation, was evidently advancing on them from the adjacent cemetery. Too horror-stricken to think for a moment of investigating what the Something was, Keramet stepped back to shut the door, when suddenly there appeared before his eyes a sight that struck him motionless. A host of phantoms had enveloped his hut and were rushing towards the city. Hundreds, thousands, passed, not paying any attention to him at all, but fearfully intent on some distant goal. He could not see their faces

(a mercy for which he fervently thanked Allah and the Prophet). He could not hear their footsteps, though they passed at a distance of only a few yards. It was this latter circumstance that horrified him most, for he knew that no living men could pass so near without making themselves heard. Had he not remarked at the selamlik that very day how the giants of the Imperial Guard made the ground shake beneath their measured tread? Ghosts they certainly were, but not, praise be to Allah! the ghosts of Hebrews. On the contrary, they were the wraiths of Moslem warriors, for did he not see the moonlight glitter on their bayonets and on the gilt verses of the Koran embroidered on their raven banners?

The silence of the ghostly procession was terrible, but its voice was more terrible still, and Keramet fell on his face and implored Allah the Merciful, the Compassionate, to save him from the thunderbolts of his wrath when, at dawn of day, in Taxim Square, the Silent Army spoke. At that moment, the vanguard of Enver Bey's detachment had reached the outskirts of Pera, and, long delayed, the "tempest of God" had at length burst on Yildiz. For these were, indeed, the Macedonian soldiers, and the noiselessness of their tread was due to the fact that officers and men alike wore the *charik* or soft native shoe, which is akin, in its noiselessness at least, to the *waraji* of the Japanese.

Frightfully impressive was that silent and ghostly invasion. The only living things to notice it at first, however, were Keramet, the *bekji* or native watchmen, who beat on the pavement all night with their long staves in order to frighten off evildoers, and several

belated travelers, who became petrified with horror as they gazed, open-mouthed, on this awful hallucination, this phantom army advancing without footfall or word of command, beat of drum or blast of bugle, silent as the invading cohorts of Black Sea fog that steal down the Bosphorus in autumn. Then the dogs noticed it, the famous, wise dogs of Constantinople. Distressfully they howled all night in a blood-curdling, unearthly chorus worthy of a legion of lost souls. (Hark well to that piercing cry, for it is the only requiem of the old régime!) Distressfully they howled, for if all of them did not see the northerners, all smelt them and knew that strangers had seized the city. For Stamboul now has new masters, slim, clean-built men, — Slavs and Arnaouts, most of them, — with the springy step, the bright eye, and the cheerful laugh of the Serb and Albanian mountaineer. The day of the squat, dreamy, fanatical Anatolian is past; the day of the keen and energetic Macedonian has come, and with it has come a new era in the history of Constantinople.

At daybreak, when the Silent Army suddenly woke the city with a mighty voice, — the voice of Mauser and Maxim and Krupp, — the dogs, the famous, wise dogs of Constantinople suddenly changed their tactics and became silent as the grave. At the corner of Taxim Barracks, where the fighting was fiercest, there was a heap of sand, collected there in connection with some building operations, and into this the Taxim dogs burrowed like rabbits until the bullets ceased to fly. They could not run away, for every dog in Constantinople has its own beat, outside of which it cannot venture without running the risk of being torn to pieces by the *confrères*

whose territory it invades. For some days after the fighting had ceased, these dogs had disappeared from the streets, and I sometimes wondered what had become of them. Had they, like Yildiz, been swept away forever by that whirlwind from the north, or were they biding their time, consoling themselves in the mean while with the reflection that their fathers saw a dozen such brilliant reformative movements come to naught, and that they or their posterity would yet enjoy the sun, stretched at full length in the grass-grown streets of Stamboul and along the deserted quays of the Golden Horn?

In the former case Constantinople will cease to be a Turkish city, if there be any truth in the strange old Mohammedan prophecy, to which I very often heard reference made during those critical days, that when the street-dogs of Constantinople leave the city, Stamboul will no longer be Mohammedan. In Constantinople they will stay as long as the Mohammedans rule the city. Under the new administration they must go, along with all the other relics of the old state of things, but it by no means follows that the Turks will go with them. The prophecy merely says that Constantinople will cease to be exclusively Turkish and Moslem; but what with Christians in the cabinet, Christians in the army, and with the declaration of the Young Turks that there must henceforth be equality for all races and religions within the empire, Stamboul has now ceased to be exclusively Turkish and Moslem.

IV

TURKISH STORIES

HISTORICAL NOTE

The early literature of the Turks was modeled upon the Persian. At least one poem of the days before the sixteenth century has enjoyed fame, for on public occasions every year for nearly five hundred years it has been read aloud. Its subject is the birth of Mohammed. After the middle of the sixteenth century, poetry still followed Persian models, but prose began to imitate the work of Arabia. Much story-telling came into this period, and often the stories are arranged in cycles or cluster about some one person, as in the case of Nasreddin Hoja. Fairy tales also flourished. After the Crimean War the tendency to follow French models prevailed.

"THE LAMB BOLTED"

A LEGEND OF TURKISH JUSTICE

A CUSTOMER one day brought to the baker of an inland town a fatted lamb, which he told him he had been fattening up for months, and which he wished him to bake in his oven with the utmost care. The baker took the lamb and baked it, and as he was taking it out of the oven, the cadi, or judge of the place, a man of great authority, who was dreaded for his sternness, happening to be passing by, smelt the delicious smell of the lamb, and ordered the baker to send it to his house. "Effendi," says the baker, "the lamb is not mine; it belongs to a customer who has been fattening it for months." "Don't eat dirt," says the cadi, "but do as I tell you, or it will be the worse for you." The poor baker, in fear and trembling asks, "And what must I say to my customer when he comes for the lamb?" "Tell him," says the cadi, "that the lamb bolted; and if he is obstreperous, bring the matter to my court, and I'll protect you."

What could the poor baker do but obey? So he sends the lamb to the cadi's house. Shortly after, the customer calls, and asks for his lamb. "The lamb bolted," says the baker. "How can the lamb I killed yesterday bolt? Are you mad?" asks the customer. "I tell you it bolted," the baker insists. Upon which a violent quarrel begins, and the exasperated customer, who all the time is holding his little baby with his left arm, takes up one of the logs used for burning in the oven to strike the baker.

The latter takes up another to defend himself. Between the furious attack and the defense, one of the logs falls violently on the poor baby's head, and crushes his skull. The customer yells out, "He has murdered my child!" A crowd gathers, and infuriated by the sight of the mangled baby, rushed towards the baker to wreak vengeance upon him. He, in a state of terror, flies away and takes refuge in the mosque. The crowd follows him into the mosque, regardless of its being a sanctuary, and the poor baker runs up to the summit of the minaret. But the crowd will not be denied, and rushes after him even there; and the baker at last, in despair, sooner than be torn to pieces by the infuriated mob, leaps down from the top of the minaret, and, as it happens, falls on a poor camel-driver, who was quietly eating a melon under the minaret with his brother. The camel-driver is absolutely squashed and killed on the spot, but the baker gets off unharmed. The brother begins yelling, "My brother is murdered! Vengeance on the murderer!" The mob, infuriated still further, and, in increased numbers, come on the scene again, yelling for vengeance; but the baker, outstripping it, finally finds his way to the cadi's court, which is open. When the cadi sees the baker and the excited crowd following, he orders the police to shut the doors of the court, and to inform the people that only plaintiffs and defendants will be admitted, and that justice will be done.

The lamb-owner first presents himself, with his mangled baby still in his arms, and he apostrophizes the judge thus: "Justice — I demand justice, my lord. This baker began by stealing my lamb, and then, with a log of wood, killed my baby. Here it is"; and weeping

copiously and loudly, he shows the baby. "What have you to say to this charge?" asks the cadi sternly of the baker. "My lord, it was an accident," says he. "Ah!" says the cadi, "the case is a very serious one, and I must consult our holy law." So he retires into the inner chamber, and after a long delay, sufficient for two good pipes, purposely conceived to weary the crowd of waiting folk, he returns into the court, and says —

"The court has judged. Hearken, ye people. The judgment is that inasmuch as our holy law in such matters requires an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, the nearest approach to justice in this difficult case is that the plaintiff should divorce his wife forthwith (this can easily be done by the husband's pronouncing three words), and give her to the baker in marriage, and that the baker should give the first child of this marriage into the hands of the plaintiff to take the place of the deceased baby."

Hearing this judgment, the plaintiff, who loved his wife and did not want to part with her, said, "My lord, I repent; I withdraw the charges." The cadi, after reprimanding him indignantly for his inconsistency, condemns him to pay costs, and acquits the baker.

Then came the turn of the camel-driver's brother. He addresses the judge thus: "Justice, my lord, I demand justice. This man jumped on my brother from the top of the minaret whilst we were eating a melon peacefully together, and squashed him to death." "What have you to say to this serious charge?" the cadi asks the baker, who replies, "My lord, how could I from the top of the minaret see the men who were down below it? Why were they there?" The cadi put on a grave face

and said, "This is a very serious case. I must consult our holy law." So he again retires into the inner chamber, and after indulging in a long pipe, returns to the court, and says —

"Hearken, ye people, to the judgment of the court. Inasmuch as in this case our holy law requires an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, the court pronounces the following judgment: That the baker should be made to sit at the foot of the same minaret and eat a melon, and that the plaintiff should go to the top of it and jump down upon him." Upon which the camel-driver's brother, who did not relish an eighty-foot jump, says also, "My lord, I repent; I withdraw my charge." And the cadi, expatiating again indignantly on the inconsistency of men, condemns him to costs also.

And so the baker got off scot-free, whilst the cadi got the lamb and the costs from both plaintiffs.

STORIES OF NASR-EDDIN HOJA

[NASR-EDDIN HOJA was a real character, who lived in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He was the great wit of the Turks, and they are never weary of telling and retelling his stories.

The Editor.]

THE REVENGE OF THE HOJA

HAVING quarreled with villagers, whose cowherd he had become, he threatens them with terrible vengeance. Upon which one of them asks him, "What will you do, O Hoja? Will you let our cows stray, and become the food of wolves?" "Worse than that," replies the Hoja. "Will you set fire to our village?" asks the villager again. "Much worse than that," he replies. "Well, what will you do? Tell us," says the villager. "I'll tell you," replies the Hoja; "I'll work for you for a whole year, and when the time comes for you to pay me my wages, I'll throw the money into your faces and go away."

THE HOJA AS A POLITICIAN

On the fellow-citizens of the Hoja consulting him as to the best man to elect for governor of their town, he asked them the following question: "Out of what sphere of life would the dogs choose the man to lead them?" "That of a butcher," they replied, "for they would hope to get scraps of meat out of him." "Go you and do likewise with your governor," said the Hoja.

THE HOJA AND THE THIEF

The Hoja's poverty was so great that there literally was nothing to be found in his hut but the rags he and his wife wore. The couple were lying on the floor one night when the wife heard a thief trying to creep in. She pushed her husband and said, "Hoja, wake; there is a thief coming in." "Hush, hush!" whispers the Hoja. "Let him come; it may please Allah to grant him something to steal, and then I'll get up and steal it back again."

THE OTHER APPLE

Tamerlane the Tartar, in whose court the Hoja lived for some time, one day gave him two beautiful apples and a letter to take to his beloved princess. On the way he smelled the apples repeatedly, and finally, unable to resist the temptation, he eats one up. He presented the remaining apple and the letter to the princess, the letter informing her that two apples were sent, and in flowery language comparing their fragrancy and bloom to her own. She read the letter, and seeing only one apple, said, "Well, Hoja, and where is the other one?" To which he replied, pointing to the apple, "That's the other one."

THE HOJA AND THE CUCUMBERS

When Tamerlane conquered Akshehir, a proclamation was issued that all the inhabitants should bring him tribute. He sat on his throne, and each person deposited the tribute at the foot of it. The Hoja had been summoned too; and finding, after serious consultation with

his wife, that they had no silver or gold to bring, they decided to put twelve young cucumbers into a pretty basket, and present them as tribute. On the way the Hoja, being hot and hungry, eat five of the cucumbers, so there were only seven left. He presented these at the foot of the throne, and Tamerlane, seeing cucumbers instead of precious things, gets into a violent rage, and orders the Hoja to have a stroke of the bastinado for each of the cucumbers presented. He is thrown down at once on his stomach, and the bastinadoing begins. Notwithstanding the exquisite pain, he raises his head, strokes his beard, and loudly thanks Allah. Tamerlane, wondering, asks him, "What are you thanking Allah for?" "My lord," replies the Hoja, "I was thanking Allah that I eat five of the cucumbers on the way, and so saved five strokes." This reply so tickled Tamerlane that he took him into favor, and made him his imam, or priest.

HOW THE HOJA SAVED HIS LIFE

The Hoja, sleeping one night on his terrace, hears a thief, as he thinks, in his yard. With bow and arrow in hand, he peeps over the wall, and sees the thief dressed in white, at whom he shoots his arrow, and then goes to bed again. In the morning he goes to find the dead man, but finds instead that he has mistaken his shirt, which was hanging up to dry, for a robber, and had pierced it with the arrow, upon which he immediately in his night-clothes runs up into the minaret, and vigorously intones the psalm of thanksgiving. The neighbors, disturbed at an early hour, and hearing an unusual chant, all flock out into the street in night-clothes, too, to see what it all means, and seeing the Hoja, they pitch into him most

unmercifully. "Men," he says to them, "would n't you thank Allah for having saved your lives? If I had been in my shirt, I was a dead man, for the arrow would have gone through my heart."

A TURKISH FRIENDSHIP

[Eighteenth century]

BY CHELIBY YORGAKI

[The following story was told to Dr. Hamlin, the well-known American missionary to Turkey, by Cheliby Yorgaki, to illustrate the fashion in which life moved on in Turkey even in the eighteenth century.

The Editor.]

You know the upper gate of the Egyptian Bazaar. Well, just outside of that, in the crowded street, my grandfather had a breadshop. His name was Joannes Giras, but always known as Joannes Ekmekgi — Joannes the breadseller. Right opposite was Ibrahim Tutungi — Ibrahim the tobacconist. They were both old men, always on friendly terms, although one was a Christian, the other a Moslem. Each took his son, a lad of fourteen or fifteen into his shop. The Christian boy, Joannes, was my father. The Turkish boy, right opposite, Ibrahim, became his chief friend. The two boys, Moslem and Christian, were always together when the store would allow, and finally, each was considered derelict to his faith and race by forming such a close friendship. As counsel was disregarded, and the two youths had made a vow of eternal friendship, the Moslem father determined to cut it short forever, although the doing of this would deprive him forever of seeing again his beloved and only son. A Moslem will do such a thing.

One day, Ibrahim came to Joannes and said, "I have

come to bid you good-bye, Joannes. I shan't see you again for a long time."

"Wherever you go," said Joannes, "I shall go, too."

"Yes, but now you can't. My father has made me *chibukgi* to the Pasha of Bagdad, and I am going right off." Then they fell upon each other's necks, and kissed, and wept, and separated. Ibrahim's last words were, "I shall come back to Constantinople, and I shall not come back to be Ibrahim Tutungi nor Ibrahim Chibukgi, but Ibrahim your friend."

The young Ibrahim rose rapidly in favor with the pasha. After a time, he promoted him to be a writer in his great office at Bagdad, and afterwards to be a paid secretary, gave him a wife and a house, and thus Ibrahim, while yet a young man, had reached a position of honor and influence.

After a few years, he made him his second in office. The Kurds on the eastern border were often to be chastised, and the great and turbulent pashalic required a firm and vigorous hand. Ibrahim was the man for the place, and pasha and sultan were satisfied.

The next change came from the death of the old pasha. Ibrahim was appointed in his place; and thus, the *tutungi* had become the great pasha of Bagdad. He now petitioned for leave to visit Constantinople; but the sultan replied, "When you leave, the Kurds will come down. Stay and keep your pashalic in order." So he could not see his old home.

After a while, the pashalic of Aleppo, in Northern Syria, had become disturbed, and one pasha after another had failed to set things to rights. At length the sultan said, "I will send my Pasha of Bagdad there";

and accordingly he went and straightened things out immediately. Again he petitioned for leave to visit Stamboul, and was, as before, refused.

He was finally called home in a most unexpected manner. The hunkiar (emperor; literally, the "Blood-letter") was angry with his grand vizier, and cut off his head. The next thing was to call Ibrahim to take his place.

He was hardly installed in the grand vizierate at Constantinople, when he sent two of his bodyguard, with instructions to inquire for Joannes Giras the bread-seller, formerly near the upper gate of the Egyptian Bazaar. If alive, to bring him with them. If dead, to ascertain if he left a family; and who, and where; and bring him exact word.

The street was a narrow one, and all the shops open in front. The people were all astounded to see the officers enter the breadstore of Joannes. "Are you Joannes Giras, Ekmekgi?" "I am." "How long have you been here?" "My father and grandfather were here before me." "Then you are the man! The grand vizier orders that we take you before him." Terror and dismay seized him. He protested that he had committed no crime. He had never been guilty of theft, murder, robbery, or anything else to be arrested for. All the people from the shops, Mussulmans and Christians, gathered round to testify that Joannes was a good and honest man, and that his accuser, whoever he might be, was the criminal. "We know nothing about it," said the officers, "shut up your shop, and come with us."

It was the arrest of fate. Poor Joannes departed,

and the terrors of death got hold of him. He met a neighbor from the Fanar, the Greek quarter, two or three miles distant. "Tell my wife and my two little boys what has happened to me. I am going to my death. The Holy Virgin help them!"

Bad news travels swiftly. The wife tore her hair and garments. The neighbors crowded in, and added their death wails to the shrieks of the widow.

Joannes, arrived at the vizierate, waited two mortal hours, unable to ascertain his accuser, or why he had been arrested. At length he was called into the august presence. Throwing himself flat upon his face, he protested his innocence, and begged for his life, and said, "Shed not so much innocent blood! for who will care for my wife and children? They also will perish!" "Get up!" said the grand vizier. "I do not want your life. I wish to talk with you." He rose upon his knees, with folded arms; not daring to look up. After some other questions, the grand vizier said to him, "Do you remember Ibrahim Tutungi?" "He was my greatest friend in my youth, but he went away, and never returned." "Do you think I am Ibrahim Tutungi?" "Why does Your Highness make sport of a poor man like me? I know that you are His Majesty's grand vizier!" "But I *am* Ibrahim Tutungi, and you are Joannes Ekmekgi"; and he arose, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him! Joannes stepped out of death into life as suddenly as he had experienced the reverse.

After talking a while Ibrahim said, "Time presses, come with me. Do your remember the last words I said to you nearly forty years ago?" "I remember well," said Joannes. "You said you should come back to

Constantinople, not Ibrahim Tutungi nor Ibrahim Chibukgi, but Ibrahim my friend; and so God has wonderfully fulfilled!"

The vizier took him to his treasury, gave him an account-book, saying, "Here is recorded all that is here deposited. I hold an exact copy. You will take this, keep an exact account of all my revenues and disbursements, and manage all my financial affairs. You are to be my *saraff*" (banker). "Remember," said Joannes, "that I am only a poor breadseller. Give me some humble office, and I will serve you faithfully; but I cannot be your *saraff*." "You are a man of good sense, and an honest man," replied Ibrahim; "and you can be my banker just as well as to be a breadseller! When you get into any difficulty, come directly to me. If you send a third person, he will be your enemy. I shall always be your friend."

Then, clapping his hands to call his steward, he said to him, "Take my friend here, give him a fur robe, a Persian girdle, a *saraff's* turban, a horse, ostler, *chibukgi*, all in the uniform of my department, and send him to his home."

So they arrayed him, mounted him, and in that style of splendor he issued from the grand vizier's gate.

Once in the street, he was looked upon with searching eyes. Which of the old bankers has the good fortune to get the office? Recognized by no one, all bowed down to do him honor. Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Turks, Franks, all saluted him with the respect due to his master and to his place of dignity and power. For, being in constant communication with the first officer of the realm, it was often a great political as well as

financial office. Occasionally, one would approach the *chibukgi*, and ask, "Who is this new *saraff?*" "Joannes Giras, Ekmekgi!" "God is great!" he would reply, and march on.

As he reached his home, his son Yorgaki saw him first, and cried out, "They have n't killed papa! Here he is, mamma, all alive." The desolated widow saw him dismount at their humble door — the caparisoned horse, the servants, the rich array! She fainted at the real or unreal sight, and fell upon the floor. She soon revived, and all sorrow was changed to joy and exultation, in which the whole neighborhood joined. But what was he to do with horse and servants in his small and humble home? He sent them away for the night, and the following day he could have any establishment in the Greek quarter.

Pleasing as a story of remarkable friendship between a Moslem and a Christian youth, carried through a long life, it illustrates well the changes, possible and frequent, in life, under the old régime. In the morning, this man went out from his obscure home a poor bread-seller. Towards noon, he went, as he supposed, to be bowstrung and flung into the Bosphorus. At night, he returned to his home the first Christian citizen of the empire.

V

STORIES OF TURKISH LIFE AND CUSTOMS

HISTORICAL NOTE

The 25,000,000 inhabitants of the Turkish Empire constitute a remarkable medley of races. Besides the Turks, who form only a minority of the population, are Kurds, Slavs, Armenians, Greeks, Arabs, and Jews. The trade of the country is for the most part in the hands of the last four peoples.

Life in Turkey is in many respects exceedingly primitive. Farming is carried on, even on the great estates, in so unskilled a fashion that only the fertility of the land makes it possible to raise enough for the wants of the country. Moreover, nearly all the land belongs to the Crown or the Church, and the farmer is handicapped by a taxation that consumes about one third of his harvest. There are a few factories, but most of the manufacturing of the land is done in the homes, where hand-looms are used for weaving, and brass and copper are made into various utensils. Most of the towns contain public schools, but little attention is paid to education. About half of the inhabitants are of the Mohammedan faith.

THE FIRST TELEGRAPH IN TURKEY

[1854]

BY SIR J. WILLIAM WHITTALL

DURING the Crimean War, the first telegraph was established in Turkey. This wonderful invention created the greatest astonishment amongst the Turks, and great and bitter were the discussions as to whether it was a good or a bad thing for humanity. To solve the question, it was at last decided to have a full debate by the ulema [religious hierarchy] of the province of Smyrna, who were at the time presided over by a very wise old mollah [judge, or master]. The meeting was held, and fierce was the contention. Half the ulema, being liberals, opined that the telegraph was a good thing, because it quickened communications; the other half, being conservatives, asserted that it could not be good, seeing that it was an invention of the Devil. There seemed to be no way of arriving at a conclusion, when it was perceived that their chief, the old mollah, had not yet expressed an opinion. Both parties, therefore, eagerly pressed him for his view on the subject, and agreed to abide by his decision. The old mollah replied, "My children, the telegraph is a good thing." "What!" said the conservatives indignantly; "do you mean that it is not a work of the Devil's?" "Oh, yes," replied the old man, "assuredly it is a work of his; but why are you so dull of understanding, my children? Can't you

see that if the Devil is occupied going up and down the wires with each message sent, he will have less time to trouble us mortals on the earth below?" And all the ulema acknowledged the wisdom of their chief.

CHOOSING A WIFE FOR THE SON

BY LUCY M. J. GARNETT

If the lady has a son of marriageable age, the selection of a suitable bride for him will afford her considerable occupation. For, bachelorhood being held in light esteem among Moslems, the state of matrimony is correspondingly honored, and early marriages are the rule. Should no maiden among her acquaintance appear to possess all the qualifications she requires in a daughter-in-law, the hanoum looks farther afield. From her friends, or from one of the numerous old women who make a living by hawking articles of dress, jewelry, cosmetics, and perfumes, from harem to harem, — a class who perform all the "back-stair" intrigue of the East, — she will soon procure a list of eligible maidens, and, accompanied by one or two relatives and a professional matchmaker, set out on a tour of inspection. Personal introductions are quite unnecessary under such circumstances; the ladies are at once admitted by the portress and conducted upstairs to an anteroom, where, while being divested of their outdoor gear by another waiting-maid, they announce the object of their visit. Informed of this, the lady of the house hastens to receive her visitors with all honor in the drawing-room, while her eldest daughter proceeds to dress and adorn herself with the utmost care in order to make a favorable impression on the "viewers." The two mothers meanwhile, studiously avoiding the sub-

ject at issue, exchange conventional compliments, until the portière is raised and the maiden enters the room, becoming at once "the cynosure of all eyes." She approaches to kiss in turn the hands of all the guests, and then serves them with coffee from the tray with which a slave has followed her into the room. After waiting to remove the empty cups, she salaams low, and disappears. "Mashallah!" the visitors — whatever their private opinion may be — are required by custom to exclaim: "What a beauty! Your daughter, Hanoum Effendi, is like a full moon. What splendid hair she has, and what eyes!" And the chief "viewer" proceeds to expatiate on the excellent qualities and prospects of her son, states the amount of dower he is prepared to settle on his bride, and the sum to be paid to her parents; makes inquiries as to the girl's age and fortune, if any; and finally departs, saying: "If it is their Kismet, they may become better acquainted." After some half-dozen girls have been thus inspected, the mother returns home to describe them to her husband and son. The selection made, intermediaries are dispatched to the family of the fortunate maiden to settle the preliminaries, and if no hitch occurs, the customary presents are exchanged and the betrothal concluded.

"PROTESTANT BREAD"

BY CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D.

[NATIVES who became Christians were put out of their guilds, and therefore it became almost impossible for them to find work. Many were reduced to poverty, even to beggary. Dr. Hamlin, the President of Robert College, discovered that when Mahomet II took Constantinople, in 1453, the act of capitulation declared that every foreign nation located in that city might have the privilege of establishing a mill and bakery. "Americans have never claimed this right," said Dr. Hamlin, "and I can therefore claim it." The first step was to obtain the firman, or formal permit, from the Government.

The Editor.]

THERE was some curious experience connected with the firman, which so well illustrates "the way things go" in Constantinople, and in the East generally, that I will narrate it. The Government readily promised the firman; and, had no opposition occurred, would have given it. But one of the great pashas was a very extensive owner of mills and bakeries. The mills were all horse-mills then, and he evidently feared that the small steam-mill proposed would grow. He knew what usually comes of giving foreigners an entering wedge. He had the immense guild, also, whose interests were one with his. The promise of the firman was not performed. No Government on earth was ever so skillful in putting off a thing as the Turkish.

At length, I began to build, on the faith of the

promise. We had not proceeded far, before engineers from the Porte came to examine and take a plan of our works. I knew that foretold an interdict, and counseled all to shut the gate, if they saw an officer approaching. By treaty right, no one could thus enter without an officer accompanying him from our embassy; and I was sure they would not even apply for one, but hope to carry the point irregularly, and to arrest and imprison all the men found working.

One day, at noon recess, the officer came, and Demetri, whom he wished first of all to arrest, was standing in the street, eating bread and olives. "Where is Demetri Calfa?" said he to Demetri himself. "I just saw him at the wine-shop," was the cool reply. "Turn round the corner to your right, at the foot of the street."

The officer soon returned; the workmen were all in the attic, the students and I were below. "Who is the master-workman here?" "I am, sir." "I want the rayah master." "There is no such man here." "I arrest you all, young men, and make 'pydos' interdict." "Keep to work, boys! You are students, and can't be arrested in this way." "But these are workmen." "No, sir; they are all my students!" An unwary workman in the attic had, in the mean time, thrust out his head; and the officer saw him. "Ho! you skulker, *you* are a workman! Come down here, you will go with me!" "I am one of Mr. Hamlin's scholars!" was the cool reply. "*You* a scholar! Let me hear you read!" The man, who was a good carpenter and a great wag, and belonged to no particular faith, turned round, found a New Testament in Armeno-Turkish, and began to read appropriate passages. The officer was confounded. I then put my

hand upon his shoulder, told him he was violating treaty rights, that he could reign on the other side of the wall, but I, within, until he should come in a legal manner; and so I led him out and shut the gate. He sat down upon a stone, and began to soliloquize. "Such an *interdict* never saw I! The master-workman is a foreign *hodja;* the workmen are all his students! I am breaking the treaty! My soul! what reply shall I carry back?" I went out and comforted him, and told him to say that if the Porte should violate the treaty again, I should accuse it to the embassy and the American Government. And, as the right was included in the "Capitulations," I should inform other embassies of the act. It can enter this establishment again only through our embassy.

The Turkish Government had placed itself in a false position. It must now apply to the embassy and ignore its oft-repeated promise; or it must give the firman. It wisely chose the latter; and the interdict became the amusement of the village, and the chagrin of the pasha and bakers who had instigated it.

A very slight matter secured a large patronage to the bakery. Our bread was made a little over weight, instead of following the example of the bakers, who always make it a little under weight. As often as the examiners tried our bread, they said "Mashallah!" and passed on.

The people soon learned the fact; and the amount of time that they would spend to obtain this bread would exceed in value fourfold the difference of weight they would thus gain. The truth is, all men like to be treated well in a bargain, and do not so much mind the amount.

We had introduced another improvement. Attempts had been made to bring into market yeast bread, but

had failed. The bread of the country is universally leavened bread; and no one but foreigners knew anything about making bread with hop yeast.

Having first mastered the art of making good hop yeast, the bread we produced became known as "Protestant bread" and commanded a good sale at an advanced price.

THE DANCING DERVISHES

BY JULIA PARDOE

THE *tekie* [convent] is a handsome building with projecting wings, in which the community live very comfortably with their wives and children; and whence, having performed their religious duties, they sally forth to their several avocations in the city, and mingle with their fellow men upon equal terms. The dervishes are forbidden to accumulate wealth in order to enrich either themselves or their convent. The most simple fare, the least costly garments, serve alike for their own use and for that of their families: industry, temperance, and devotion are their duties; and, as they are at liberty to secede from their self-imposed obligations whenever they see fit to do so, there is no lukewarmness among the community, who find time throughout the whole year to devote many hours to God, even of their most busy days; and, unlike their fellow citizens, the other Mussulmans, they throw open the doors of their chapel to strangers, only stipulating that gentlemen shall put off their shoes ere they enter.

This chapel, which has been erroneously called a "mosque," is an octagon building of moderate size, neatly painted in fresco. The center of the floor is railed off, and the inclosure is sacred to the brotherhood; while the outer circle, covered with Indian matting, is appropriated to visitors. A deep gallery runs round six sides of the building, and beneath it, on your left hand as you

enter, you remark the lattices through which the Turkish women witness the service.

A narrow mat surrounds the circle within the railing, and upon this the brethren kneel during the prayers; while the center of the floor is so highly polished by the perpetual friction that it resembles a mirror, and the boards are united by nails with heads as large as a shilling, to prevent accidents to the feet of the dervishes during their evolutions. A bar of iron descends from the center of the domed roof, to which transverse bars are attached, bearing a vast number of glass lamps of different colors and size; and against many of the pillars, of which I counted four-and-twenty, supporting the dome, are hung frames, within which are inscribed passages from the Prophets.

Above the seat of the superior, the name of the founder of the *tekie* is written in gold on a black ground, in immense characters. This seat consists of a small carpet, above which is spread a crimson rug; and on this the worthy principal was squatted when we entered, in an ample cloak of Spanish brown, with large hanging sleeves, and his *geulaf*, or high hat of gray felt, encircled with a green shawl. I pitied him that his back was turned towards the glorious Bosphorus, that was distinctly seen through the four large windows at the extremity of the chapel, flashing in the light, with the slender minarets and lordly mosques of Stamboul gleaming out in the distance.

One by one, the dervishes entered the chapel, bowing profoundly at the little gate of the inclosure, took their places on the mat, and, bending down, reverently kissed the ground; and then, folding their arms meekly on their

CEREMONY OF DERVISHES AT SCUTARI

CEREMONY OF DERVISHES AT SCUTARI

BY ALBERT AUBLET

(*French artist*, 1851)

After the dervishes, overpowered by a religious excitement which can scarcely be imagined, have shouted their last "Allah-hou!" — after the furious dance in which they have cast themselves upon the sharp daggers and pointed stilettos with which the walls of the room are decorated; — then, when their exhausted bodies, streaming with blood and covered with foam and perspiration, are at last quiet — then, after these violent exercises are over, begins the ceremony of the imposition of feet. The Mussulman priest comes out of an elaborately ornamented little niche. Before him, on skins spread upon the floor, are children of all ages, lying one beside another, with their faces to the floor. The priest comes forward, and aided by an acolyte, he walks slowly the whole length of the line of children, planting the broad soles of his naked feet squarely upon them. Those who submit themselves to this penance are supposed to be healed of whatever illness may be troubling them, or to win preservation from future dangers. Ranged around the room are aged devotees who have not been able to share in the savage exhibition.

breasts, remained buried in prayer, with their eyes closed and their bodies swinging slowly to and fro. They were all enveloped in wide cloaks of dark-colored cloth with pendent sleeves; and wore their *geulafs*, which they retained during the whole of the service.

The service commenced with an extemporaneous prayer from the chief priest, to which the attendant dervishes listened with arms folded upon their breasts and their eyes fixed on the ground. At its conclusion, all bowed their foreheads to the earth; and the orchestra struck into one of those peculiarly wild and melancholy Turkish airs which are unlike any other music that I ever heard. Instantly, the full voices of the brethren joined in chorus, and the effect was thrilling; now the sounds died away like the exhausted breath of a departing spirit, and suddenly they swelled once more into a deep and powerful diapason that seemed scarce earthly. A second stillness of about a minute succeeded, when the low, solemn music was resumed, and the dervishes, slowly rising from the earth, followed their superior three times round the inclosure; bowing down twice under the shadow of the name of their founder, suspended above the seat of the high priest. This reverence was performed without removing their folded arms from their breasts — the first time on the side by which they approached, and afterwards on that opposite, which they gained by slowly revolving on the right foot, in such a manner as to prevent their turning their backs towards the inscription. The procession was closed by a second prostration, after which, each dervish, having gained his place, cast off his cloak, and such as had walked in woolen slippers withdrew them, and, passing solemnly

before the chief priest, they commenced their evolutions.

The extraordinary ceremony which gives its name to the dancing, or, as they are really and much more appropriately called, the turning dervishes, — for nothing can be more utterly unlike dancing than their evolutions, — is not without its meaning. The community first pray for pardon of their past sins, and the amendment of their future lives; and then, after a silent supplication for strength to work out the change, they figure, by their peculiar and fatiguing movements, their anxiety to "shake the dust from their feet," and to cast from them all worldly ties.

Immediately after passing with a solemn reverence, twice performed, the place of the high priest, who remained standing, the dervishes spread their arms and commenced their revolving motion; the palm of the right hand being held upwards, and that of the left turned down. Their under-dresses (for, as I before remarked, they had laid aside their cloaks) consisted of a jacket and petticoat of dark-colored cloth, that descended to their feet; the higher order of brethren being clad in green, and the others in brown, or a sort of yellowish gray; about their waists they wore wide girdles, edged with red, to which the right side of the jacket was closely fastened, while the left hung loose: their petticoats were of immense width, and lay in large plaits beneath the girdles, and, as the wearers swung round, formed a bell-like appearance; these latter garments, however, are only worn during the ceremony, and are exchanged in summer for white ones of lighter material.

The number of those who were "on duty," for I know

not how else to express it, was nine; seven of them being men, and the remaining two, mere boys, the youngest certainly not more than ten years of age. Nine, eleven, and thirteen are the mystic numbers, which, however great the strength of the community, are never exceeded; and the remaining members of the brotherhood, during the evolutions of their companions, continue engaged in prayer within the inclosure. These on this occasion amounted to about a score, and remained each leaning against a pillar: while the beat of the drum in the gallery marked the time to which the revolving dervishes moved, and the effect was singular to a degree that baffles description. So true and unerring were their motions, that, although the space which they occupied was somewhat circumscribed, they never once gained upon each other: and for five minutes they continued twirling round and round, as though impelled by machinery, their pale, passionless countenances perfectly immobile, their heads slightly declined towards the right shoulder, and their inflated garments creating a cold, sharp air in the chapel, from the rapidity of their action. At the termination of that period, the name of the Prophet occurred in the chant, which had been unintermitted in the gallery; and, as they simultaneously paused, and, folding their hands upon their breasts, bent down in reverence at the sound, their ample garments wound about them at the sudden check, and gave them, for a moment, the appearance of mummies.

An interval of prayer followed; and the same ceremony was performed three times; at the termination of which they all fell prostrate on the earth, when those who had hitherto remained spectators flung their cloaks

over them, and the one who knelt on the left of the chief priest rose, and delivered a long prayer, divided into sections, with a rapid and solemn voice, prolonging the last word of each sentence by the utterance of "Ha — ha — ha" — with a rich depth of octave that would not have disgraced Phillips.

This prayer was for "the great ones of the earth" — the magnates of the land — all who were "in authority over them"; and at each proud name they bowed their heads upon their breasts, until that of the sultan was mentioned, when they once more fell flat upon the ground, to the sound of the most awful howl I ever heard.

This outburst from the gallery terminated the labors of the orchestra, and the superior, rising to his knees, while the others continued prostrate, in his turn prayed for a few instants; and then, taking his stand upon the crimson rug, they approached him one by one, and, clasping his hand, pressed it to their lips and forehead. When the first had passed, he stationed himself on the right of the superior, and awaited the arrival of the second, who, on reaching him, bestowed on him also the kiss of peace, which he had just proffered to the chief priest; and each in succession performed the same ceremony to all those who had preceded him, which was acknowledged by gently stroking down the beard.

This was the final act of the exhibition; and, the superior having slowly and silently traversed the inclosure, in five seconds the chapel was empty, and the congregation busied at the portal in reclaiming their boots, shoes, and slippers.

A TURKISH "WHAT FOR?"

BY DEMETRA VAKA

The next morning, I had just finished my morning toilet when a slave came to conduct me to Aïshé Hanoum, from whom she presented me with an indoor veil. I arranged it on my hair, to show my appreciation of the gift, and followed the slave to the floor below, where her mistress lived.

When I entered her apartments, I found her kneeling before an easel, deep in work. As the slave announced me, she rose from the ground and came to me with outstretched hand. It struck me as curious that she offered to shake hands, instead of using the *temena*, the Turkish form of salutation, since I knew her to be extremely punctilious in the customs of her nation. I suppose she did this to make me feel more at home.

"Welcome, young hanoum," she said, after kissing me on both cheeks.

"Do you paint?" I asked, going toward the easel, disguising my surprise at meeting with such disregard of Mussulman customs in this orthodox household.

"No, not painting, just playing. It is only an *impression*, not a reproduction of one of Allah's realities." Good Mussulmans do not believe in "reproducing Allah's realities"; yet there stood on the easel a charming pastel. Even orthodox Moslems, I saw, were not above beating the devil round the stump.

"How very beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Aïshé Hanoum, you are an artist."

"Pray! pray! young hanoum," she protested, a little frightened, I thought, "pray do not say such things. I am not an artist. I only play with the colors."

"Let me see some more of your playing," I persisted.

Rather reluctantly, though wishing to comply with her guest's desires, she brought out a large portfolio, containing several pastels and water-colors, and we sat down on a rug to examine them.

Whether they were well done or not I cannot tell; but they were full of life and happiness. The curious part was that, whenever she painted any outdoor life, she painted it from her window, and on the canvas first was the window, and then through it you saw the landscape as she saw it.

The more I looked at her work, the more enthusiastic I grew. "You must be very talented," I said, turning to her. "It is a pity that you cannot go abroad to study."

"But I have studied many years here."

"That is all very well," I said, still busy looking at the pictures. "Just the same you ought to go to Paris to study."

"What for?" she asked.

"Because I think you have a great deal of talent which unfortunately is wasted in a harem." As I spoke, I raised my eyes.

Ordinarily I am not a coward, though I do run from a mouse; but when my eyes met her finely penciled ones, there was a curious look of anger in them that made a shiver go down my back. "If I have said any-

thing to offend you," I said, "I beg you to forgive me. Believe me, it was my enthusiasm."

She smiled in a most charming way. If she had been angry, it had gone quickly by.

"But why do you wish me to go to Paris?" she asked again.

"I don't know," I said, "except that Paris is nearer Turkey than any other great center, and I feel that you ought to have the advantage of being where you could get all the help possible."

"What for?" she inquired.

I began to feel uncomfortable. I knew her very little, and this was the first time I ever visited a former *seraigli* (one who has been an inmate of the imperial palace).

"Because," I answered lamely, "when a person has talent she generally goes to Paris or to some other great artistic center."

"What for?" again insisted the question.

If I had not been in a harem, and in the presence of a woman of whom I was somewhat afraid, my answer would have been, "Well, if you are foolish enough not to know, why, what is the use of telling you?" Instead, while that exquisite hand was lying on my arm and those big almond-shaped eyes were holding mine, I tried to find a way of explaining.

"If you were free to go, you could see masterpieces, you could study various methods of painting, and if it were in you, you might become great in turn."

"What for?" was the calm inquiry.

She was very beautiful; not of the Turkish type, but of the pure Circassian, with exquisite lines and a very

low, musical voice, and of all things on this earth I am most susceptible to physical beauty. At that particular moment, however, I should have derived great pleasure if I could have smacked her pretty mouth.

"Well," I said calmly, though I was irritated, "if you had a great talent and became very famous, you would not only have all the money you wanted, but glory and admiration."

"What for?" she repeated, with inhuman monotony.

"For Heaven's sake, Aïshé Hanoum," I cried, "I don't know what for; but if I could, I should like to become famous and have glory and lots of money."

"What for?"

"Because then I could go all over the world and see everything that is to be seen, and meet all sorts of interesting people."

"What for?"

"Hanoum *doudou*," I cried, lapsing into the Turkish I had spoken as a child. "Are you trying to make a fool of me, or — "

She put her palms forward on the floor, and then her head went down and she laughed immoderately. I laughed, too, considerably relieved to have done with her "what for's."

She drew me to her as if I were a baby, and took me on her lap. "You would do all these things and travel about like a mail-bag because you think it would make you happy, don't you, *yavroum?*" she asked.

"Of course, I should be happy."

"Is this why you ran away from home — to get famous and rich?"

She was speaking to me precisely as if I were a little

bit of a thing, and was to be coaxed out of my foolishness.

"I have neither fame nor riches," I answered, "so we need not waste our breath."

"Sorry, *yavroum*, sorry," she said sympathetically. "I should have liked you to get both; then you would see that it would not have made you happy. Happiness is not acquired from satisfied desires."

"What is happiness, then?" I asked.

"Allah *kerim* [God only can explain it]. But it comes not from what we possess, but from what we let others possess; and no amount of fame would have made me leave my home and go among alien people to learn their ways of doing something which I take great pleasure in doing in my own way." She kissed me twice on the cheek and put me down by her. "You are a dear little one," she said.

END OF VOLUME VI

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